MONTELION,

Knight of the Oracle.

THE Famous History OF MONTELION, Knight of the Oracle;

Son to the true Mirrour of PRINCES,

The Most Renowned

PERSICLES, King of *ASSYRIA*:

SHEWING

His Strange Birth, Unfortunate Love, Perilous Adventures in Arms; and how he came to the Knowledge of his Royal PARENTS.

Interlaced with Variety of

Pleasant and Delightful DISCOURSE.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

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G.STEEVENS

TO THE READERS, HEALTH.

GENTLEMEN,

YOur well-tired Favours have so far set me on Fire in my further Proceedings, that I, that hitherto followed the Endeavours of Pierce Plainness, seem now, for your Pleasure, to become even a Bow-fellow Prodigal, spending the Sum of my Store to the uttermost, as long as it lasteth.

If you find any cracht Coyn in these my Liberal Expences, yet, for Foord's sake, afford them Sterling, and winking at small Faults, excuse me to be mistaken, and so amongst Friends it may pass for Currant. I am not of the Humour of the New Fangling Taylor, that for every New-wrought Suit, frames a New Fashion: Nor of their presumptious Nature, that of themselves being Vixius, face out their Attempt with Heroical Lions Looks: But I, always the same, rest ever forward to Entreat, careful to Request, and daily addicted devoutly to Attend Humility. Against biting Theon's Tooth, I remain always Patience-proof, and the rather, considering the singular Sentence of One of the seven Sages, viz.

That even a Man of Understanding if he be praised, he is led thereby to a self-loved Opinion of his own laudable Parts; or as self-willed, presuming on high Deserts, may seem an especial Argument of no small Folly: And so likewise for being discommended, to remain even à Mort, with a sad and heavy Chear and drooping Mind, figuring his sad Looks like the Anatomy of Death, is a plain Proof of his Scarcity of Counsel,

Want

Want of Patience, (which Philosophers hold the soveraignest Vertue that belongs to the qualified Endowments of Mortality) and (which is worse) Penury of Reason; Affectus tempore fuos. I purpose not this, gentle Reader, as if Stoically I regard your Judicious Censure, but rather Portray a Preludium, how indifferently I can endure the divers taunting Reports of the Envious: As for your ever-regarding Judgments, I account it the Sanctuary wherein my tired Scene may find Refuge; the chief Grefs only whereby feeble Inventions ascendeth; the Coloss that supporteth my Endeavours; yea, I reckon it all my Being, all my Essence, and all my Good.

And therefore with a favourable Smile, not long since, you entertained Parismus and Parismenos, my elder Off-spring, with so chearful an Aspect: Now cast your Looks on my Montelion; whose Forwardness to win the same, you shall perceive nothing Inferiour to the Promptness of the former; although by Birth and Course of Time the Younger. He cannot acquaint you with the Wonders of Chivalry, with admirable Acts, and doubty Deeds, supported always with a Fairy Suffrage, as was Ulisses in his ten Years Venture, by the Aid of Palas. Your well-wishing Acceptance, and kind Conceit of him, is all the Recompence I ask for my Travel: As I wish no more, so I trust you will no less grant this, and make my Endeavours Prosperous; deny that, and leave me so Unfortunate, as Hopeless for ever of any good Success, as you have been bountiful in giving the one, so my self will not be ungrateful for the other, that both in one, and in both, may not only augment your loving Pleasures, which I heartily wish, but also inrich my lasting Content, which I hope you as courteously will:

Your Well-wisher,

Emanuel Foord.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF MONTELION, Knight of the Oracle.

CHAP. I.

How Perſicles *was created King of* Aſſyria, *and travelled into* Perſia, *to the Marriage of his Siſter* Piera, *to the Emperour's Son* Deloratus: *How he is now enamoured of* Conſtantia, *and returned into* Aſſyria.

AN ancient King named *Pius*, Ruled the Land of *Aſſyria* in great Peace, as well Fortunate by the Love of his Subjects, and other outward Bleſſings, as with two fair Children, a Son and a Daughter, that after his Death, ſhould ſucceed in his Empire: And by reaſon Age was now ſo much grown upon him, he found himſelf wearied and unable to exerciſe the Care that belonged to the Government of ſo mighty a Nation; alſo he beholding in his Son more than ordinary Gravity, and ſo forward a Mind to Vertue, as that he might well commit a Matter of ſuch weight to his Care; he determined to give himſelf to Reſt, (as well agreed with his Age) and therefore cauſed all the Peers of the Land to be aſſembled. This done, and all ſet in Parliament, the old King uttered his Mind, which was, to Eſtabliſh his Son *Perſicles*, in the Kindom. The Peers having perfect knowledge of his Vertues, gave their whole Conſents; and ſo *Perſicles* was within few Days Crowned King. *Pius* having effected this according to his Mind, yet could not be at quiet till he had appointed a Match for his Daughter, befitting her Eſtate: to further which good Intent, it fortuned that *Deloratus*,

Deloratus, Son and Heir to the Emperour of *Persia*, hearing of *Piera's* Beauty, came into the Country of *Assyria*, and by long suit at last obtained her Good-will, and her Father's Consent, being assured of her in the Presence of most, or all his Peers: but because certain Conditions were to be ratified by the King his Father, the Solemnities of the Marriage was deferred until that was performed; and from that time should not be long protracted: which *Deloratus*, with great Earnestness, hastned. *Persicles*, with the Consent of his Father, accompanied his Sister *Piera* into *Persia*, attended by a Number of gallant Knights, as well to see the Conditions ratified, and the Marriage performed, as also to do *Deloratus* Honour. After their Departute, they within few Days arrived in the Kingdom of *Persia*; where *Persicles* and *Piera* were most honourably entertained by the old Emperour *Torsillus*, and the Conditions ratified.

The Solemnization of the Marriage was deferred for certain Days; for the Emperour of *Persia* determined to have the same performed with great Pomp; whither he invited many of his Neighbouring Kings, as of *Arabia*, *Natolia*, and *Thessalia*: The *Persian* Knights made preparation to attend the Bridegroom in great Royalty. *Persicles* being in the Court, and hearing what Gallants were likely to be at the Wedding, prepared most rich Ornaments against that Day, determining not to be the Last in Tryal of his Valour at the Tilt. The prefixed Day being come, the King of *Arabia*, *Natolia*, *Thessalia*, and many Princes of great Estate arrived with them, and the City was filled with such a Number of Knights and Gallants that there were scarce room therein to contain them. To recite every Particular of their Entertainments, Greetings, Riches, and what gallant Ladies were with them, would be too tedious: But in brief, there was such Royal Entertainments as befitted such Personages; and such a multitude of rare Shows, and fine Devices, as might every way please the Eye of a curious Beholder.

The Marriage being past, the sumptuous Banquets ended, and the States set to behold the Tilt: The first that entred the List was a Persian Duke, named *Osimus*, gallantly mounted, and a Man goodly proportioned; after him followed the rest of the Persian Knights, who were all Challengers against all Strangers that came to make Tryal of their Valour: Next came the adverse Party, the foremost of which was *Persicles*, who appeared in Richness according to the Dignity of his Place, being King

of

of so mighty a Country as *Assyria*; whose sight led the Beholders to an Admiration of his evident Perfections: After him followed *Nonius*, Prince of *Natolia*, and after him a number of most gallant Knights so richly adorned, as would have perswaded a cowardly Miscreant to have become Valiant; whose particular Descriptions I omit.

As *Persicles* was Chief of the adverse Part, and Duke *Osimus* of the Persians, so they two began the Encounter, breaking of their Staves with exceeding great Valour; but *Osimus*, intending to win the chiefest Honour, for that he was esteemed the best Knight in *Persia*, had provided Staves of tough Wood, which would not start with an easie Encounter, one of which he took and ran the fourth time at *Persicles*; who, unprovided for such an unexpected Assault, was overturned, and his Steed tumbling, fell upon him; that with the Fall, for a time, he remained without Sense. The Emperour of *Persia*, and the rest, being much afraid that he was slain, came running from the Scaffold to take him up, carrying him forth of the Lists to be unarmed; amongst the rest his Sister *Piera*, used her utmost Endeavour to recover him; with whom likewise was a gallant Company of Ladies to assist her, but chiefly the Empress of *Persia*, and her youngest Daughter *Constantia*, as more regarding him by reason he was Brother to *Piera*, and most of all lamented his Mishap.

Persicles, finding himself somewhat recovered, at the first opening of his Eyes, fixed them on *Constantia*, which by reason he was not fully revived, stood still fixed upon the first Object, as it were with affectionate Earnestness, which caused an exceeding Blush to rise in her Cheeks.

But now seeing such a Number about him, he was amazed and half ashamed of his Foyl, said, I beseech you, leave me to my self, and see the rest of the Turnament, for I have no harm: with that he started upon his Feet, and fetching a deep Sigh, departed; they were all much glad at his Safety, and so leaving him to be attended by two Knights, they departed to the Scaffolds, and again took their Places to behold the rest of the Turnament.

Persicles was exceedingly vexed, that he had received such a Disgrace, and in the Presence of such an honourable Assemble; most of all, for that he understood *Osimus*'s Intent; and presently buckling on one of his Knight's Armour, mounting himself, entred the List again; by which time the Tilt was almost ended,

and the Persian Knight bare away the Prize: But *Persicles*, then unknown, stood ready at the Race's end for the next Encounter, against whom the Persian Knight ran, but so far to his Disgrace, that he tumbled with his Heels upwards; with that every one began to wonder who it should be, and the People gave an exceeding Shout: then another Persian met him, whose Fortune was much like the former; for, his Steed stumbling, with the force of the Encounter, they both fell down. A Knight of *Persia*, who that Day had won great Honour by his Valour, seeing that, would needs be the next to meet him, thinking to Revenge his Country Mens Disgrace; but at the first Race, they could not perform it, for they passed by without any other Odds, but breaking their Staves most gallantly; and running again, the Persian's Fortune was so bad, that he was overthrown. By this time the Day was ended, and the Judges ready to depart; but *Osimus* entreated that he might break one Staff with the Stranger, which they granted. *Persicles* well knew him, resolutely determining to give or take the Foyl: both of them met with such Terrour, that the Earth seemed to shake; and *Osimus*, notwithstanding his great Strength, was by *Persicles* overthrown, to save his Honour and requite his Discourtesie; with that the People gave such Shouts, as made all the Palace to ring with the sound: Then *Persicles* discovered himself, which made every one to rejoyce and wonder at his Valour.

Persicles being unarmed, accompanied the Emperour of *Persia*, the King of *Natolia*, and the rest; having that Day won such Honour, as made him more highly esteemed; and coming to salute his Sister *Piera*, he suddenly espied *Constantia*, thinking he had before seen that sweet Countenance, but he could not remember where, which cast him into such a deep Study, that he almost forgot himself. After he had saluted the rest, he came to *Constantia*, to whom he said, Fair Lady, either I have beheld your Beauty and that sweet Countenance in some other Country, or in some Vision, for my Mind perswadeth me, that I should perfectly know you; for I am sure, this is not the first time I have seen you, which makes me thus bold, to demand of whence you are, if it be not offensive unto you. Sir, (replied *Constantia*) it may be I am but an imperfect Shadow of her you so perfectly remember, for until this Day, I never saw you; which maketh me suppose, you do but take Occasion of course to commend me, that deserve no such matter; neither shall it offend

me,

me, nor I deny to ſhew my Birth, being Daughter to the Emperour of *Perſia*, but for many Years brought up in *Arabia*. Pardon my Boldneſs, quoth *Perſicles* for I would not offend you; neither do I think you a Shadow, but a perfect Subſtnce, and not to reſemble any but your ſelf; for there can be no Beauty that excels yours, which mine Eyes before this time have beheld: or elſe Nature it ſelf hath imprinted in my Heart, an eſſential Inſtinct of Devotion thereto, which perſwades me to this Boldneſs; therefore I humbly deſire you not to miſconceive me, nor eſteem me of ſo rude a Diſpoſition, as to ſpeak otherwiſe than my Heart thinks, and to account of me as one that earneſtly deſires to be better acquainted with you, and will endeavour to make amends for my Offence given, offering my ſelf, and all that is mine to be at your Diſpoſition; which ſaid, he left off further ſpeech, for he ſaw others attend to hear what he ſaid.

At Night *Conſtantia* being in her paivate Chamber, called to remembrance *Perſicles*'s Speeches, marvelling why he ſhould ſay that he had ſeen her before, which ſhe knew could not be; but remembring how earneſtly he beheld her that Day, when he was ſcarce revived from his Trance, ſhe thought that might breed ſuch a Perſwaſion in him, which was ſo indeed; withal, ſhe called to mind his Comelineſs, Valour, Eſtate and Courteſie, which ſhe had before noted: all which Remembrances, made her ſo much forget all other thoughts, that a great part of the Night was overpaſt; and after ſhe had revived her Senſes, ſhe felt ſuch an Alteration, that all the Night ſhe could not reſt, delighting in nothing more than to remember him. The like did *Perſicles*, for her Beauty and other outward Graces had ſo pierced his Heart, that he was enthralled to her Love, and ſo reſolved to win it.

Early the next Morning he got up, ſeeking all occaſions to ſpeak with her again, but was diſappointed all the Forenoon, for ſhe by reaſon of her little reſt in the Night, kept her Chamber, and after Dinner, accompanied the Queen her Mother, and other Ladies, whereby he was that Day diſappointed: The next Morning likewiſe he aroſe, ſtudying how to come to her ſpeech; for his Affection was ſo great, as no thought contented him ſo well as her remembrance: but before he could bring to paſs what he moſt deſired, there arrived Meſſengers from *Aſſyria*, certifying him that his Father was dead, and that their antient Enemy the King of *Armenia*, had entred the Land, and deſtroyed many

of his Subjects; desiring him in all haste to return, for in his Absence, the Assyrians seemed like mad Men without Courage.

Persicles hearing this unexspected News, was exceedingly astonished, both with Desire to save his Country, and also to prosecute his Love; the one perswading him to stay, the other to hasten his departure; the one being as dear to him as his Life, the other as dear as Life, Country and all; for without obtaining of that, he thought he could not live, being so much perplexed, that he could not resolve what to do. At last the special Regard of his overcame his Heart, and reviv'd him with a manly Courage to Revenge, so that he commanded all things to be prepared for his sudden Departure; and going to his Chamber he got Pen and Ink, and writ as followeth:

To the most Fair Constantia.

Most Beloved Constantia,

THough my Country's Preservation occasioneth my sudden Departure, yet my Love to your Perfection, importuneth me to solicite your gentle Ears with these rude Lines: I cannot, with any colourable Phrases, shadow a perfect Meaning, nor with painted Eloquence decipher my true Love; but in the truest sort manifest my constant Affection to your Vertues, which unless you grace with some Favour, will be my endless Torments; I have long desired to make the same manifest unto you, but I was disappointed, and my unexpected Departure hath now shut me from your Presence, whereby I shall live in continual Care: Notwithstanding I humbly beseech you, in my unwilling Absence, to esteem me your faithful and true devoted Servant, and one that hath vowed himself ever to be yours, whose Welfare consisteth in your Courtesie; the Hope whereof shall preserve my Life until my Return, which my constant Love will cause me to hasten; desiring you, though I be absent, not to forget me, nor for my little Deserts to reject me, but let me be so much bound to your Vertues, as to conceive well of me; so shall my Joys be lengthened, my unhappy Life preserved, and my Good-will and constant Loyalty highly rewarded. So, with Sorrow, I take my Leave;

Yours inseparably, *Persicles.*

Having writ this Letter, he found out his Sister *Piera*, to whom he said, Dear Sister, the Sorrows that cause my Departure come so suddenly, as that I cannot stand long to confer with you; therefore that I build upon the Assurance of your Love, Secresie and Assistance, I will unfold to you the Secrets of my Heart, and

that

that which none but your ſelf ſhall know. So it is, that *Conſtantia*'s Beauty hath enamoured my Eyes, and I remain ſo much enthralled thereto, that unleſs ſhe pity me, I am but caſt way: I deſire your Aſſiſtance therein, whereby you may preſerve my Life. I have writ this Letter unto her, which I deſire you to deliver, and withal to uſe ſuch Speeches in my behalf, as ſhall ſeem beſt in your Wiſdom; for I aſſure you, unleſs at my return, which ſhall be ſhortly, I find her favourable, my Sorrows will ſhorten my Days: then, good Siſter, ſhew your Love to me in this. *Piera* promiſed her utmoſt Aſſiſtance, and ſo, with many Tears on each ſide, they parted.

The News of his Departure was ſoon ſpread through the whole Court, and came to *Conſtantia*'s hearing, who left her Chamber, thinking to have a ſight of him, which ſome Sparks of Love, being kindled in her tender Breaſt, provoked her unto. After all Farewels were paſt, he eſpyed her in Company with other Ladies, to whom he came, and among the reſt of them all, only took his Leave of her with a ſweet Kiſs, breathing forth a bitter Sigh at the Parting, which every one noted; ſome taking the ſame in Diſdain, and others marvelling that he regarded her above them all, wich made the Blood riſe in *Conſtantia*'s Cheeks, and the Water ſwell in her Eyes.

CHAP. II.

How Helion *Prince of* Arabia, *croſt the Love between* Perſicles *and* Conſtantia: *Of a Battle fought between* Perſicles *and the King of* Armenia, *and how he diſcovered himſelf to* Conſtantia.

HIs Departure cauſed a Sadneſs throughout the Court, for indeed he was the Beauty thereof, ſo excellent was his Perſon, and ſo commendable his Qualities. *Piera* betaking her ſelf to her Chamber, lamented his Abſence with private Tears, until *Deloratus* found her out, and cauſed her, with comfortable Speeches, to give over that Grief. The King of *Natolia* likewiſe with moſt of his Nobles and Knights that came to the Solemnization of the Wedding, were departed, except Prince *Helion*, Son to the King of *Arabia*, the Occaſion of whoſe Stay, was to crave *Conſtantia* in Marriage, aſſuring himſelf of her Love, by reaſon of the Familiarity that had been betwixt them in his Father's Court, which indeed by her former Kindneſs he might be in ſome aſſurance of, though not by any Promiſe ſhe had made him;

him; which motion he made to the Emperour of *Persia*, who esteeming so honourably of him, regarding his Birth, and most of all desiring to be allied to the Arabian King, gave his Consent; which was fully concluded and agreed upon, before it came to *Constantia*'s knowledge.

Prince *Helion* having this Assurance, with a merry Heart sought out *Constantia*, intending to reveal the same to her, and according to his wonted kind of Familiarity began greet her: in whom he found such an Alteration, that he wondred thereat; saying, My dear *Constantia*, this unexpected Unkindness in you, whom I esteem as my most chosen Friend, maketh me admire, whereas I had thought to have enjoyed your Love without Interruption: Upon Confidence of your Courtesie, I have moved your Father's Consent to our Marriage, who hath yielded thereto; then I beseech you, darken not both yours and my Joys with these misty Clouds of Care, which will fill my Heart with Sorrow; but rather encrease your Kindness both to mine and your Comfort.

Constantia's Countenance bewrayed the angry Motions of her Heart, caused by his Speeches, that she had much ado to refrain from shedding Tears; yet, with a Colour as red as Scarlet, she gave him this Answer: Prince *Helion*, if that be true which you tell me, I cannot chuse but wonder at your Folly, that would without assurance of my Love, make such a Motion; think you my Affections are to be limited according to your Disposition? For my part, I disclaim such Interest, and renounce such Affections, for I never intend any such matter, nor ever did you demand the same; Then, my Lord, be you satisfied with this, for I never did, nor will give my Consent.

Helion hearing this Answer, was nipt on the Head, being struck with such Grief, that he could not tell what to say; but at last replyed, *Constantia*, I confess I have done you Wrong in adventuring so far without Consent; but yet, for that I have not thereby dishonoured your Name, or otherwise injured you, I humbly crave Pardon, desiring you to ratifie that which I have by your former Courtesie, assured my self of; and let not my Over-boldness alienate any part of your Good-will; for you know that my Affections have remained inviolably constant many Years, and I have attended your liking with such Fervency, as you may be resolutely assured of my Truth. Then I beseech you, be not displeased with me, but according to your wonted Kindness, accept me in your Favour. My Lord, (replyed she)

I cannot deny but that your Good-will hath exceeded my Deserts, for which I thank you; and withal, that I have always esteemed you, which likewise I would have done still, but now that Opinion is altered; neither can I be induced to conceive well of him that would do me such manifest Injury as you have done; therefore pray be contented with that Favour you have had, for my Affections are otherwise imployed, and my Heart utterly disagreeing I to the Motion you have made. With that she espyed *Piera* in the Garden coming towards her, to whom she went down, saluting her most kindly. *Piera* thougth now to have delivered her Brother's Letter, but by reason there was divers in the Company, she could not then perform it; after a while they left each other; *Piera* returning to her Chamber, and *Constantia* to a secret place in the Garden, where she uttered these Meditations: What contrarious Disquites are these that possess the Center of my Heart? What Inconveniences am I like to run into? How shall I avoid Blame for the one, and reap Content by the other? How unkindly hath Prince *Helion* used me! to make this mention to my Father, whose Disposition must not be crost without hazard of much Disquiet? My Kindness to whom hath caused this overfond Conceit of himself, and brought me into much Trouble: I could have loved him before I came to the sight of *Persicles*, whose Gifts are so far exceeding his, that whereas my Heart loved him the Thought of that Love is now most grievous; wherein I may do my self great Wrong, for in hope of his Affection, I refuse *Helion*'s Love, which may deprive me of both, purchase my Father's heavy Displeasure, and my own perpetual Discontent. Revolving a Chaos of these and such like confused Cogitations, which overcame her Senses with their Ambignity, with a heavy and discontented Vein she went to her Chamber, thinking there to consider of every Particular at full; where she found *Piera* all alone staying her coming in, who soon espyed that *Constantia* had wept, whereupon she took occasion to say as followeth: My beloved Sister, I am sorry to see you in this heavy and sad Vein, alwayes finding you either sad or weeping; which maketh me wonder, and desire to know the Cause, as one willing in any sort to counsel you, and comfort you with my uttermost Assistance: I have of purpose entred your Chamber to have some Conferrence in private with you, being a Messenger sent to you by my Brother *Persicles*, who I know loveth you dearly; who by me humbly commendeth himself unto you, being

ing sorry that his sudden Departure was such, that he could not before his going, do you that Service you deserve, withal desired me to deliver you this Letter. *Constantia*, without Reply, received the Letter, and read the same; which when she had done, she said, Dear Sister, I thank you for taking this pains to come to me, and not rather to have sent for me, that rest at your Command: And also, I thank that worthy King *Persicles*, that he will vouchsafe me that undeserved Favour, as to esteem well of my Unworthiness, to whom I am bound in all honourable Respects: But how unfit am I to entertain Love, your self would judge, if you knew my Estate; which, upon assurance of your Secresie, I will unfold: Prince *Helion*, vainly presuming he was assured of my Favour, hath asked my Father's Consent to a Marriage betwixt him and me, which he hath granted unto: But the Heavens can testifie, it is disagreeing to my Heart, and altogether without my Consent, which he shall never attain, what Danger soever I incurr thereby; which if *Persicles* did understand would soon alter his Mind; therefore it is best for his Quiet, not to place his Affections on me so unworthy, but let me alone to endure the Affliction that is like to ensue.

I know (quoth *Piera*) that my Brother's Love is so constant, that nothing can alter the same which he related to me at large: which makes me testifie the Assurance thereof, which would you but accept of, or give me some comfortable Hopes in his absence, I should think my self bound to you for ever, and to have done him a great Pleasure; for nothing but the happy Tydings of your Favour can comfort him. The Emperour will not compel you to marry *Helion*, when he understandeth that you are otherwise bent, for that were Cruelty; and I think *Helion* himself beareth not so dishonourable a Mind, as to seek your Love by Constraint, for that were Inhumanity: But would you yield to like of my Brother's Love, who in every way is as good as the Prince of *Arabia*, the knowledge thereof would soon make him return to ask your Father's Consent, which may peradventure stand as well affected to him, as to Prince *Helion*. Ah me! (said *Constantia*) Sister, I need not doubt to reveal my Secrets to you, that I know, for *Persicles*'s sake will conceal them: I confess without further Circumstances, that I love that noble King *Persicles*, which is the Cause of this Disquiet; nor did my Fancy ever yield the least Conceit of liking *Helion*'s Love, which I took to be rather grounded upon common Familiarity than Pretence of Marriage;

riage: therefore now that you assured of that which you request, I beseech you not to conceive amiss of my rash Confession, nor esteem my Love light, because of so short continuance, for it is immoveable; but rather comfort my poor disquieted Heart with your Counsel how to avoid these Inconveniences; and if that worthy Knight be so affected towards me; as your Speeches and this Letter affirm, I would wish his return might be speedy, otherwise my Sorrows will be endless; for I know my Father's Nature to be such, that whatsoever he will have, must be performed, though Equity would perswade the contrary. Grieve not so much (quoth *Piera*) with premeditated Conceit of Fear, which peradventure will never come to pass. I will presently send Letters to my Brother, who shall carry such News, as will comfort his Heart, and cause his speedy return: In the mean time I will make *Deloratus* acquainted with *Helion*'s Practice, and *Persicles*'s Love, who shall perswade all that may be, not to consent to Marry you against your will? Be then of good comfort, and in assurance of *Persicles*'s Loyalty, let no Fear disquiet your Senses, or impair your Health, for Things now at the worst may have a good End: These Speeches ended, they departed.

All this while *Helion* was meditating how to hasten the Marriage: but most of all to find the cause of *Constantia*'s Discontent, which he thought was aggravated against him, by some good Conceit which she had lately entertained of some other than himself, which made him Prosecute the same with more fervency, dealing so effectually with the Emperor, that he swore *Constantia* should be ruled by him, and thereupon the next Day sent for her, to whom he said: Daughter, I think it is not unknown to you, that I have promised you in Marriage to Prince *Helion*, one that is every way worthy to Match with you, both for nobleness of Birth, vertuous Qualities, and comeliness of Person: withal, I am given to understand, that you like not my Choise, nor esteem my Command, which of you neglect, you shall not only displease me, but lose my Favour for ever; for as you are mine, I purpose to dispose of you, but if you refuse my Counsel, refuse me too, for I will not regard a disobedient Child; The manifold Reasons I could alledge, that perswade me to the Confirmation of this Contract, are of such Weight; as I might seem careless of your Welfare, and your self envious of your own good, to deny them: Therefore let me know your Answer.

Constantia well knew that if she denied, he would be offended, and his froward Nature was so much disposed to Wrath, that before she could speak, she shook for fear; yet resolving to hazard the worst, humbling her self upon her Knees she made this Answer. My reverend Duty to you, most loving Father, perswadeth my consent to fulfil your Command, though my Love binds me to the contrary, that I stand perplexed between two Extreams; the one fearing to offend you, the other to procure my everlasting Discontent; for in refusing to do according to your will, I shall incurr your Indignation, and in performing the same, my everlasting Sorrow, for as yet, my Heart could never yield to Love that worthy Prince, who is far too worthy to beMatcht with me; most humbly beseeching you to consider, that forced Love never breeds Content, but Disquiet, which with *Hebon*, will be my Portion, therefore I beleech you, revoke your Determination.

Is it even so? (quoth he) shall my Command be Countervailed by your peevish Conceit? Is this the regard you gave to my good Will? Are you Wiser than I? or are you willing to Displease me? shall my will stand at your Direction? Is this the Duty you owe to your Father? Or fear you no more to offend me? Have I so carefully brought you up, and tenderly regarded you for this? Henceforth never come in my Sight, for I will not esteem thee as a Child, but as a Bastard; and withal, I vow, that if thou dost not yield toMarry him, use him kindly, and apply thy Devotions to his liking, I will use thee in such a sort, that all *Persia* shall lament thy Case. Having given her this bitter Reproof, he departed, leaving her Weeping, the fountain of her Eyes dry, wringing her Hands, and like one in a dead Trance, overcome with Grief, cast upon the Earth. The first that entered the Room was *Helion*, who seeing her in that Agony, took her by the Hand to have raised her from the Ground; but she refusing his help, uttered these Speeches. Until this time I always esteemed honourably of you, but now my good opinion is altered, for that you seek only my Torment: My Father hath given me charge to Marry with you, which I must, against my Heart, fulfil, but be assured never to possess my Love, for that I have bequeathed to another, only my outwad Parts may be yours, but my inward Affections shall continually esteem you as the only occasioner of my endless Miseries; with that she arose from the ground and departed, leaving him there as one astonished.

Piera

Piera made *Conſtantia*'s Eſtate known to *Delaratus*; who ſo far as he durſt, perſwaded her Father not to conſtrain her to Marry the Prince: but ſuch Wilfulneſs poſſeſſed him, that the more they entreated him, the more contrarious he was, and therefore appointed the Day for the Marriage to be within two Months, and deſiring the King of *Arabia*'s Conſent, he ſent Ambaſſadours to that Effect.

Piera hearing this, preſently ſent Meſſengers into *Aſſyria*, to certifie *Perſicles* of all that had happened; and withal, writ a Letter which contained the whole Sum of *Conſtantia*'s Conſent to his Love; who withal Deligence haſtened until they arrived there, being preſently conducted into his Preſence: After he had moſt kindly embraced them, he demanded how *Piera* did, and what Meſſage they had brought from her? Whereupon they delivered the Letters they had brought; which when he had read, he Commanded the Knights to give the Meſſengers honourable Entertainment, and departed to his Tent: one way ſo much comforted, and another way ſo deeply troubled, that he ſat down in a Study, not knowing what to reſolve upon.

When he had a long ſpace meditated, with what contrarities his Fortunes were croſt, the danger his Country was in, how likely he was to loſe *Conſtantia*, and how difficult to attempt her Paſſion, and many other; at laſt he thought his Life ſhould be nothing without her Love; and therefore he fully reſolved to hazard the ſame to attain it, but it ſeemed unpoſſible, which way to accompliſh the ſame. For firſt the Armenians War hazarded his Kingdom, whom he could not ſuddenly expel: Next to attempt to win her by force, that could not be, for the *Perſian* was to mighty, Laſtly, delay might breed a greater Miſchief than all the reſt; then calling unto him two of his chiefeſt Nobles, the one named *Parenus*, a wiſe Couſellor, the other *Thrureus*, a noble Warrior, he uttered his mind to them; ſaying, I have ſent for you, as the Men I muſt reſpect and truſt, being determined to commit to your Charge the Government of my Kingdom, for that weighty Buſineſs, and ſuch as concerns my everlaſting Welfare, muſt for a Seaſon withdraw me: And for that I am fully aſſured of your Loyalty, I will uſe no Exhortation to perſwade you thereto, but order the ſame in this ſort: *Thrureus* reſembling me much, both in Proportion and Countenance, ſhall in my abſence take my Room; whom the People will aſſuredly take to be my ſelf, and ſo governthem with more eaſe, and

you *Perseus*, by your Wisdom, order all things according thereto. Thus you know my Mind, which I doubt not but you will accomplish in every Respect according to my Desire. They first intreated him not to depart, but when they saw nothing could prevail, they swore they would faithfully Execute what he had given them in Charge: and likewise told them, that he would depart within three Days, which he deferred so long, by reason the second Day the Armenians and Assyrians should meet; having ended his Conferrence with them, he returned to the Messengers that came from *Persia*, sending Letters to *Piera*, which gave her knowledge that he would be there suddenly.

The prefixed Day for the Battle was now come, and both Armies met, betwixt whom there was a terrible Fight, and many thousands on both sides Slain: The Armenians greedy of their Enemies overthrow, followed them so eagerly, that they began to sound a Retreat: *Persicles* seeing that, left the Place of his Government, and with his Lance ready couched, met an Armenian Duke so full, that he pierced rhe same quite through his Body, then drawing his Sword, with the same he slew the next, and after him, wounded others; that within a while he made such Slaughter amongst them, that they avoided the Place of his Sight, and thought themselves best that were furthest off him. Thus valorously did he Pursue them; till he was unawares in the midst of their Army, which Advantage the King of Armenia espyed, and thinking his Life within his Power, ran at him with a Lance, pointed with Steel, but it mist him; and *Persicles* seeing him, met so full with the pummel of his Sword against his Breast, that had not his Sword yielded, he had broke his Back; with that the Armenians assailed him round about with such unequal Odds, being a multitude to one, that sometimes they were thrust so near upon him in the Throng, that they swayed him up and down, those that came next him died by the Sword, their dead Bodies falling down between his Steed's Legs, which made him lay about with such Fury, that he soon made them give way. In the mean time, whilst the most part of the Battle were bent to destroy him, the Assyria had made such a slaughter amongst the out-wings of the Army, that most of them were slain, and the rest fled, *Thrwenus* fearing *Persicles*'s Harm, for that he missed him, with his Followers, soon found him out, and by that Means rescued him from the Multitude, who had unhorsed him, being constrained to Fight on Foot, being

ing ſcarſe able to with-hold himſelf from ſtumbling o're the dead Carcaſſes of thoſe whom he had ſlain, *Thrurens* ſoon got him remounted, and then both of them purſued their Enemies ſo fiercely, that they began to fly; and had not the Day then ended, they had all been deſtroyed, which cauſed *Perſicles* to ſound a Retreat, and betake him to his Tent, having that Day done ſuch Deeds at Arms, as made both his own Subjects, and the Armenians admire him.

Early the next Morning word was brought him, that his Enemies were all fled, and not any of them to be found in the Camp, having left all their Riches behind them; which much rejoyced *Perſicles* to hear, for that they ſhould be no hindrance to his Journey, and commanded his Souldiers to take the Spoil, and bury the Dead: and becauſe he had received never a mortal Wound, he determined the next Day to depart, which he acquainted *Parcenus* and *Thrurens* withal, requeſting them not to diſcover his Abſence till his return.

Having ordered every thing according to his Mind, the next Morning he departed, attiring himſelf like a Palmer, with a ſtaff in his Hand, which diſguiſe ſhadowed him from Knowledge, that he paſt his own Court-gates undiſcerned which aſſured him, that if his own Subjects and Servants knew him not, muchleſs would Strangers, that he paſſed without fear of being diſcovered. In this ſort did he Travel, thinking it no Pennance to take Pains to find out his Love, until he arrived in *Perſia*, yet not knowing which way to accompliſh his Intent, or come to the Speech either of *Piera* or *Conſtantia*, for he was a Stranger, being denyed to enter the Court-gates, where he ſtayed attending his good Fortune ſome three Days; but as far from hopes then, as at his firſt coming, that he was ſo tormented in his Thoughts that he could not tell what to do. The next Day he heard that the King ſhould go forth a Hunting, which made him preſently ſuppoſe (for that the Park was ſo near the Court) the Ladies likewiſe would ſee the Paſtime, hoping by ſome means or other to give one of them Knowledge of his Arrival; then he writ a Letter, the Contents thereof were theſe.

To Conſtantia, *or* Piera.

THeſe I write to either of you, my Fortune being doubtful to whom I ſhould deliver this: The Palmer that delivered this Letter, is Perſicles,

ficles, that desireth to speak with one of you; for he saith, you are both as dear to him as his own Soul. Attending a happy Hour, I end,

Yours, Perficles.

The next Day, according to his Hopes, the King and Queen, *Deleratus*, *Piera*, *Helion*, and *Constantia*, and many others came forth, whom *Perficles* soon espyed, and well noting *Constantias*'s Countenance, perceived the same to be darkned, as if she had been fully possessed with Discontent; who coming near him, (for he stood so as they must pass by him) casting her Eyes upon him, beheld him so earnestly, that she almost forgot her self, feeling her Heart to throb with unwonted Motion, that she let fall her rich Scarf, most curiously Embroydered; which occasion *Perficles* soon espyed, as waiting for such an Opportunity, took up the Scarf, and with a great Reverence gave it her, conveying the Letter closely therein, that she soon espyed the same, wherewith her Heart began to pant; and viewing the Superscription, found it directed to her, or *Piera*, that closely she put the same in her Bosom, lest *Helion* or any else should espy it till she could find Opportunity to read it. By this time the Game was rouzed, and all but she alone followed the Pastime with Earnestness; which she beholding, withdrew her self with one of her Ladies, and read the Letter, the which affected her Heart with Joy and Fear; that sometimes her Heart leap'd with the one, and her Eyes stood ready to over-flow with Tears with the other; presently following the Company until she overtook *Piera*, to whom she said, Sister, did not you behold the Palmer that stood in the Way as we came by the Palace-wall? Yes, (quoth she) And do not you know him? said *Constantia?* It is your Brother *Perficles*.

With that she smiled, saying, How can that be, or what maketh you to think so? With that she pulled out the Letter, and bad her read it; which when she had done, she said, *Constantia* he is worthy to be kindly used, having travelled so far on Foot to see us. Yea, (quoth *Constantia*) how can we come to speak with him? Or how may we give him that Welcome his Worthiness deserveth, that for my unworthy self, hath undertaken to hazard his Royal Person in Travel? Let me alone, (quoth *Piera*) and the better to avoid Suspicion, use *Helion* somewhat more kindly than heretofore you have done, that his Mind may be void of Jealousie, for I perceive when you come in any Place or Company, he hath a vigilant Eye over you. And

And calling to her a Damsel named *Dela*, one that was privy to all her secret Counsels, to whom she said; Go thy way, and find out the Palmer that thou sawest as we came, for it is *Persicles*, conduct him into the Camber, where let him stay till I return; and if any one ask thee what he is, tell them he is of *Assyria*, and bringeth me News from the King, my Brother.

Dela hasted and soon found him out, reverently saluting him, and called him by his Name, which made him marvel that she knew him, until she delivered her Message, which he was ready to fulfil, as the only thing he desired: And having brought him into the Court which she did without Contradiction, she returned to certifie her Mistriss thereof whom she met with *Constantia*, and some few before the rest returning to the Court being desirous to see *Persicles*, who now entered the Palace, were soon espyed him; which affected of his Heart with such Content as it seemed to ravish his Senses

Constantia was possessed likewise with such contrarious Passions, sometimes of Fear, Joy, Bashfulness, Desire, and modest Love, that her Heart seemed to dissolve, and all the Arteries of her Body wrought with internal and strange Motions: By this time they were ascended the Stairs, and *Persicles* ready to meet him, who first saluted *Piera*, (as reserving the best for the last) which he performed superficially, in the respect of the Behaviour he used to *Constantia*, whose Modesty made her blush, whilst he bereaved her of a sweet Kiss, who, with as mild a Countenance, as if Modesty her self had been there, she bad welcome.

Most divine Lady, quoth he, I cannot express my thankfulness by outward Means, for that my Heart wisheth, and intendeth more good to you, than my Tongue can utter, being so far bound to you (in respect of my slender and small Deserts) for your esteeming well of me, that I shall never be able to discharge the Debt: And although they have little cause, by reason of the small proof you have heard of my Fidelity, to yield me Love, yet if my faithful Vow may satisfie you, and my plighted Promise of continual Constancy assure you, shall find me both constant in Love to you, faithful to deal honourably with you, and Loyal, not intending to do any thing that shall be disagreeable to your Will.

My Lord, (said *Constantia*) in full Assurance of your good Meaning, my Heart willingly affecting you more then any other, without further delay, I yield my self up your to Disposition, desiring you not to misconceive me? And though I am unworthy of such ac-

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count as you make of me, my Poſſeſſion being linked to ſo many Inconveniences; yet ſince it is your deſire to have it ſo. I am ready to be ruled according to your Directions.

Piera then ſaid, Let further Conference for this time ceaſe, becauſe I hear of the King's Return; and for this Night I will provide for my Brother's Security, with whom I will confer about this buſineſs, until you may conveniently meet again.

This ſaid, *Perſicles* took his Leave of *Conſtantia*, with many ceremonious Farewels, each Party interchanging their Hearts, ſuch perfect Love was between them. *Perſicles* went to a ſecret Chamber to meditate; *Piera* to accompany her Husband, and *Conſtantia* with an outward merry, (though inwardly heavy) Heart to welcome *Helion*.

CHAP. III.

How Conſtantia *diſguiſed her ſelf, and departed the Emperours Courts with* Perſicles.

WIthin this place ſtay'd *Perſicles*, ſo long without Means how to accompliſh his deſire, which was to convey away *Conſtantia*, that the prefixed Day for the performance of the Marriage approached near, which drove them to their utmoſt ſhifts, that now or never it was to be done.

Conſtantia coming to *Piera*'s Chamber, with an heavy Heart, and watry Eyes, demanded whether they had yet determined how ſhe ſhould eſcape? but hearing them make no Anſwer, ſaid thus: My Lord, ſince the fear you have I ſhould be diſcovered, and ſo diſhonoured, maketh you unwilling to have me hazard my ſelf; The time of my pretended Wedding now draweth nigh, which I moſt abhor, becauſe I Love none but your ſelf; provide but for your own Departure out of the Court, without being diſcovered, and ſtay for me in the Evening under the Mirtle-tree by the *Palace-wall*, and thither will I aſſuredly come to you; and by what Means, as yet I know not.

Perſicles was glad to hear her Speeches, but he was much troubled in Mind, that his misfortune was ſuch, that could not carry her from thence, without ſhe her ſelf ſhould hazard her eſcape alone: Nevertheleſs, ſeeing her forwardneſs, which was an infallible token of her conſtancy; with many thanks and farewells, untill their happy meeting again, they parted, with ſuch careful Hearts, and outward ſigns of Sorrow as was ſufficient

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to have made the hardest Heart of any remorseless Beholder to lament them.

Perficles soon departed, and without desturbance (for in that Habit he was not known) and soon got to the Mirtle-tree, whereunder he sat down, and uttered many Invocations for his Love's fortunate Escape; that she alone should endure this Hazad, but whatsoever Extremity did follow, should be born by him.

Constantia being in her Chamber with *Dela*, many thoughts possest her Fancy, and sundry Devises were soon invented, and as soon out of content, that many she bethought her of, but none of them seemed currant. At last, looking out of a Window, she espyed a Country Damsel enter the outer Court of the Palace, with a Basket on her Arm, wherein were Grapes, which she came of purpose to present unto *Constantia* for their Fairness, being a Gift worthy of Acceptation. The Porter knowing her mind, sent her to the Princess's Chamber with a Gentleman. *Constantia* seeing that she came to her, caused her to come in, received her Present most graciously: The Gentleman being departed, *Dela*, by *Constantia*'s appointment, led the Maid into a secret Chamber; telling her, that it was her Mistress's Pleasure so much to grace her, that she should attend on her, and not return to her Father's House. The Damsel being glad of that Preferment, gave her many Thanks: *Dela* then caused her to put off her own Apparel, and put on *Constantia*'s; which done, she left her, and carried her homely Weeds to *Constantia*, which she presently put on, disrobing her self of her rich Ornaments, and casting aside all other Care, but only how to attain her Love: And the Evening being come, (the time of her everlasting Weal, or Wo) she took the Damsel's Basket on her Arm; and first, with many Farewels to *Dela*, Commendations to *Piera*, and heavy Sighs to leave her Parents, not knowing what Misfortune might befal her, with Water standing in her Eyes, which to her utmost power she refrained, did go down the Stairs, and thence into the Court, behaving her self so decently, that none that met her, had any thought but that she had been a perfect Country Damsel; and so she passed until she came to the Porter, who knowing of her coming in, denyed not to let her out. *Constantia* having passed thus far without Suspect, thought not to be long in going to the appointed Place, but Fear and Hope hastening her steps, she sometimes ran, and sometimes went, and then again looked behind her, as if some pursued her, ran until she

had got a sight of the Tree, where, under the same, she beheld her Love; who afar off beheld her, but in that Habit knew her not; to whom she approached so nigh, that he, noting her well, knew her, and imbraced her in his Arms, saying: My dearest Love, A thousand times welcome, and more desired of me, than all the Riches in the World; for ever shall this Day be blest, and the Hour of this our happy meeting accounted Fortunate; let all that wear this Habit be happy, and enjoy their most desired Content; and let this Tree, whersoever growing, be esteemed above all others, for that it was the appointed Place of our Meeting: Let the Evening be the most pleasant time for Lovers meetings, and let all those be fortunate in their Meetings, whose Hearts harbour true Love. My Dear (quoth he) I cannot express the joy my Heart conceives at your Presence, being sorry that you are thus driven to hazard your Person for my sake; being likewise as sorry that I have no place of Security to carry you unto; for in this Place we must not stay long; therefore let us depart the nearest way to *Assyria*, and Fortune, that hath shewed her self so gentle, may favour us with more happy Success.

My Lord (quoth *Constantia*) now that I have attained your Presence, I have found the Harbor I expected, where my Heart shall rest; what hereafter you shall intend, I will be as well contented with, as your self; therefore direct your steps what way you please, I will bear you Company.

Persicles his Heart was glad to see her so chearful, that folding his Arms in hers, the Night being new approached, they walked along: She by the way discoursing on the manner of her Escape.

To relate the Conference between them were too tedious, but the most part of the Night they continued travelling so fast as *Constantia*'s feeble Legs would carry her; who, though not accustomed to such Labour, yet endured the same so chearfully, as it had been a Wonder to behold; but at last arriving in a solitary Place, where seldom any frequented but Shepherds, the Night being far spent, and *Constantia* weary, they seated themselves down upon a Bank, and their Minds being now somewhat eas'd of Cares, their Bodies wearied with Travel, and the Place void of Disturbance; after some delightful Conference, *Constantia* slept, and *Persicles* did the like, not awaking till the Sun's bright Beams glimmering upon them, awaked them.

Persicles's Heart now began to be troubled where to get Food for Con-

Constantia, which he was out of Hope to attain in those solitary Walks; and rising up to view the Place well, and which way next to travel, he espyed a Shepherd's Cottage hard by, to which he and *Constantia* went, and knocking at the Door, the Shepherd's Wife came forth, who espying such unlooked for Guests, started back, saying, What would you have?

Mother, (said *Persicles*) my Wife and I (for so he thought best to call her, to avoid Suspition) travelling towards *Assyria*, by misfortune, Yesterday-night, lost our way, and having wandred up and down all this Night, that we are both weary, especially my Wife, who hath not been used to such Unrest; Our desire is to rest our selves, and get us Food, if it may be, in this place; which Kindness if you will afford us, we will pay you for the Charge we put you to, and withal rest thankful.

The Shepherdess noting them well, thought them other than their Habit declared, with whom his kind Words so much prevailed, that she desired them to come in, telling them that all her House rested at their Disposition; so they both entered, and willingly sat down to rest themselves: But *Persicles* asking the old Woman what Meat she had; she told him, she had none at all; but if it pleased him, she would be ready to fetch any thing he would send for, at a Village hard by.

Whereupon the old Woman went out to buy Meat, leaving them in the House alone; in whose absence, *Persicles* desired *Constantia* not to be offended with him, for saying she was his Wife? For (said he) should I name you my Sister, or otherwise, it would breed in them some Suspition; withal, they hearing of your Escape, which may by some means or other come to their knowledge, will the sooner suspect you; but under that Name, you are void of Knowledge.

Constantia was content to be ruled by him in any thing, whose Heart would now have conceived the heigth of Content, had not Fear to be discovered darkned the same. In which place we will leave them to speak of *Helion*.

CHAP. IV.

Of a merry Jest that befel Helion, *Prince of* Arabia.

Constantia being down the Stairs, *Dela* as soon left the Country Maid, to tell *Piera* what was done; and to ask her Counsel what to do; who hearing all, at last bad her return to the Dam-

el, and carry her some Meat for her Supper, but so closely, that none might see her go out, or in; which *Dela* performed, and telling her where she should lie, left her, altering her Garments and Attires in such sort, that she knew her not again. The Maid being alone, was soon tempted to taste these dainty Meats, for that she was very hungry, thinking her self most happy to be exalted, and daintily fed; and seeing her soft Bed, her Belly being full, and being at home not used to sit up late, drawing the Curtains close about her, she was no sooner laid, but fell asleep.

Helion all that Evening, marvelled he could not see *Constantia*, but not seeing *Piera*, was satisfied, thinking they had been together. When Supper was ended, he determined to see her, and went to *Piera*'s Chamber, thinking to find her there; who told him that she was not there that Afternoon: From thence he went to her Lodgings, and finding the Door shut, which being but latch't, he open'd it, and shut it softly again; and, with stealing Steps, passed through the first Room unto the next, where he saw a Light burning through the Hangings, which he softly lifted aside, and looking into the Chamber, saw no body, but *Constantia*'s Apparel there, and drawing nigh the Bed, perceived that she was asleep, and standing by her, as being loath to awake her, yet unwilling to leave her, he uttered these Meditations:

Sweet Fortune hath appointed this happy Hour in favour of my true Love, that hath with Constancy long attended my Love, but ne'er was grac'd with any Tittle of her Favour; which Opportunity if I over-slip, it may be I shall never attain the like: If I should attempt to awake her, could she be offended? If I should farther ask her Consent to possess her Love, could she take it in ill part? No, she knows my Love is Loyal, and therefore will not be offended. But this feareth me most, I never as yet had any Favour at her hand; She, for ought I see, regarded me not, but instead of my Love, repays me with Scorn; yet in that I may be deceived: Peradventure she hath used me so, to make tryal of me; and also done this to try whether I would, like a Coward, for fear of Displeasure, leave the Scaling of so sweet a Fort; therefore, be my Fortune good or bad, I will hazard the worst. Then taking the Damsel by the Hand, who slept so soundly, that he could hardly awake her, said, *Constantia*, be not offended with me, it is your faithful Friend *Helion*, that speaks to you; missing you, I have thus boldly presumed into your Chamber, which I found but slightly shut, and fearing you had been

sik,

sick, I came to visit you; desiring you to grant me this Favour, both to pardon this bold Intrusion, and let me stay to be your Guardian; which said, very boldly he kist the Damsel twice or thrice. The Maiden hearing his Speeches, was so amazed, that she could not speak; involving many things in her doubtful Brain what he should be, and why the Princess had appointed her in that place: But being unacquainted with the Fashions of the Court, she thought it had been the Custom there (as she had heard her Father report) for every one to have a Lover, lay still, and said nothing; which animated *Helion* to such Confidence, that, fastning the Door, extinguishing the Light, and putting off his Apparel, he lept into the Bed; and first asking Pardon with many humble Speeches, repeating with what Constancy he had deserved her, and how faithfully he intended for ever to love her; he folded her in his Arms, using such Behaviour, as soon tempted the Damsel to yield; whom he bereft of her Virginity, to both their Contents: He on one side thinking he had embraced the fair *Constantia*, and she supposing she had got a rich and kind Lover.

When he had stayed with her so long as he could, for fear of being discovered, for that the Day began to appear, he told her that now, to his Heart's Grief, he must leave her; which she was unwilling he should do; that by her Embraces, Kisses, and other kind Behaviour, he stayed longer than he would have done; and took such full Possession of her before he went, that she thought her self the happiest Maid alive; and he himself the most fortunately blessed in the Possession of so sweet a Love. At last, parting with many Farewels, the Damsel's Eyes somewhat dazled with the Sport, laid her down again and slept soundly, until she thought it time to rise.

When the Day was somewhat aged by the height of the Sun, *Helion*, with an exceeding merry Countenance, taking a rich standing Cup of beaten Gold, full fraught with the purest Wine, attiring himself in the richest Robes, went to *Constantia*'s Chamber to present her therewith, and entering therein, he found his Bed-fellow attired in *Constantia*'s Ornaments; with which sight he was so amazed, that he stood like one in a Trance, thinking himself either blind, or that she was Metamorphosed.

The Damsel likewise espying him, was ashamed to see him stand gazing on her with such a wild Countenance, that she blushed exceedingly; at last, *Helion* fearing some Deceit, said, Where is *Constantia*, that you are attired in her Ornaments? To whom

the

the Damsel made answer, I know not where she is; her Maid had me put on this Apparel Yesterday, appointing me to stay here till her return.

[illegible] then perceiving that he was deceived, and the Damsel, instead of *Constantia*, had been his Paramour that Night, whom he desired to tell him whether *Constantia* had of purpose perswaded her to do that, and also if she knew where she was: For know (quoth he) thou hast not bestowed thy Virginity on an unworthy Person, but unto the Prince of *Arabia*.

The Damsel humbling herself upon her Knees, told him all that she knew; whereby he then perceived that *Constantia* was fled, by reason that he could not find the Damsel's Apparel, and taking her by the hand, said, Damsel, I perceive *Constantia* still rejecteth me, and therefore, as thou in her stead hast taken possession of my Love, that Good-will and Affection which formerly I bear to her, will I bare to thee, and hereafter prefer thee to such Dignity, to otherwise thou shouldest never attain unto; withal, requesting thee to conceal my being with thee this Night from any, for if it should be known, it would redound to thy Punishment, and my Shame: But when Question is made for *Constantia*, tell all thou knowest of thy coming hither, but nothing of me. And in sign of my Good-will, I drink to thee in this Cup of Wine, which I thought *Constantia* should have tasted of. This said, he left the Damsel, and so secretly as he might, he went to his own Lodging, so grieved in his Mind, that he vowed to be revenged, were it by never so cruel Means, in his Heart hating her, whom he before doted on; which is a Sign of an inconstant Disposition, for true Love will never alter.

It was not long before *Constantia* was missed, and the News thereof came to the Emperour her Father, who, with the Empress, marvelled thereat, causing all diligent Search to be made, but no other News was heard of her, but that she was gone, and a Stranger left in her stead; who being brought before the Emperour, told the Cause of her coming, and how she was used by a Gentlewoman that waited on *Constantia*; whereupon the Emperour caused all the Ladies and Gentlewomen in the Court to come before him; but amongst them all, she could not tell which was she, for *Dela* had altered her Apparel in such sort, that the Damsel was as ignorant of knowing her, as any of the rest.

The Emperour was so exceedingly inraged, that he was ready to tear the Hair from his Head, commanding that the Damsel should

should be punished; but at the entreaty of the Empress, she was only in disgraceful sort turned out of the Court-gates. The Emperour at that time in a great Rage, betaking himself to his Military Chamber, to study which was the best way to find his Daughter.

Helion pittying the Damsel, being now more in Love with her than ever he was with *Constantia*, called unto him one of his most trustiest Servants, willing him in secret sort to follow the Maid, and to give her a Purse of Gold, and tell her who sent it, and to conduct her home to her Father's House, that he may know where to find her; which done, he presently went to the Emperour, desiring him speedily to send forth Messengers to find *Constantia*, who thinking he had requested him thereunto with his former Pretence of Love, caused twenty of his Knights privately to be brought before him, to whom he declared his Intent, which was, That (without making any privy thereunto) they should that Night depart several Ways in search for his Daughter, the Lady *Constantia*.

All things being compleat according to his Mind, and the Knights having taken their Oaths of Fidelity and Secresie, and departed, the Emperour rested, calming his Disquiet with so merry a Countenance, as none supposed but that he had remitted all in regard of *Constantia*, which was so closely affected, that the Knights were dispersed every-where in the Country, before any Question was made of her Absence.

Helion's Servant, Sirnamed *Aldrus*, soon overtook the Damsel, delivering her the Gift his Lord had sent, which she received with many Thanks; telling her likewise, that he had sent him to attend her home; which she was also glad of, fearing her Parents Displeasure for staying so long, who knew her not at first sight, but afterwards was satisfied by *Aldrus*, who learning her Name, which was *Selia*, left her.

CHAP. V.

The Pleasures that passed between the two faithful Lovers, Pericles and Constantia, in the Shepherd's Cottage: and how a Knight, that was sent in their Search, found them.

NOw the Day being far spent, the Shepherd's Wife returned with the Provision which she had bought, dressing the same very cleanly, though after her Country Fashion; whereon

Per-

Perſicles and Candaces fed heartily, ſpending the reſt of the Day in talk with the old Woman, until at Night the old Shepherd and his Son came home, who wondred to ſee ſuch Guests at his Houſe, and ſuch Chear as the Fire; who was wont to ſup with a Crab put into ſowre Whig; and calling aſide his Wife, before they would enter, demanded what they were? Husband, (quoth ſhe) they came hither in the Morning, deſiring me to let them have but Houſe-room; for loſing their way, they have wandred about all Night, and ſo are very weary: they are the kindeſt People that ever I ſaw; good Husband, bid them Welcome. The good old Man waxed ſo kind by his Wife's Entreaty, that he came in, telling them they were moſt heartily Welcome, and that all he had was at their Command.

Perſicles gave them many Thanks, being much comforted with their Kindneſs, which he found diſagreeing to Humours of Ruſtick People. Supper-time ended, the old Woman called her Husband aſide, to know where they ſhould lie: Marry, (quoth he) in our own Bed, and we for this time will make ſome other proviſion; therefore make the ſame ready in the beſt ſort you poſſible can.

Which ſaid, the old Woman went about the ſame; and the old Man coming to them, ſaid, Becauſe I know you not, I cannot tell what Title to give unto you, but leſs than born of Noble Blood I am ſure you are not: I am ſorry my Wealth affordeth me no better Entertainment to welcome you withal; but ſuch as our homely Cottage yieldeth, ſhall be at your Diſpoſition; deſiring you to accept of our Good-will, inſtead of better Performance. My Wife is making ready your Bed, which though homely, yet it is cleanly, we having no choice but only that, deſiring you to accept it as the beſt.

I thank you, good Friend, (quoth *Perſicles*) but we ſhall be unmannerly to thruſt you forth of your own Lodging, therefore we will rather ſit up, than diſturb you.

Not ſo, ſaid the old Woman, I have all my Life-time been brought up to Hardineſs, and can endure it well; which I am ſure you cannot do, without hazard of your Healths. Then came the old Woman, who wrought them a Light to conduct them to the Chamber, which ſhe had dreſſed ſo finely with green Rulhes, and ſweet Flowers, that it was moſt pleaſant, though not coſtly, and leaving them there, departed.

Can-

[illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of their own [illegible] in our [illegible], and constrained us to draw back our [illegible] within the City.

The King of *Arsenia* hearing of this Rebellion, with great [illegible], brought a mighty Assyrian [illegible] all that came in his way, burning both Town and Citizens, destroying the common People with an exceeding great Slaughter. *Orcas* hearing this, was struck with such a Terror, that he fled, leaving his Confederate Rebels to be destroyed by the Enemy, which ceased us by a Rebel to [illegible] they would submit themselves to us or not? or by their Tension to see their Country's Ruin? With that they yielded, and we gathered all our Forces together, to resist the Enemy, with whom we fought three great Battels, and in the same, lost above thirty thousand Assyrians, being driven to Flight: This may [illegible] to resist them, and being [illegible] Strength and Multitude, you [illegible] on the Earth, my self, I think, [illegible] for the noble *Thraerus* is already slain, whose [illegible] would contain a great Volume; which [illegible] hears, it will, no doubt, cut of his [illegible] my greatest Grief being, that I cannot hear of his Safety before my Death.

My Lord, (said I) our Gracious King is living, and in good Health in *Persia*, who sent me unto your Honour, and *Thraerus* with a Message; which I need [illegible]. Yes, good [illegible], (said he) let me hear my Lord's Message, that I may thereby know, whether I was [illegible] in [illegible] or no; with that I [illegible] him the Cause of my coming, which when he had heard, such a Passion of Discontent overcame his vital Spirits, that with [illegible] bitter Groans, he gave up the Ghost. When I saw [illegible] way for his Recovery, I departed, to [illegible] what [illegible] Enemy made; who by that time the [illegible] [illegible] the Assyrian Forces, and took the City, and [illegible] Prisoners: I stayed [illegible] Days, [illegible] me secretly, to [illegible] certain News, which is this: The King of *Arsenia* [illegible] the Noblemen to swear Allegiance to *Palion* his [illegible] Son, whom he hath Crowned King of *Assyria*, and left a [illegible] [illegible]. When I understood this, I returned [illegible] thereof.

CHAP.

ing him and his Opreſſe with Care and Amazement, they both of them directing their Steps a contrary
to return home; ſo that both of them directing their Steps a contrary
ry way, that they met not, but wandred one from the other; at
laſt he remembred where he was, how long he had been abſent,
and what Care ſhe would take for his Abſence, which cauſed him,
with as much ſpeed to haſte back, as with [illegible]
dred up and down; which before he could attain, it grew towards
Night.

Piſor likewiſe marvelling at his long Stay, and her ſudden De-
parture, fearing ſome Ill might betide him, and ſome extraordi-
nary Care oppreſs her, left the Cottage to find him; and if he
could meet her, to direct her to the place where he left him.

When *Perſides* found them both abſent, he marvelled thereat,
enquiring of the old Woman where they departed; who told
him that *Conſtantia* went out firſt, and he after her; which made
him think that ſhe miſſing him ſo long, might go ſeek him, and *Pi-
ſor* followed her, thinking to direct her, leſt ſhe ſhould wander a-
ſtray (as ſhe might well do) in thoſe unfrequented Places. But
when he had a long time continued in thoſe Groves, and ſaw nei-
ther of them returned, he began to enter into many Imaginations,
ſuch as proceed from the inquiet Motions of diſtempered Bo-
tations, being fearful to depart from thence again, leſt he might
ſo miſs them.

Piſor being entred the Wood, came to the place where he had
left *Perſides*, but could neither find him there, nor *Conſtantia*,
which made him wander up and down ſo long, that he was [illegible]
ry. At laſt he came to a ſhady place, and laying himſelf down to
reſt, he caſt up his Eyes, and eſpyed moſt beautiful Fruit upon a
Tree hanging right over his Head; the ſight whereof pleaſed him
ſo well, that plucking ſome of the ſame, he found the Taſte plea-
ſant, which cauſed him to eat many of them, which made him
preſently fall into a deadly Sleep. The Name of the Fruit is cal-
led *Pyloſs*, the Nature whereof is, to procure thoſe that taſte it,
firſt to ſleep for the ſpace of four and twenty Hours, and after to
become Frantick for the ſpace of three Months, which hindred
Piſor from returning.

When *Perſides* had ſtayed ſo long, expelling their coming, un-
til it began to be dark, he again went out, telling [illegible]
that he was going to ſeek them: cruel Fortune directing his Steps
unto the place where *Piſor* lay ſleeping, whom when he beheld,
but neither by calling nor any other means, could awaken him; it

deadly Fear poſſeſſed his Fancy, that ſome furious Beaſt had ſlain him, and either devoured *Conſtantia*, or purſued her, flying from him; which cauſed him, like a mad Man, to draw forth *Piſar*'s Sword, running up and down to ſeek that which was not there to be found.

Conſtantia by this time was wandred ſo far in ſearch for *Perſicles*, that ſhe could by no means tell which way to go back again, but was conſtrained all that Night to wander up and down with hope to have returned; but contrary to her thoughts went another way, her Fear and Care cauſing to make the more ſpeed, that being weary with Travel, coming to the Out-ſide of the Wood, ſhe ſat down upon the Bank, and after ſhe had bewailed her miſerable Eſtate, and wearied her Senſes with Sorrow, as ſhe had her Body with Travel, fell aſleep.

Now it fell out that *Helion* the Day before had taken his Leave of the Emperour of *Perſia*, to travel into *Arabia*, and that Night lay at *Selia*'s Father's, cauſing her to be attired in rich Ornaments, that Morning carried her into *Arabia*, intending there to make her his Bride, and by Misfortune paſſed by the place where *Conſtantia* lay faſt aſleep: Some of his Followers ſoon eſpyed her, and ſhewed her to *Helion*; *Selia* likewiſe ſeeing her, preſently told *Helion*, that her Apparel was either the ſame which *Conſtantia*'s Gentlewoman took from her in the Perſian Court, or ſo like it, ſhe could not tell one from the other. *Helion* rode to her, and awaked her; by her former Diſpoſition and her Countenance, which was ſtill in his remembrance, he perfectly knew her; and ſhe at the firſt ſight knew him; which amazed her Senſes with deadly Fear. To whom he ſaid, My dear *Conſtantia*, what hath cauſed you thus diſcourteouſly to reject my Love, and leave the Perſian Court to endure this hard Fortune, ſo much diſagreeing to your Eſtate? yet at length, I beſeech you to accept of my Love, and go with me into *Arabia*.

Leave of your diſſembling Speeches (quoth *Conſtantia*) and let me alone; for I had rather all my life lye on this cold Earth, than live at eaſe with you. With that ſhe would have left him, but he commanded his Servants by force to take her into the Coach, and carry her along with him into *Arabia*, not letting [illegible] know what ſhe was, but *Selia*.

When *Conſtantia* ſaw that of force ſhe muſt needs go, ſhe uttered ſuch Complaints, and made ſuch ſorrowful Exclamations, that thoſe that guarded her, thought ſhe would have fallen mad; though

though they neither knew her, nor her Cause of Sorrow; yet, in their Hearts, they pitied her.

Whom we will leave fully possest with the uttermost Extremity of Anguish, onwards towards *Arabia*, the place she most of all hated, to speak of *Persicles*, who, in a mad Fury, having ran up and down a long time in the Wood, returned again to the Shepherd's House, to see if *Constantia* were not yet come; but there he found only the Shepherd and his Wife in great Care, waiting his Return; who espying the Sword in his Hand, and his Face and Hands in many places bloody, which was with the Scratches he had received in the dark Wood, were ready to fly from him for Fear; but he mildy demanded if *Constantia* were come back? Who told him they saw her not. Alas! (quoth he) poor Lady, I fear she is devoured by some merciless Beast; for I found *Pisor* lying dead in the Wood, which affrighted me with such Fear of her Mishap, that I know not what to do, nor which way to go in her Search.

My Lord (said the Shepherd) I can assure you, there doth no wild Beast haunt this Wood, for then could not my Flocks feed in quiet, of which I have not lost one Lamb by any Casualty; but rather I think my Lady missing you all the Day, is gone so far into the Wood, that she cannot return, nor you find her; whom I do not doubt but to find in the Morning; neither is he dead, but I believe hath tasted some of our unlucky Fruit, called *Pyloss*, that hath cast him into a dead Sleep, and after that he will be Frantick for a space.

Persicles was much comforted with the Shepherd's Speeches; yet notwithstanding left him, and all that Night wandred up and down the Wood to find her, but he spent his Labour in vain, neither that Night, nor the next Day finding her; which drave him so far beyond the compass of Natural Continency, that if he had remained long in that Perplexity, it would have cut off his Life. When he saw himself void of all Hopes, without Means how to find her, and Assurance that she was not within the Wood, he sat himself down upon the Earth, uttering these Laments: How fortunate had I been, had I never set foot on Persian Soil? Then had I been still King of *Assyria*, and *Constantia* at quiet in her Father's Court: Whereas now, both I, but especially her self, is fallen into extream Misery: Had it only fallen to my share, to have endured a thousand Misfortunes, I could with Patience have endured them, only this tormenteth me; that my Misfortune hath

 brought

brought her from Weal to Woe, from Quiet to Discontent, from Pleasure to Pain, from Happiness to Misery, and from Life to Death. I cannot tell how to prevent these Evils; to sit here and utter sad Words availeth me not; to bewail her Estate, helpeth me not; nor to destroy myself will benefit her: Should I sit here for ever, I should never find her; and to seek her out of this place, is to spend my Labour without hope of any Comfort; for I fear she is dead, and then may I sooner meet her Ghost in this place, than her Body in another: Well, since neither Comfort nor Counsel is left to further my Hopes, I will for ever dwell in this unfortunate Place, and fill the same with my Laments; neither shall my Body rest in Bed, nor my Stomach taste of other Food, than wild Fruit, until I find my Love, or know the Place of her abode.

Thus he lived in those Woods many Days and Years, making every Tree a Monument of *Constantia*'s unfortunate Loss, though he was often perswaded by *Pisar*, who afterwards travelled most part of those Countries in Search of her, but could never hear of her. The Emperour her Father also had given over all Care, as supposing her to be dead; greatly lamenting the Misfortunes of *Porsenna*, and marvelling at his Absence, believing that he was murthered, according to the Accusations made by *Oretus* against *Porsenna* and *Thurenus*; whom we will leave for a while, to speak of the Misfortunes that befel *Constantia*.

CHAP. VIII.

How Selia *was married to* Helion; *and of the Miseries* Constantia *endured by her Jealousie: How* Constantia *was delivered of a goodly Boy, whose Life was preserved by the Policy of* Falin; *and how* Selia *vexed thereat.*

Helion was no sooner come to *Arabia* but he was informed of his Father's Death, which for a time he lamented of common Use, not of Pitty or Affection; in the mean time causing *Constantia* to be kept in an old Monastery, under the Government of an antient Lady, who lived not only by the Gifts that the King bestowed upon her for many bad Actions, but also of many Gentlemen that haunted the Company of the King's Concubines by stealth: In this very place did he leave *Constantia*, neither her Keeper, nor any other knowing what she was, who by this time was resolved to endure all Adversities; many Days giving herself to Quiet: *Helion*, by reason of his dissembling Mourning, he came not at her.

But

But the time being come, that he was Crowned King, he married *Selia*, causing *Constantia*, as one of her Handmaids to attend her, which he did out of a malicious Intent only to vex her; but she was well content to do any thing to be rid of his hateful Love, whom she abhorred from the very depth of her Soul. But when he saw she endured the same with such Patience, he again caused her to be kept closely in the Monastery, giving order, that none but *Palia* should come at her.

Thus did she continue until she began to feel herself with Child by *Perficles*, which drove her to the uttermost exigent of Care, how to preserve the Infant's Life; sometimes thinking to make her Estate known to *Palia*; but having sufficient tryal of her wicked Disposition, durst not trust her, lest she should reveal the same to the King. *Selia* also at that time was great with Child by *Helion*, both Conceiving at one Instant, one in the Persian Court, the other in the Shepherd's Cottage. *Selia* made *Helion* acquainted therewith, desiring that she might be delivered in some private Place, that the Ladies of the Court might not know thereof, for it would be to her a great Scandal.

Helion well knowing the Nature of the People, and in what detestable sort they held Adultery in their Queen, thought no place so fit as the Monastery wherein *Constantia* was, whither she was soon conveyed; report being given out by the King's Command, That she was, for the preservation of her Health, departed into the Country. The Queen being come into the Monastery, asked for *Constantia*, who was presently brought before her; whom *Selia* now began to hate mortally, being jealous of her, supposing that her Husband still loved her, whom she used so disdainfully, upbraiding her with many undecent Speeches, which she took most patiently, with brinish Tears, lamenting her Misfortunes; and so surly did she behave herself to all that attended on her, that they began to mislike her.

Palia seeing the Pride of the Queen, and in what disdainful sort she used her, accusing her to be privy to the King's secret Love to *Constantia*, and using her so basely, and with such evil Terms, began to hate her; which *Constantia* perceived by some doubtful words she gave out against her; whereupon finding a fit opportunity, whem she was vexed with her Unkindness, she came to *Palia*, and said, I perceive the Queen useth you unkindly, regarding to use none well, though they give her no cause at all; she likewise misuseth me, that never in my Life offended her, but have

have been the greatest Cause of her Good; I would gladly intreat your Aid, and withal, reveal many things unto you, that you yet know not, if I were assured of your Secresie, which I am the more fearful to reveal, because they are Matters of great importance; but notwithstanding, if you will vouchsafe your Assistance to pity my most miserable Estate, you would do a Deed of everlasting Merit.

Palia, hearing her Speeches, said, If I may likewise without fear make my Mind known unto you, be you assured that I do so mortally hate her, that rewards my good Service with such Disdain, that I will not leave any thing unattempted to vex and torment her: Therefore if any Oath may assure you of my Secresie, having no other means at this instant to give you proof thereof; I vow by all the Gods, that I never intend to reveal what you disclose to me, but will most faithfully endeavour to pleasure you to my utmost power.

Then know (quoth *Constantia*) that I am Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, sometimes brought up in this Court, and your Queen but the Daughter of a Country Swain in *Persia*, that being exalted to Dignity, though basely Born, behaveth her self thus proudly. I fearing my Father would have married me to *Helion* against my Will, having betrothed my self to the King of *Assyria*, with whom I stole from the Court, in this Apparel of *Selia*'s, that is now your Queen; much Enquiry was made for me, but they could never find me; for I lived with my Lord in this Disguise in a Shepherd's House, until one Day I missing him, strayed so far from the House, that I could not return; so by Misfortune was found by *Helion*; and thus I am you see brought into this Country either to my Death, or a worser End: I am also big with Child, and within short space look to be delivered; my earnest Desire is, That you would use some means to preserve my Babe from Death, which no doubt it is like to endure by her Malice, and his Cruelty.

Palia hearing this, did comfort her with many chearful words, thereby to work some Revenge against the Queen, pitying the Distress of *Constantia*, of whose Vertues she had before some knowledge: With this Promise did *Constantia* somewhat comfort herself, hoping, that in the end she should escape from that Bondage, being daily cherished by old *Palia*, who behaved herself towards *Selia* with such Duty and Obedience, that notwithstanding her often Upbraidings, she still kept her self in most place of Credit about her.

Now

Now the time was come that the Queen was delivered of a goodly Boy, and *Conſtantia* the next Night of another, none being privy thereto but *Palia*; who handling the matter with ſuch Cunning, that ſhe conveyed *Conſtantia*'s Child to *Selia*, and hers to *Conſtantia*, making her acquainted with her Intent therein; and the next Night told *Helion*, that the Damſel in her Cuſtody was delivered of a Boy. *Helion* hearing that, willed her to keep the ſame ſecret upon pain of Death, and not to reveal it to the Queen; vowing e're many Days to deſtroy it; giving order to have his own Son named *Petrus:* and coming to his Queen, told her, it were beſt to be nurſed in the Country; who was contented to be ruled by him. Then calling *Palia* to him, he told her that ſhe muſt provide a Nurſe for his Son; who having before complotted what ſhe intended, ſaid, ſhe knew a Kinſwoman of hers, that was lately brought to bed ſome twenty miles off, to whom ſhe would convey the Infant.

Helion was glad of her Promiſe, appointing her all things neceſſary for her departure the next Morning. Late in the Night, when *Palia* was ſure none could ſee her, ſhe went to *Conſtantia*, and told her what ſhe intended, withal, asking her Counſel, what ſhe ſhould do.

Ah me, ſaid ſhe, I know not in this extremity what to reſolve upon, fearing never to ſee my Son again; and if thou goeſt, I loſe my greateſt Comfort. Then taking the Child in her Arms, and beſtowing many dear Kiſſes thereon, ſhe ſaid, *Palia*, I pray thee let me know what thou intendeſt to do with it? Lady (quoth ſhe) after I am departed this Court, I will not ceaſe travelling till I arrive in *Aſſyria*, where I do not doubt but to find *Perſicles*, unto whom I will declare your Misfortunes. But if I find him not there, I will travel into *Perſia* to the place where you loſt him, where I ſhall aſſuredly find him; ſo that he knowing your Eſtate, may ſeek to releaſe you. And wilt thou do this for me, ſaid *Conſtantia*, that am never like to make thee Amends? I will (quoth *Palia*) and with ſuch Faithfulneſs execute my Charge, as ſhall procure you Comfort. Many Speeches paſt between them before they parted, but yet in the end, ſhe was conſtrained to leave her almoſt dead with Grief, but afterwards ſomewhat comforted with the good Hopes ſhe had of her faithful Dealing; of two Evils, thinking it the beſt to commit the Babe to her Courteſie; who by all likelihood intended well thereto. Early the next Morning ſhe departed, having no Body in her company, with all the haſte ſhe could, travelling towards *Aſſyria*.

Helion now began to meditate on *Constantia*'s Misfortune, and who should be the Father of the Child; and whereas before he determined to shut her up in a Cloyster, until she would yield to his Desire, he now resolved to revenge the Disdain she had shewed him for refusing his Love: And finding occasion when none could interrupt his Speeches, being alone with her, he said unto her in this manner: Disdainful and Unworthy Lady, did you esteem so basely of my Love, in my Contempt to chuse some base born Peasant, to possess that which I so long sought with devoted Affection; and refusing my honourable Proffer, to chuse rather to become another's Harlot? Who would ever have thought so comely a Person, shadowed with so fair a Pretext, had inwardly nourished such ignoble Affections? Do not you think that the Emperour, your Father, will rejoyce to hear, that his fair Daughter (which may well be termed Incontinency) hath so vilely stained her Princely Blood, and defamed her Royal Stock, with so infamous a Fact, or rather dye with Grief? Therefore to prevent so great a Mischief as will come by his Death, I will be the Man to keep this Action from his Knowledge; and in his behalf work such Punishment, as shall be agreeable unto so great an Offence: Yet let me know the Cause of thy Contempt against me, and who is the Father of thy Bastard? which if thou refuse to do by gentle Means, I will by Force compel thee thereto.

Constantia with patience heard out his Speeches; and then did make him this Answer: *Helion*, I can well bear your opprobrious Words, neither do I care how scandalous they are; for the Father of my Infant is as good as thy self, and one that I love far more than thy self, who censureth me according to the Quality of thy own Disposition. The reason why I left my Father's Court, was to avoid your importunate Suit, which was very unpleasing to me, in respect of the honourable Love I imbraced: Therefore beware that you abuse not me; for though the Emperour, my Father, will not revenge my Wrongs, yet there is a King as Mighty as he, claimeth my Possession, and will not suffer me to be wronged.

What, is a King the Father of that Bastard? said he. No, thou shalt never perswade me to that, for it looketh more liker a Fool than a King.

Yes, said she, and yet a King as wise as thy self, and that e're long thou shalt know; for the Father thereof is private to all thy Actions, although thou thinkest me safely kept; and if thou dost

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murther it, I care not, for thy self will be the first that will repent the Deed. And for me, use me well, for the Father of this Infant loves thee well, and yet thou wilt be thy own Destruction in seeking his Death.

Helion understood not the meaning, marvelling who it should be she meant; that he said, I think thou art mad, or counterfeited some Deceit by the Ambiguity of thy Speeches: For how can the Father of that Brat love? and what cause have I to repent me of any thing I should do to it? which the rather shall suffer my Wrath because of thy Dirisions; therefore resolve me, or be assured of my everlasting Hatred.

I neither (quoth she) regard thee, nor thy Hate, utterly denying to fulfil thy Request in any respect; yet if thou hadst not demanded it, I should peradventure have told thee: Do the worst you can, I care not, for Misery it self hath made me resolve to endure the greatest Extremity; and know, that I do the more dislike the Babe, because it is so like thee, that hast not the least Spark of Honour or Honesty: Ask me no more Questions, for I will not answer thee; esteeming my self more fortunate in thy Hatred, than in thy Love; for the one is nothing but the distempered Motion of a cowardly Disposition, and the other the unconstant Falshood of a shallow Wit.

Helion was much vexed to see how lightly she esteemed him, and was ready to tear his Hair; he went raging and swearing from her, meditating which way how to work his Revenge. *Selia* noting his Distemper by his pale Countenance, asked him what had disquieted him? to whom he gave no Answer at all, casting a scornful Look toward her; which she took in such suspitious sort, that she presently supposed he did it in scorn of her, and being puffed up with Jealousie, could not refrain from Tears, and at last she uttered these Speeches:

My Lord, I now perceive the Love you protested to bear to me, is altered; and I, like a poor Cast-away, am like to live in Misery: O that I had lived still in my contented Estate, then should I not have been subject to these Misfortunes: *Constantia*, whom you told me you loved not, it is she hath stolen away your Affections, and on her you dote, dispising me; wherein you shew the Unconstancy of your Disposition; besides, she hath made known what I was, which makes me be scorned by the Ladies of the Court, so that the Misery I am like to endure, is intollerable.

Do not, said he, disquiet yourself with the least Suspition of a-

ny such Alteration in me; for I vow to love none but your self: The Cause of my Vexation is, how to revenge my self on her that even now hath abused me with opprobrious Terms; she is brought to bed of a Bastard, begotten of a base-born Peasant, which shall not live long to vex me: I wish I had left her in *Persia* to have been devoured by wild Beasts, rather than by pitying her, to work my self this Disquiet. Should I send word to her Father, the Emperour, he would compel me to marry her, or else he would make War against me. Or if I should seek her Death, it would by some Means or other come to his Ear, and then he would seek Revenge against me, so that I know not what way to be rid of her.

The Queen hearing him say she had a Bastard, presently began to suspect it to be his, and would then have uttered it, but Fear, and premeditated Hope of Revenge against *Constantia*, stoped her, thinking first to learn the truth, before she would offend him; perceiving his unconstant Disposition to be such, that the least thing altered his Love, deferring her self tell her Month was ended, by which means *Constantia* rested void of Disturbance. The flame of Jealousie burned so in *Selia*'s Breast, that as soon as she had forsaken the Monastery, and had a while with great Kindness behaved her self to all the Lords and Ladies in most Estimation, thereby to insinuate into their good Opinion, she came to *Constantia*, fawning upon her with an affable Countenance, using many courteous Speeches towards her, with intent to sift out the Truth of her Suspition.

Helion hearing that she was in the Monastery, fearing that she would have done some Violence to *Constantia*, followed her: *Selia* seeing him there, was half astonished, thinking that he had not known thereof, and now suspected of a truth that he came to visit *Constantia* of Love, and not to seek her, again burst forth into Tears: Whereupon he took occasion to say thus, *Selia*, I perceive Suspition is the Cause of your Disquiet; therefore, to shew what little Cause you have to use me so, do but say what I shall do to this dishonourable Lady, and it shall be performed.

Constantia then began to fear some Mischief was near her, which might easily have been seen by the oft changing of her Countenance: Whereupon she made this Reply, *Helion*, if thy Queen knew how much I disdain thee, such Motions of Disquiet would not trouble her; for I contem thy Dispositions, which art ready to alter with every blast of Wind. Or, *Selia*, dost thou think

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my Heart will ſtoop to his baſe Luſt, or become Conſenſive to ſo degenerate a Wretch as thy Husband is? No, I will rather ſee my Body torn in pieces, and ſuffer the cruelleſt Miſery in the World: He threatneth me with terrible Speeches, but his Coward's Heart is not of Courage to execute his deteſted Will. Therefore thou art of a heavy Diſpoſition, and comeſt to encourage him to do Miſcheif; do the worſt you can both; for I fear you not, but would gladly be rid of this miſerable Life.

And rid thou ſhalt ſoon be, (ſaid *Selia*) notwithſtanding thy Diſſimulation, thinking with diſdainful Speeches to colour thy Wickedneſs. I am indeed come to be revenged on thee, that croſſeſt my Intent, and firſt ſhall that Baſtard feel the ſmart of my Wrath. Then ſnatching the Child out of the Cradle where it lay, ſhe held it by the Heels ready to deprive it of Life, till *Helion* with-held her:

Then *Conſtantia* ſaid, Nay, let her murther it, and ſhe will be the firſt that will repent it; but firſt view it well, and ſee if it reſembles not the Father that ſtandeth by: I aſſure thee it is his, and that thou ſhalt ſoon know.

Out upon thee (ſaid he) I defie thee; with that ſhe viewed it well, and perceived that it reſembled him perfectly, whereupon ſhe caſt the Child upon the ground, ſaying, Did you bring me hither to do me this intollerable Wrong? Shall I ſuffer my ſelf to be thus uſed, and live to endure perpetual Diſcontent? The Peers of this Land ſhall underſtand the Wrong I ſuſtain, and none elſe; my own Hands ſhall work Revenge.

Conſtantia then ſaid, *Selia*, take up the Infant, and cheriſh it, for it is thy own; my Child, by this time, is conveyed far enough from thy Power by *Palia*; who pitying my Diſtreſs, and ſcorning to be ſubject to thy baſe Pride, hath changed the one for the other, leaving yours with me, and carrying mine to the King of *Aſſyria*, who is the Father thereof; who I doubt not will ſoon revenge the Wrong that is done to me: Neither do thou jealouſly ſuſpect me for that degenerate King, thy Husband; for ſhe that is Daughter to the Emperour of *Perſia*, ſcorneth to be thy Corrival: If I had dealt unfaithfully with him, then he might worthily have inflicted this Puniſhment upon me: But his own Conſcience knows, I always refuſed to love him, my Love being before vowed to the King of *Aſſyria*.

Both of them were amazed at her Speeches; the Queen in all haſte taking up her Son that lay ſprawling at her Feet almoſt dead,

and *Helion*, after a long ſtudy, ſaid, *Conſtantia*, I perceive thou knoweſt not, how unable the King of *Aſſyria* is to redeem thee from hence; being lately diſpoſſeſt of his Crown by the King of *Armenia*, and by the Treaſon of his own Subjects, being himſelf driven to live in Obſcurity; therefore this will I do, in ſatisfaction of my Mind againſt thee, thou ſhalt never depart from hence, but in this Cloyſter end thy Life, unleſs the valianteſt Knight in the World redeem thee; for ſuch a Guard will I ſet over thee, as ſhall be overcome by none.

Conſtantia was no whit grieved to hear the Doom of her Impriſonment, but only the ſuſpect ſhe had of his words of *Perſicles*, overcame her Heart with ſuch Fear, that ſhe fell down in a deadly Trance; thoſe that were about her, having much ado to recover her; whereupon they left her, *Helion* giving command, that moſt diligent Search ſhould be made for *Palia*, through the whole Country of *Arabia*.

CHAP. IX.

How Helion *built an Enchanted Tower to keep* Conſtantia *in; and how he was impriſoned therein himſelf in great Miſery, by the Enchantreſs* Ila.

IN few Days after, *Helion* purpoſing to affect that which he vow'd (being reſolved to work the moſt cruelleſt Revenge that might be on the Lady *Conſtantia*) called all the cunningeſt Workmen of his Land before him, asking their Advice about building of a Caſtle of invincible Strength, which they promiſed to perform; and thus they began to work: Firſt, Situating the ſame upon a rocky Hill of great Largeneſs, that was encompaſſed with a deep Lake, and encompaſſing the Circuit of the Ground with a Wall framed of the hardeſt Marble, of ſuch Smoothneſs, and Height, that it was not to be aſcended: over the Lake was framed a Bridge of exceeding Beauty, placing at the Entrance two Fortifications, between them ſetting a Gate of Braſs, curiouſly wrought with carv'd Images of Lyons, being the Arms of *Arabia*: On the midſt, they placed a Draw-bridge, drawn upon ſuch Deviſes, that one Man was able to draw up the ſame with ſpeed: At the farther end of the Bridge, was built a moſt curious wrought Gate, garniſhed with Stones of ſtrange and ſundry Colours; at the entrance thereto was another Gate of Braſs, far exceeding the firſt: In the midſt, above the top thereof, was placed the

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Form of six Golden Lyons of great bigneſs; within this Porch was a large Court, encompaſſed round with Turrets, Walls and Fortifications, within the Compaſs whereof and Army of Soldiers might lye Encamped. The next Entrance was three Gates of Braſs, carved like the other two, over which they built a Tower of great Beauty and Workmanſhip, framed of Adamant, cut out and carved into the Forms of ſeveral Beaſts, Trees, Herbs, and Fowls, the Beauty whereof would have held the Beholder in Admiration: On the top was built four Pinacles on a Quadrant, whoſe glittering Vanes and carved Work ſhined againſt the Sun, as if the ſame had been framed of beaten Gold: within the Tower was a Court, encompaſſed round about with moſt rich and ſtately Buildings, having ſeveral Doors into every Building of invincible Strength, framed all of one Proportion, guilded over with Gold; the Windows of an exceeding Largeneſs and Beauty, ſuported by two Lyons of carved Alabaſter, guilded over with Gold; on the top, next to the Eves, two Cherubs ſtanding in the Form of Angels, of carved Gold, ſuporting the Picture of a beautiful Lady; the Windows diſcovering the Richneſs of the Chambers within: In the midſt of this Court, was framed a clear Fountain, with divers ſtreams of Water ſpringing from the ſame curiouſly carved and guilded over with Gold; the Brightneſs glittering with ſuch Reflection of the Sun-beams round about, that at the firſt enterance it would have dazled the Beholders Eyes. At the further end of this Court, was a Hall of exceeding Largeneſs, ſupported within with Pillars of Jeat, beſet with Stones of ſundry Colours; the Skreen being framed of the moſt curious Work of carved Wood, the Roof of Stone, whereon were coloured out the Colours of all kind of Fruits; the Walls hung with rich Hangings of Arras, containing the Hiſtory of the Wars of *Troy*; In the midſt of this Hall was faſtned two Pillars, whereunto were chained two Lyons of huge Bigneſs, and great Strength, denying all further entrance; the further end of the Hall was without any Wall at all, ſupported by Pillars of the ſame Jeat, lying open in a Garden of great Largeneſs, which at the firſt entrance into the Hall was glorioufly diſcerned, in which were made Walls, Arbors, Borders of Flowers, and the Form of all things cut out in Herbs and Flowers, to delight the Eye, and pleaſe the Smell; and all things ſo curiouſly wrought, as was ſtrange to behold: In the midſt of this Garden ſtood a Banqueting-Houſe of round Proportion, the Foundation ſupported by four

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Lyons of carved blew Stone, called Ayres; the Windows round about encompassed the same, through which the Light passed clearly without impediment; the Pillars, Casements, and Proportions of such excellent Workmanship, that seemed to be altogether framed of Christal; on the top of this House, stood the Form of an Angel, framed of beaten Gold, pointing with his Finger towards the other Lodgings, of very rich Building, at the farther end of the Garden, the Description thereof is hereafter set down.

Helion having finished this Work, called unto him one *Penthrasus*, an antient Professor of Negromancy, and with him alone went into the Palace, shewing him the same, and why he had built it; desiring his Counsel and Aid to the Performance of his Will. *Penthrasus* being desirous to Practise his Art, which before hedurst not do, (for by the Laws of the Land, the same was punished with Death) promised by his Art, to make the same so Invincible, that it should never be overcome by Strength or Policy; advising the King to bring *Constantia* thither, and two Damsels to attend her, and attire her in rich Ornaments. When the King had performed this, and delivered her to *Penthrasus*, making a Condition with him, that none but himself should be suffered to have enterance, he departed; leaving *Constantia* to be entertained by *Penthrasus*, who led her into the Castle, appointing her Damsels where they should have all things necessary, telling her it would be many Years before she could be released: After he had placed her there, he began to cast about how to fortifie the same; and by his Art, he found that their lived in the Desart of *Arabia* two mighty Giants, of huge Proportion, and of great Strength, whom he found out; casting such bewitched Charms upon them, that they presently followed him to the Castle, (which he afterwards named *Penthrasus*'s Palace) he, by his Charms and Spells, bidding them to keep the first Enterance of the Bridge, and by his Sorceries guarding every Entrance in such strong sort, as it was impossible to be overcome. Having performed every thing according to his mind, he brought thither his Wife, named *Ila*, determining to spend the rest of his Life to be near; Whereupon he went to the Oracle of the *Hesperian* Nymphs in the Desart, which he was enjoyned unto by a Vision he saw in his sleep, to know what he should do concerning those Charms which he had set upon the Castle, whose Answer was this:

Penthrasus, because by thy Art thou hast not attempted any wick-

wicked Action, and to discover the Darkness, Many a Knight of sundry strange Countries shall hear of the Beauty of *Constantia*, and shall come to try their Adventures, to set her Liberty; but none shall perform it; neither will it be revealed that she is the Daughter of the Emperour of *Persia*, until she be released by the Valour of her own Son; and the Manner, and Means how, is as yet hidden, and unrevealed, until which time, *Ila* will live; and by our Directions govern the Castle until the Enchantments be ended. He receiving this Answer, returned home, and within few Days dyed.

Thus was *Constantia* enclosed, enjoying all the Delights her Heart could desire; but nothing could comfort her, but the remembrance of her Lord *Persicles*, for whose Absence she lived in continual Grief.

Helion kept that which he had done concerning *Constantia*, from the knowledge of *Selia*, determining never to see her again; within short time after, such Discord began between he and her, that the whole Court was in an Uproar, and he found such Disquiet with her, that then he began to hate her, abandon her company, and to dote on the Remembrance of *Constantia*; repenting him of the Exil he had done her, and resolved again to set her at Liberty, or else to obtain of *Pembrasus*, to live for ever in the Castle, and by extraordinary means to obtain her Love: and upon a time he rode thither, and determining to see her, where when he came, he found the Gate, at the Entrance of the Bridge, fast shut, and nothing but a Horn hanging thereat, fastened to a Chain, which he winded, and presently one of the Giants came to the Door; with whose sight he stood affrighted, till he asked him what he would have? I would, said he, speak with *Pembrasus*. The Giant bid him come in, and shutting fast the Entrance brought him before *Ila*, who presently knowing him, said, I understand the Cause of your coming, which thou shalt never obtain, for which disloyal Thought, and other ignoble Deeds, thou shalt never depart from hence, until the Lady, which thou didst cause to be enclosed here, be set her at Liberty; with that, not suffering him to answer, she caused him to be bound, and carried into a dark Dungeon, where he was hardly dieted, and worse threatned.

Ila having him in her custody, knew that none else was privy to *Constantia*'s being there, caused these Verses to be written in Letters of Gold, and did hang them over the outermost Gate, and

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by the same, *Constantia's* Picture, whereon she cast such a Spell, that all that beheld it, were in love with her. The Verses were these:

Within this Castle is inclos'd
the Daughter of a King,
Whose Beauty caus'd a Traytor's Fall,
that did her from her Country bring.
Here must she bide until a Knight
by Force doth set her free;
And by his Valour end the Date
of croocked Destiny.
The World shall fame him for that Deed,
and great shall be his Name;
Her lasting Love he shall injoy,
that rids her out of Pain.

When she had written these Verses, and plac'd them under the Picture, she withdrew her self into the Castle, staying the coming of the next Knight for the Adventure.

Chap. X.

How Palia *seeking for food, was devoured by a Lyon: And how the Infant was found by a Lady, who cherished him, and afterwards named him* Montelion.

LEt us now return to speak of *Palia*, and what happened to the Infant: After she had travelled out of *Arabia* resolving faithfully to do what she had undertaken, and had attained to *Assyria*, she soon understood the News of the Armenians Victory, whereby she was assured it would be in vain to seek *Persicles* there: Therefore she turned towards *Persia*, intending to follow *Constantia's* directions to find him; but being wearied with long travelling, she sat her self down upon a Mountain, standing in a vast desolate Place, on the Top whereof grew a Tuft of Trees, that shadowed her from the heat of the Sun; where she had not long rested, but the Boy fell asleep, and she being very hungry, began to seek for Fruit, (being no other Food there to be had) leaving him upon the Mountain; but wandring into a Thicket, was by Miifortune devoured by a Lyon, and the poor Infant left ready to be destroyed; but the Destinies, that had allotted him to better Fortune, preserved him. Not

Not far off there dwelt an antient Knight, named *Cothanes*, who, with his Lady the ſame Day had been a Hunting; and now ſhe being weary of the Sport, with two Servants in her company, happened to alight at the very place where the Babe lay, who by that time was awaked, and miſſing his Nurſe, began to cry. The Lady hearing the Noiſe, ſearching among the Trees, preſently found the Child; which ſhe took in her Arms, commanding one of her Servants to take up a Bundle of Cloaths that lay by the ſame, and to wind his Horn, that *Cothanes* hearing it might come unto them; who according unto her Deſire came, asking her what was the matter: You have, ſaid ſhe, all this Day hunted after wild Beaſts, and loſt your Labour; but I have found a rich Prize, yet by what Misfortune left in this place, I know not: With that they both viewed the Child, well noting his exceeding Beauty and ſweet Countenance with great Joy carrying it home, naming it, *Montelion*: Finding in the Fardel many rich Jewels, and a fair imbroyder'd Scarf, whereby they knew him to be of no mean Birth, educating him chearfully; and after he was come to knowledge, teaching him many commendable and vertuous Qualities. When he came to fourteen Years of Age, *Cothanes* taught him how to ride, and mannage a Horſe, often taking him forth a hunting with him, delighting much in his Forwardneſs, wherein he was ſo apt, that he could not offer to teach him any thing, but he ſoon grew to be as perfect as himſelf. Whom we will leave to be educated by *Cothanes*, and return to ſpeak of *Perſicles*, and what befel to him, after the Loſs of *Conſtantia*.

CHAP. XI

How Piſor, *being recovered, perſwaded* Perſicles *to crave Aid of the Emperour of* Perſia *againſt his Enemies; and how he obtained the ſame, and carried a mighty Hoſt into* Aſſyria, *which was there Overthrown.*

WHen *Perſicles* had, in Heavineſs and Sorrow, wandred up and down theſe Woods, the ſpace of three Months, and *Piſor* again coming to his Remembrance, upon a time they both met, *Piſor* ſaluting him with great Reverence. *Perſicles* ſeeing he was again come to his right Senſes, asked him what became of *Conſtantia?* My Lord, ſaid he, I found her in the Shepherd's Houſe, and told her you would preſently return; but when ſhe

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[illegible] you stay so long, answers he to me, she went out of the Cottage to look you, and I soon missing her, thought to overtake her and direct her to the Place where I left you: but by Misfortune fell of that ominous Fruit. Then, said he, she is assuredly devoured by wild Beasts, and I shall never see her again, my Misfortunes exceed the Records of common Miseries, would I had ended my Life, when I was first born, then would not both *Assyria* and *Persia* have such Cause of Discontent.

My Lord, (quoth *Pisor*) I cannot be perswaded that she is dead; but by some Misfortune wandred out of Knowledge, or carried hence by some unexpected Means; therefore, I beseech you, bear her Loss with Patience, and in the end, I doubt not, but you will hear of her Safety. Thou giveſt me Words full of Comfort, (said he) but thou hast no ground for them; nor can I tell how by them to add any Hope to my wrestless Passions; for that she is lost, I am sure; or that I shall ever see her again I think it is impossible, being driven to so hard an exigent of Extremity, that I neither know what to do, nor whose Aid to implore. Thou seest another hath shut me out of my Kingdom, and in my Absence won my Subjects Hearts from me. The Emperour of *Persia* hearing of the Wrong I have done him, will be my Enemy, and then there is no Place of Refuge left for me, but in this Place, best befitting my Misery. Yet, my Lord, (quoth *Pisor*) if I may be so bold as to counsel you, let us go to the Persian Court, I, as I am, and you in that Disguise; for none but your Sister being privy to your Escape with *Constantia*, you may safely, without Fear, go thither, both to confer with *Piera*, and to crave the Persians Assistance, to establish you in your Kingdom.

Persicles was unwilling to leave those Woods, where he was resolved to dwell for ever; but finding no hope thereby to recover her, and also being perswaded by *Pisor*, he condescended to go with him. When they approached near the Court, *Pisor* rode on before, and entring the same, he soon found *Piera*, declaring to her, the Misfortunes that was befallen to *Persicles* and *Constantia*; and that he was without the Court, staying until he returned to know whether with Safety he might come to speak with her or no. *Piera* did then presently send for him by *Pisor*, who brought him into the Court, where he was welcomed by her with great Joy; with whom he continued some time in private Conference: She counselled him to discover himself the to Emperour of

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Perſia, and to crave his Aid against the Armenians, who would readily aſſiſt him; whereof ſhe told him, he needed not to doubt, for that he had always been his Friend, and knew him of his eſcape with the Princeſs, which none but her ſelf and [illegible] privy to.

Whilſt they continued in this Conference, *Deloratus* came in, and ſeeing one in ſuch Habit with his Wife, did ſuſpect who he ſhould be: *Piera* eſpying him, left her Brother, and went to her Husband, telling him who it was; wherewith he ran to *Perſicles*, and embraced him in his Arms, now perfectly remembring him, although Grief had much altered him. After many Salutations paſt, *Deloratus*, he, and *Piera*, went to the Emperour, who knowing him, welcomed him with exceeding Kindneſs. *Perſicles* then unfolded his Misfortunes, and deſired his Aſſiſtance to revenge the Wrong the Armenians had done him; whereupon the Emperour gave Authority to *Deloratus*, to muſter up Soldiers, and make Proviſion for a ſpeedy March.

This News was ſoon rumour'd in the Court, and many thouſand Knights prepared to aid *Perſicles*, whom they honoured for his Valour and Courteſie, purpoſing to ſpend their Lives in his Defence, that of a ſudden one part of the Country was up in Arms, and were conducted into *Aſſyria*, by *Deloratus*, *Perſicles*, *Oſmus*, *Piſor*, and other Knights of great Valour; of whoſe Deeds in Chivalry we ſhall hereafter ſpeak.

Perſicles had ſuch ill Succeſs, that after he had continued a long time in *Aſſyria*, yet he ſo little prevailed, that he was compelled to fly back into *Perſia* to renew his Forces. Theſe cruel Wars continued many Years, the King of *Armenia* defending himſelf, and keeping full Poſſeſſion of his Crown, notwithſtanding the Perſians Forces. *Deloratus* perceiving that the long Continuance of theſe Wars had waſted a great number of Soldiers, and ſtill the King was as far from Poſſeſſion of his Right, as at the firſt beginning, determined to give over, and therefore aſſembled together the cheifeſt Rulers of the Hoſt to know their Opinion, what further to reſolve on, who, with a general Conſent, perſwaded him once again to renew his Forces, and if they did not prevail, never more to give the Onſet.

CHAP. XII.

How Persia's Army was renewed; and how Montelion *being denied by his supposed Father, stole to the Camp, where he preserved the King's Life, and how* Cothanes *knew him, and discovered his Birth; and how he required Knighthood at the King's Hand.*

Persia seeing *Deloratus* ready to shrink from him, being himself wearied with that tedious War, went with full Resolution either to end his Life, or ever after to abandon the Company of all Men, and end his Days in Solitariness. *Deloratus* therefore sent Messengers into *Persia* to muster up new Forces, who in short time returned Answer, That the Persian Camp was full fourscore Thousand strong: Amongst the rest it fortuned, *Cothanes* (being in his Youth a Man of great Valour, and now being grown in Years, and of exceeding good Experience) determined not to give his Mind to Sloath, being much grieved to hear what a number of his Country Men were daily slain: and therefore told his Lady what he intended; but she with Tears, and many Entreaties dissuaded him, but all could not prevail, his Heart was so fully set thereon. *Montelion* now being grown to Man's Estate, hearing thereof, intreated *Cothanes* (whom he esteemed to be his Father, and so called him) that he might go with him; but he would by no means consent thereunto, the rather because his Lady most earnestly entreated him, that if he did go, not to leave her Comfortless by taking *Montelion* with him; wherefore all his Entreaties prevailed nothing, but of necessity he was enforced to stay.

Cothanes being departed, *Montelion* continued some Days very pensive, being so much grieved in his thoughts to be left behind, that he refused his Meat; and notwithstanding the many Kindnesses his supposed Mother used to him, he thought all things troublesome; which Desire so much prevailed with him, that furnishing himself with good store of Money, one Night conveyed his Horse forth, and when all thought he had been in his Chamber, he was departed.

By that time it was Day, he approached near the City of *Holocoss*, wherein he stayed some three Days, until he had furnished himself with Armour, which he caused a Workman to frame of exceeding good Lydian Steel; his Armour being interset with Forms of divers Trees, and Beasts of purest Gold; in his Shield bear-

bearing this Device, a Naked Man amongst a Tuft of Trees; the which he caused to be made, on purpose to be known different from the rest. Having furnished himself in this sort, he left the City, and journied towards the Persian Camp in Assyria, where he was no sooner come, but he beheld both the Battels joyned into a most terrible Fight, and a great number of Soldiers on both sides slain, lying covered and besmeared with Blood, some with their Swords graiped fast in their Hands threatning, and others with hedious Noise breathing forth their last Gasps; and in the Camp he beheld some flying, others pursuing; some standing fast in cruel Conflict, others with fierce Terrour slaying those that were next them, some with hideous Noise animating their Fellow-soldiers, and others with Fear, crying, *Retire, retire.* There he beheld both Persians and Armenians intermingled, each slaughtering other; wherewith he stood a while amazed, having nev'r before beheld such cruel Conflicts. At last he beheld a most gallant Man with his Sword drawn all covered with Blood, hurling up and down amongst the Armenians, performing admirable Deeds of Chivalry, till at last he was encompassed with such a multitude of his Enemies, that it was impossible for him to escape; which sight stirred up in *Montelion* such sparks of Courage, and Desire to succour him, that his Heart urged him to more forwardness than his Steed could perform, and yet his Steed with furious Pace running as swift as might be, rushed in amongst the thickest of them: At first he pierced his Lance through the Bodies of two that were opposite before him, and his Horse with unstayed Course overthrew others, treading them under his Feet; then drawing his Sword, whose sight dazeled the Beholders Eyes, till he darkned the same with their Blood, destroying such as withstood his Passage, till he approached the Persian Knight, who without his Assistance had there ended his Life: But finding himself at more Liberty by the friendly Assistance of this new-come Gallant, redoubled his abated Courage, and joyning themselves both together, they performed such Deeds of Chivalry, as by their Valour, the thronged Multitude of the Armenians was dispersed, every one hasting to get from them.

This Knight which *Montelion* had rescued, was *Persicles*, who seeing how valiantly this new-come Gallant had preserved his Life, said, Noble Knight, thy Valour hath preserved me, for which I will not be ungrateful; and if thou art a Friend to me

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as thou hast already seen, second me and I will once again try my Fortune; with that *Montelion* held up his Hand, to shew he gave Consent. *Persicles* with all speed hasted into the foremost of the Battle, and *Montelion* followed after, making such way that those that stood to resist him dyed; where being come, they found *Deloratus*, *Ossinus*, *Pisor*, *Cothanes*, and many gallant, Knights in Combat, beset with Odds; but that Disadvantage was soon turned to Advantage by their approach, for their did *Montelion* perform such mighty Deeds of Arms, as made both the Persian and Armenian Hosts admire who he was, and from whence he came.

Now the Persians began to gether new Courage, and assault their Enemies more fiercely than they had done since they began. *Palian*, the Usurper of the Crown, seeing that, thinking to prevail as in times past he had done, called the chiefest Rulers to him, exhorting them to take Courage to resist the Enemies; upon which, with undaunted Spirits, they followed the Battle with great Eagerness, that the Persian Commanders were forced to fly to their Regiments to encourage them to fight. All this time *Montelion* and *Persicles* kept together, making thousands of the Armenians to pay their Lives for Tribute unto their Conquering Swords. Whilst they continued the Fight in the forefront of the Battle, they suddenly heard a Cry on the out-side; which when *Montelion* heard (not regarding to be counselled) he set Spurs to his Horse and rode thither, where he found *Deloratus* among a great Throng of Armenians unhorsed, and fighting on foot, being grievously wounded, and against such Odds that he was ready to faint, amongst whom he rushed with such Fury, that he horsed him again, and sent a Guard with him to his Tent: then turning again towards *Persicles*, he espyed *Cothanes* unhorsed, whom he knew by his Armour, and newly by force taken Prisoner; but before they could convey him from thence, he began so cruel a Fight, that with the loss of many of their Lives, he set him at Liberty

The Armenians seeing their Fellows thus slaughtered, and the Enemy pursue them so closely, began to retire; and *Palian* well perceiving that he should lose that Day, therefore calling to him two Knights, one named *Althesus*, and the other *Petron*, who were the stoutest Men in all his Army, he said unto them, Joyn with me, and let us once again expel these faint-hearted Cowards; with that, they three, with a multitude of their chiefest

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Soldiers, kept a-head together, and fronted that Battle where the King himself fought: *Palian* knowing him, with a Lance couched, ran at him, which lighted upon his Shield, and so broke in pieces, not once bruising the well-tempered Steel: Then *Abesus* and the reſt aſſailed him all at once, whom he reſiſted with ſuch exceeding Valour, continuing a ſharp Combat with them a long time; but at length the Odds proving too great, he was driven only to defend their ſwift Blows that they made at him; and then he began to wiſh for the ſtrange Knight that had before ſuccoured him, expecting nothing but Death.

By this time *Montelion* had reſcued *Corbanes*, and again got him Horſe and Arms, which done, he left him, and even at the very time the King wiſhed for him, he came; and eſpying three Knights aſſailing him at once, he aimed his Sword's Point at *Perſes*'s Breaſt, who was next him, and running at him with all the ſpace his Horſe could poſſibly make, thruſt him quite through his Body; and preſently after, aiming the ſame at *Palian*, he ran it at him; and had he not avoided his Encounter, he had either ſlain or wounded him, but miſſing him, he made at him with his Sword with ſuch force, that in ſhort ſpace he gave him many wounds.

King *Perſicles* having none but *Abeſus* to reſiſt, did combat him bravely, who with the like Valour reſiſted him; but in the end, the Uſurping King finding himſelf ſo over-matched, would have often eſcaped, which *Montelion* perceiveing, gave him no reſpite to fly.

Now the Fight was moſt terrible to behold, the Perſians comforted by the only Valour of *Montelion*, running upon their Enemies with unreſiſtable Fury. The Armenians ſeeing one of their chiefeſt Champions ſlain, and their General retire, were amazed; and rather ready to fly than ſtand; which animated their Foes with Courage to purſue them as long as the Day laſted. *Montelion* ſtill purſued *Palian*, in whoſe Reſcue many of his Knights interfered themſelves, and dyed by his Sword; and notwithſtanding though he withdrew himſelf, yet *Montelion* followed him ſo near, that he often put him in danger of his Life, until he was ſo far paſt in amongſt their Troops, that he was compelled with his Sword to make his way out, in whoſe retreat many died.

The Night drawing nigh, whilſt the Armenians ſounded a Retreat, *Montelion* had time to conſider what was beſt for him to do, and whether it were convenient to diſcover himſelf or not:

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at his determining to depart in secret, he espyed the King hard by him, who of purpose had watched him, doubting that which he intended, who came unto him, and said:

Sir Knight, The Kindness I have found in you, imboldneth me to desire your Company, and entreat you to accept of my Tent to repose your self in; for that I suppose you are a Stranger, and it were inconvenient for you to journey after so great a Labour, having this Day defended me, that I count my self yours, and my Life preserved by your Valour; therefore deny me not, but let me requite your Kindness. *Montelion* having heard *Cothanes* oftentimes commend the King for Valour and Courtesie, and knowing how to behave himself as well to the Meanest as to the Greatest (being by *Cothanes* nobly educated, and of his own Inclination more apt to Conceive, than they were to Instruct) knowing him to be the King, said, Most honoured King, I am unfit to receive the Honour you proffer me, and my Deserts not worthy the Commendations you gave them; therefore I beseech you not to attribute to me more than is befitting my mean Estate, but rather License me to attend on you with all humble Duty, my Life and all my Endeavours being vowed to be spent in your Service, and my self ready at your Disposition. This said, they went together to the Camp, where they were welcomed with Shouts and Rejoycings of all the Persian Soldiers.

Deloratus, hearing the Applaud, came forth of his Tent to see what was the Cause thereof, and espying the King and the strange Knight together, came unto them, and they both alighted to salute him; but *Deloratus* would by no means suffer them to depart, but intreated them to lodge in his Tent that Night, which they did not deny: Then taking *Montelion* in kind sort between them, entered the Tent, where he unarmed himself. When they beheld his Youth, they wondred greately thereat, to be accompanied with such Valour; both *Deloratus* and *Persicles*, using him with great Kindness. Presently after the princial Commanders of the Camp assembled themselves together to their General's Tent, to receive Orders; amongst the rest was *Cothanes*, who at the first enterance into the Tent, espyed his Son *Montelion* (his Head being only unarmed) and by his Armour knew it was he that had so honourably preserved his Life, he could not refrain from Rejoycing: Likewise *Montelion* seeing him, upon his Knee entreated him to pardon his Boldness for coming to the Camp without his Consent. *Cothanes* took him up and

imbraced him, which the King seeing, said unto Cardanes, My Friend, is this thy Son? My Lord (said he) he is my Son, and he calleth me Father, and yet I am unworthy, to be Father to such a Son, who hath rather shewed himself the Son of some Heroick King; and because his Worthiness shall not be darkened with the ignoble Title of my Son, I will declare to you all I know of him: Indeed he is not my Son, but being one Day a hunting, found him upon the Top of a Mountain in Swadling-cloaths, which was such as shewed he was not of mean Parentage, but of honourable Race; his Nurse, as I suppose, being distressed for want of Food, was wasted from him, whose Carcase and Cloaths we found not far off devoured by Beasts; since which time we have with Carefulness brought him up, esteeming him as our own Son. This, my Lord, in brief, is the whole Sum of what I know of him.

They all marvelled at his Words, especially *Meander*, who was struck into such a deep Meditation, that for a time he stood like one Metamorphosed. The King then taking him by the Hand, said, Although I know not what Title to give you, yet born you cannot be of less than noble Blood, as doth appear by the manifest Tokens of your Heroick Disposition; therefore remit the Care of that till hereafter, and stay with us, who are comforted with your Presence. My Lord, said he, were my Desire more great than it is, yet the Desire I have to do you Service, would surmount the same, being entirely devoted to your Worthiness, which no Desire of Reward, Hope of Praise, or Worldly Respect hath bred in me, but only the Instinct of Nature, that hath effectually engrafted the same into my Heart; therefore I humbly desire you to bestow on me the Honour of Knighthood, wherewith if I be Dignified by your vertuous Hands, I shall remain both with you, and endeavour to deserve the same. *Perseles* highly esteeming him, and kindly embracing him, told him, he should that Night be his Bed-fellow, and the next Day have his Desire. With many other Speeches they ended the Night, every Ruler departing with Carefulness to set the Watches.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Armenians Army, with exceeding Loss, was Discomfited.

EArly the next Morning, *Deloratus*, *Persicles*, *Cothanes*, and all the rest of the chief Commanders of the Persian Army were assembled, who gave Order that every Battalion should be placed in such sort, as if they expected a present Assault; which being performed, *Montelion* was with great Triumph brought into the Field, and by the King was invested with the Honour of Knighthood, which when he received, the Soldiers gave an exceeding great Shout.

The Armenians hearing so great Noise, could not judge what might be the Cause thereof; some censuring one thing, and some another. *Patian* fretting exceedingly at the last Day's Discomfiture, which went near his Heart; for that in all the time of the War he had not endured the like; and calling unto him the chiefest Knights in his Camp, which were *Althesus*, *Golgron*, *Muralus*, *Lamdelion*, Knights of honourable Birth, great Wisdom and approved Valour, uttering unto them his earnest Desire of Revenge, desiring them with all speed to counsel him, which way to suppress the Enemies Courage, only revived with the strange Knight's Aid; amongst whom it was agreed to supprize them unawares in the midst of their Joy, that with all speed they marched their Forces, and without the sound of either Drum or Fife, issued the City-Gates.

Certain Persian Spies perceiving their Intent, passed to the Camp, and certified the General thereof, who gave cammand, that without making any kind of Suspicion, they should continue in their Mirth, so that thereby their Foes should be heartned to their own Destruction. *Montelion* with a Party of Horsemen departed out of the Camp a contrary way that the Armenians came, with an Intent to get between them and the City, which afterwards came to good Effect.

The Armenians thinking to make a sudden Slaughter of them, and not at all suspecting their Readiness to receive them, with careless haste approached the Camp, running upon their Enemies, whom they found in such orderly sort ready to receive them, that in short time they wished themselves again within the City. To recite every Particular of their Conflict, with what Terror the Battle continued, would dull my Wits with Confusion,

sion, therefore my Pen shall barely recite the admirable Deeds of the most Stoutest of both Armies:

Persicles, considering what just Cause he had, and with what Equity he might challenge his Right, wrongfully detained by his Usurping Foe, bent his Sword-point with unrelenting Fury, to the Destruction of his Enemies, pitying their Deaths that dyed by his Sword, aiming the same rather at *Palian*'s Heart, than against them that were by force constrained to hazard their dear Lives, which when he had dyed in gore-blood, he met with *Palian*, and at the first encounter had surely bereft him of Life, had not his Horse by great misfortune stumbled at a dead Body that lay in the way; but yet his Sword, by that Mischance, missing his right Aim, ran it quite through his Steed's neck, and both fell, lying grovelling on the Ground, ready to be trodden to death. A valiant Knight that was next at hand, rescued *Palian*, and mounted him on his own Horse, whereby he lost his own Life; for *Persicles* struck him such a blow on the Head, that with the force thereof, his Armour yielding, some Scales pierced his his Brain, that he dyed. The two Kings for a while continued fight together, *Palian* with every Blow receiving a deep Wound, insomuch that he knew he must either retire, yeild, or dye; but then came *Golgron* to his Aid, who with him maintained fight against *Persicles*, who notwithstanding that Odds, had near-hand brought them both to Destruction, had he not espyed *Deloratus* and *Cothanes* in Distress, who were assailed by six valiant Knights, two of them being *Althesus* and *Lamdelion*, unto whom he hasted giving them Succour by the Death of the first he met.

Whilst the Battel was maintained in the front by the chief Commanders of both the Armies, *Montelion*, with his resolute Followers, whose Hearts were inspired with such Courage to be Guarded by so valiant a Guide, was gotten behind them, and began such a Massacre, that Multitudes on a sudden was destroyed by his Approach, whose Deeds of Valour amazed their Senses with such Fear, and abated their Courage with such Terror, that like a Flock of fearful Sheep, espying the approach of a devouring Lyon, run with amazed Fear from his Paws; even so the Armenians fled from the destroying Hand of *Montelion*, filling the Air with dismal Cries, that the Noise thereof daunted the Hearts of the stoutest Armenians: *Palian* and *Golgron* then turned their Backs, making thitherward to know the Cause; *Althesus* and *Lamdelion* did the like; whilst *Deloratus*, *Persicles*, and the rest,

[illegible] Havock amongst the common Soldiers, that had the Fight continued long, all their Enemies had been destroyed.

Palian and *Anthesus* met *Montelion*, not knowing him, but supposing that it was he that had made such Slaughter amongst them the last day, both assailed him, who in his Heart rejoyced, that he had met with two such Champions to make Tryal of his Valour, continuing so brave a Combat between them both, as is not to be described.

By this time, the Cry began on the other side with such a hedious Noise, that *Palian*'s Heart was affrighted therewith, and defended himself, as if a slender Youth had encountred with a great Giant, and began to sound a Retreat, hasting to the City with all speed; which could not be accounted a Retreat, but rather an absolute Flight, for it was done with such haste, as if they had been all amazed.

The Day being thus ended, (to the Terrour of one, and Comfort of the other) the Persians retired as Victors, and the Armenians half mad with Grief and Dispair within their Walls, not minding suddenly to issue out again. *Persicles* and *Deloratus* honouring *Montelion* with their kind Embraces, and the Soldiers applauded their Valour with great Rejoycings, and every one (according to their present occasion) betook themselves to their Charges, spending the Day more in Joy and Security that ever they had done.

Chap. XIV.

How the Armenians sent two Knights for more Aid into Armenia, *who were met, and one of them taken Prisoner, and of other Accidents that befel.*

MOrning being come, *Palian* assembled his Counsel together, to determine what Order to take for his Security, which it behoved him to do; for that all their Forces were utterly discouraged, and the Inhabitants seeing their lawful King living, began to Revolt, and denyed to Aid him either with Men or Money, that he was constrained to keep himself within the City-Walls, not suffering any to issue out, or daring indeed to do it, they were so strictly besieged by their Enemy. When they had well considered their Estates, and the Misery they were likely to fall into, concluded to send into *Armenia* to tell the King, which *Anthesus* and one *Mutchus*, two Knights of great Valour, undertook the next Night to perform.

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Montelion being at his Tent, and intending to repose himself, yet feeling no desire to Sleep, called for the Chronicles of the Wars of *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, and spending some hours in reading that History, his Esquire being gone to Bed, about the dead time of Night, he heard the Neighing of a Horse as it seemed to him without the City, then reading, and again staying to listen, his Mind being somewhat troubled, (being still in his Armour) he girded his Sword to his side, determining him self to walk the Rounds, to see how diligently the Watch was kept, whom he found sleeping as soundly, as if they had been in their Beds, marvelling much at their Drowsiness, but much more at their Carelessness; he went from place to place, not minding that Night to sleep, but to watch for them all. He not long stayed, but he espyed two in Armour, with hasty steps passing through the Camp on Foot, whom he little suspected to be other than of his own Company, thinking them to be some Straglers, that seeing their Fellows asleep, went to rob, following as closely as he could, he perceiving them to depart the Camp, marvelling thereat, and so drew nigh to them, intending to know what they were before he departed. Then perceiving one to follow them, and having gotten without the Camp, purposed to lay hold on him, and force him to declare what the Persians intended; so turning back to him, *Althesus* offered to lay hands on him: Soft, (quoth *Montelion*) let me first know what you are? We are Enemies to thee (said *Althesus*) and therefore yield. Tell me (quoth he) your Names? *Althesus*, knowing himself to be of great Valour, and little thinking he would have resisted them, told him his Name was *Althesus*. Then I defie thee, (said *Montelion*) for I am thy Enemy, and will rather die than yield to thee; then *Althesus* drew forth his Sword, and struck at him, and *Montelion* did the like to defend himself, and afterwards he offended them so much, that both of them found much ado to save their own Lives. *Althesus* seeing his Valour, desired to know his Name, which he told him; which when he heard, and seeing *Mutellus* fallen, and faint with Effusion of Blood, he thus said:

Sir Knight, At this time I cannot stay to end the Combat, for by hazarding my Life, I shall endanger the Lives of many; therefore Adieu till more convenient time to meet again. With that he turned his Back, and *Montelion* stopt to give his Adversary breath, which revived *Mutellus*, but seeing *Althesus* gone, his Heart was ready to die with Grief; He bid him be of good Comfort,

fort, for his Intent was, to ast him honourably; and helping him up, led him to his Tent, and called up his own Esquire to attend upon him, and disarming him, he went presently to the Noble King *Persicles*.

The next Day *Montelion* caused *Mantelius* to be carried before the General, where he declared the Cause of their Departure; which the King was glad to hear, that by his Fore-knowledge, he might prevent the Intention of his Enemies; but most of all he highly commended *Montelion* for his noble Act, which had not they been discovered, it might have brought the whole Camp into great Distress; by this means every one growing into such Admiration of his Valour, that they esteemed him their only Defence and Safety, insomuch that wherefrever he went, the Eyes of Multitudes followed him, being much delighted to behold him.

The Prisoner desired the King to appoint his Ransom, but he committed that to *Montelion*, who after he had honourably feasted him, sent him Ransomless to the City, where he soon got entrance, and declared the Misfortune that had befallen him, and *Arbesus*, which turned their conceived Hope of Comfort into Despair, and had overcome them with Fear, had not some hopes of his Escape revived them.

Many Days they remained thus within the City, being so hardly besieged, that they were out of all hopes of getting any Victuals, but were driven to content themselves with spare Diet, scanting out every Soldier and Inhabitant their Allowance; which they continued so long, (expecting to hear from *Armenia*) but being frustrated, expected nothing but miserable Famine, that caused them late in the Night to assemble their old, weak, and impotent Men, unable to fight, and all Women and Children, except some of great Account, and turned them out of the City, to the number of sixteen Thousand, whose distressed Estate, the King pityed, causing them to have sufficient Food, themselves building Cabbins to defend them from the Weather.

Persicles seeing the miserable Estate his own Country was in, and to what Extremity the People were brought, and knowing that this Usurper was not able to endure, but that he and all those within the City were ready to be starved, by the Advice and Counsel of those that he most esteemed, he sent a Herald unto *Palian* with this Message:

That although he had unjustly usurped his Crown, and many other ways done him great Injuries, yet pitying the miserable E-

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state he was like to bring the Citizens into by his Cruelty, he made him this Proffer: That although he might work Revenge by his Death (whose Life was now at his Mercy) he should without Interruption, with all his Soldiers, have free Liberty to depart out of *Assyria*.

The Herauld with this Message went to the City, declaring the cause of his coming.

Palias hearing this Message, was puffed up with such Choler, that he returned this Answer:

That what he held was his Right by Conquest; and that he would hold; scorning he should send any Proffer to him that was well able to defend himself, as little regarding his courteous Proffer as his Malice; wishing him not to stay long, lest his Father's coming might inflict a greater Punishment on him than he could eschew.

Persicles was greatly enraged with this his disdainful Reply, fearing indeed, that if the King's Forces were once made, it would be a great Cause to lengthen out the Wars; which he earnestly desired might have an end, that he might travel in search of *Constantia*, for whom his Heart endured much Sorrow. Being thus disquieted in his Thoughts, and desirous of ease of his restless Passions, one Day, amongst many, that he passed over with Pensiveness, he got him to a solitary Place, and there, in a sad Silence, meditated upon his Misfortune.

Montelion being troubled with Remembrance of his unknown Estate, chose the same Place to utter his private Griefs, wherein the King was already shrowded, and suddenly espying him, began to withdraw himself; but the King desiring him to stay, said, Worthy Knight, I perceive some inward Care hath made you withdraw yourself from me; but impart your Discontent to me; if not, hear mine; for I have desired to declare mine to one on whose Fidelity I might repose my self; and you are the Man I have elected, having had sufficient tryal of your Courtesie and Friendship, that without doubting, I dare commit my self to your Secretie, for your Aid may (as heretofore it hath) preserve me.

My Lord, (quoth he) I count my self only fortunate in your Love, and my Heart acknowledgeth everlasting Duty to your Majesty, which bindeth me in all Reverence to become your Vassal, being more ready to venture my Life in your Service, than you can imagine; therefore, good my Lord, fear not to impose

my Task upon me, for, in your employing me, I shall account my self [illegible] and happy.

I thank thee, good Friend, said the King, and if ever Fortune favour me again, I will requite your Kindness, though now I am plunged in the depth of ill Luck, being, as you see, deprived of my Kingdom by the Rebellion of my own Subjects, and the Tyranny of the King of *Armenia*. The brief Discourse whereof is this: My Father, when he lived, matched my Sister *Piera* in Marriage to this worthy Knight *Doloratus*; sending me into *Persia* with him, who before my return dyed: whilst I was there I chanced to fix my Eye on the Beauty of *Constantia*, Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, which by reason of my sudden departure, I could not give her notice of, having no other Comfort but my Sister *Piera*, to whom I told the Secrets of my Heart, departing, with her Promise of Assistance. Whilst I went into *Assyria* to establish my Kingdom, Prince *Helion* of *Arabia* obtained the Emperour's Consent to marry her, which News my Sister sent me. I being much troubled therewith, after I had repulsed my old Enemy, the King of *Armenia*, in a Battel, I left the Government of my Kingdom to two of my Nobles, and departed in the Habit of a Palmer into *Persia*, where, within a short space I used such means, by my Sister's Friendship, that I was in that Habit without Suspition in her Chamber, and thereby had Conference with *Constantia*, and attained her Consent, nothing remaining but only means to escape, which afterwards we effected, and travelling together, till we came to a Shepherd's House, where we were kindly welcome, contracting a solemn Marriage between our selves, because we durst not be known to the contrary, where we liv'd some Days in quiet; in the mean time her Father caused diligent search to be made, and it was *Pisor*'s chance to find us, who kept our Counsel, and was by me sent into *Assyria* to fetch some of my own Knights, to attend me home, where he found my Subjects at Strife, and the King of *Armenia* taking that Opportunity, with a mighthy Band of Soldiers, slew most of my Guard, [illegible] myning with him till he had seized my Crown. *Pisor*, with this heavy News, returned to me, being unwilling to give me knowledge thereof, which overcame my Heart with such Grief, that fainting out a solitary place, I wandred so far that I could not return to the Shepherd's House that Night; she missing me, also came forth the Cottage to seek me, but directing her steps a contrary way, or meeting with some Misfortune,

fortune, I never heard of her since. *Pisor* he likewise went forth to seek us, and ignorantly tasted of an unhappy Fruit, that infused a Sleepiness upon him for the space of four and twenty Hours; but yet in his and my most earnest search we could never find her, and I fear never shall; but if I could recover this Evil done by my Foes, I would then spend the rest of my Life in her Search. Having ended these Speeches, his Heart was so much overcome with Grief, that he had much ado to with-hold his Eyes from Tears.

Montelion was oppreſt with no leſs Grief than he, whoſe Heart felt more inward Diſquiet than a Stranger's could have done, in ſilent Sadneſs, ſeeming to partake of his Sorrows, but not able to counſel him which way to redreſs them, that at laſt, by reaſon the neceſſity of the time afforded little Reſpite, they were conſtrained to depart.

Chap. XV.

How Montelion, *by a ſtrange and dangerous Accident, won the City, and took* Palian *Priſoner.*

Montelion that Night elected out of his own Followers twenty Knights, ſuch as he eſteemed moſt valiant, telling them he had a Matter of great Danger and Secreſie to complot, which might be a means to eſtabliſh the King in his Kingdom, if they would faithfully joyn with him; which they all vowed to accompliſh, and follow him, though it were to their Deaths. Arm you then (ſaid he) in Armenian Armour, of which you have choiſe, and come to me at Midnight.

The Knights being all come according to the appointed time, he departed with them through the Camp to the City-Gate, and there he knocked, but ſcarce ſo loud that the Porter could hear him, who coming to the Battlements, demanded who it was: I am (quoth he) *Altheſus* and other Armenians, as thou mayeſt know by our Armour, and bring good News; therefore open the Gates, leſt by delay we are betrayed, for we are purſued. The Porter being haſty to ſuccour them, preſently unbolted the Gates. *Montelion* was no ſooner entred, but he ſlew the Porter, and entring the Lodge, fell upon the Watch that lay ſleeping, killing moſt of them before they awaked. One of them ſubmitting himſelf, ſaid thus: I am an Aſſyrian, ſpare my Life, and if you be Friends of *Perſicles*, I will direct you how to ſurprize the City, and take the Uſurper.

In so doing, quoth he, thou shalt be honoured of the King, and purchase thy own Liberty. After he had put the rest to the Sword, the Assyrian directed them to the Palace, and by so secret a Way, that he brought them even within the compass of the Castle, to the very top where the Guard was. *Montelion* then said thus to his Followers: My Champions, let not Fear now possess your Hearts, but by this Exploit win Honour for ever; and by the Assyrian's Directions, divided themselves into two Bands, the one to the foremost Entrance, and the other to a By-way. *Montelion* knocking at the Door, and one of the Guard opening the same, presently he rushed in with his Sword drawn, killing the first, and all that came within his compass. The Guardians were so amazed therewith, that they were confounded in their Senses; their Courages, for want of time to consider, abated, and their Hands with Fear and Trembling, not able to draw their Swords, and when they had drawn them knew not who to resist, for *Montelion* and his Knights were so like them in Armour, and so intermingled amongst them, that they knew them not from thier own Fellows, by which means *Montelion*'s Knights, who by a private Mark knew one another, made such a Slaughter amongst them, that all the Floor did swim with Blood: Some made means to fly out at the Back-door; but as they stepped out they met Death, he that followed not knowing he that went before to be slain; and had they all come that way, they would one by one have been destroyed, that in the end, by *Montelion*'s Valour, there was not one left alive.

This Plot was performed with such Expedition in the Night-time, that the Rumour thereof came not to the hearing of any, so that within a short space and little labour, *Montelion* surprized *Palian* in his Bed, who seeing one in Armour besmeared with Blood, and his Sword drawn, starting up, asked what he was: I am thy Enemy, quoth *Montelion*, and Friend to *Persicles*.

Thou art a Vilian and a Traytor, quoth *Palian*; and then he called to his Guard, crying out, Treason, Treason; I am betrayed; Help, help.

Thou cryest in vain, said *Montelion*, for there is none near to hear thee, for by this Hand the Guard are slain; and thou shalt follow the same unto Death, unless thou dost ask Mercy; for my Hands can hardly abstain from working Revenge on thy Traytor's Head, thou hast deserved to be punished with inexecreable Torments.

Montelion had [illegible] made an end of his Speeches, but he heard the Eccho of a great Out-cry solicite his Ears; the occasion was this: After *Montelion* was departed to his Tent, his Esquire following him, and seeing him enter the City with so few in his company, ran back with all speed, and told the King what he had seen; who fearing that rash Attempt might endanger his Life, and hearing that he had gotten entrance into the City, armed himself, calling up *Deloraton*, *Osimus*, *Pisor*, *Cathares*, and all the rest of the chief Commanders of his Army, with the chiefest of their Bands, to the number of twenty thousand, and marched to the City-Gates, which they found wide open, and being entred, and several Companies dispersed into every corner of the Streets, presently on every side, they gave an Allarum, which sounded so terrible in the Ears of all the Armenians, that like Men bereft of their Senses, they ran up and down to their own Destruction. There did *Deloraton* fill his Hands with Slaughter, and *Pisor* with Cruelty revenge his with-holden Liberty; there did *Cathares* and *Osimus*, with many thousands, colour pale Death with red; and there did the King Triumph over his Foes, his conquering Sword working their Deaths, that the City-channels ran with gore Blood, and their hasty steps intercepted by heaps of Men that lay dead on the Ground; then began such an Out-cry as would have frighted the Senses of the most Valiant. Old Men hiding their Heads in their Houses, the Women with their Children crying, wringing their Hands, making great Lamentation, the Soldiers ready to kill one another, not knowing whom to offend, being ignorant of the beginning of this Tragedy.

The Counsellors, and such as sat in Seats of Justice, with all haste went to the Castle, wherein *Palian* was; where at their first entrance they found what sad Spectacles of Horror and Dread had already entred there, laying open passage to Death; *Montelion*'s Knights (though but few) soon laid hands on them, slaying those that resisted, and enclosing them that yielded within a strong Tower.

By this time *Montelion* had haled *Palian* forth his Chamber, and bound him Hand and Foot, enclosing him in a strong Jayl, where many Malefactors were imprisoned, himself being his Jaylor; and having intelligence that the King was entred the City, he bent his steps to find him out, by the way killing the Arminians, who took him to be one of their own Officers, by his Armour.

At last he came to the Abby, where the greatest part of the Enemy lay in a large Field, encompassed within a Wall, whereinto the King with three thousand Soldiers was before entred, making such a slaughter as would have grieved the Heart of any Beholder.

Mouzellon being alone, thought now or never to make tryal of his Valour, though being on foot, yet rushing amongst the thickest of his Enemies, who seeing him in that Armour, thought he had been rather one of their chief Commanders than a Foe, who, frantick with the Fright, slaughtered them, because they were slow to kill their Enemies; which when he perceived, he cryed unto them, Villians, Traytors, Cowards, why do you shun me? I am your Enemy, a Persian, and come to destroy you; notwithstanding his Speeches, by reason they had no time to consider what to do, they still fled from him, not so much with the thoughts of what he was, as with fear to come near him, for none came within his compass but he dyed; so that where he sought Death triumphed, and by reason of their flight, his hasty Blows were spent in vain.

The King and *Deloratus* being nigh, stood and beheld him with Admiration, wondring who it was (that they thought) with such fury fought against himself, until he espyed them, by his speeches giving them notice who he was. Having found him they desired, they followed their Enemies with cruel Destruction, the bright Day disclosing the bloody Act of that Night, which appeared before them with such a grim Aspect, that it made Terrour seem terrible, and before many hours of the Day were spent, the Armenians were utterly destroyed.

The King gave a strict Order for diligent Search to be made through all the City, and if they found any Rebels to put them to the Sword; which done, he commanded the dead Carcasses to be carried in Carts out of the City, which were so many as that they had much ado to perform it in a Day's time; when he had done this, he gave the Spoil of the Enemies Tents and Houses unto the Persian Soldiers, and also gave Commandment that all the Women, Children, old Men, and impotent People, should be brought into the City, and every one posses his own House wherein he dwelt before: This being performed, and for that Day order being taken for the Wounded, the Soldiers enriched with Spoil, the Citizens at quiet in their Houses, diligent Watch set at each Gate, and a strong Guard within the Tents, with

that

that it drew to Night, and their Labour required Rest, after much Joy, they betook themselves to their rest.

Early the next Morning they forlook their Pavilions, and appointed certain Scouts to watch about the Borders of the Country, for the Approach of the King of *Armenia*, which they all supposed would be very shortly, for it was now two Months since *Alibeste* departed.

By that time the Day was aged the space of three Hours, the Inhabitants of *Assyria* that had lived under the Subjection of the Armenians, hearing of *Pallas*'s Overthrow, and being assured of *Perseles*'s Safety, (which before they would not believe) came in multitudes to submit themselves unto their lawful King, who rejoycing thereat, biding them, in sign of their Obedience, arm themselves and return to their own Houses, and destroy all the Armenians that inhabited the Land of *Assyria*, not suffering him Woman, or Child to live.

It was a wonder to behold with what Greedines the Multitudes bent themselves to their Enemies Destruction, every one thinking to be foremost, and he that was last thinking himself happy if he could grasp a Sword to seek his own Liberty; which they effected within three Days, that there was not any of the Armenians Progeny left.

If they found an Assyrian Woman married to an Armenian Man, both she and all her Children dyed; and if they found a Woman with Child, or having any Children that she could not shew an Assyrian was the Father of them, they had all of them been slain.

In the mean while all those that were Prisoners, were brought forth. *Perseles*, by the consent of his Nobles, People, and Counsel, appointed them to dye, (*Pallas* excepted) who also had that Day suffered a shameful Death, had he not been a King's Son, being only committed to safe Custody, where he was honourably used.

These Tragical Stratagems over past, and all things in Security, yet the Beauty of the Land was destroyed by the Armenians; and now the Nobles and Peers of the Land, that durst not look over the Castle-walls, assembled themselves unto the King, making all the Preparation they could for his more honourable Entertainment: The Bells rung for Joy, and the People with great Rejoycing applauded his Victory. Within few Days he was again Crowned King of *Assyria*; and *Monselion* honoured with such

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Commendations as his Worthiness deserved; every one (as of Right they should) attributed that honoured Victory to his Valour; all Men growing into deep Affection towards him, and with Rejoycings manifest their Love.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the King of Armenia's Arrival with a new Army; how Montelion *set* Palian *at Liberty, and of a Peace that was concluded.*

WHereas certain of the Spyes had knowledge of the approach of the King of *Armenia*, and brought News thereof to the Court, which stirred up new Discord amongst them, for then they began on all sides to arm themselves afresh: But that was soon stayed by the coming of Ambassadors from the King of *Armenia*, who delivered their Message thus:

Perficles of *Assyria*, The Mighty King of *Armenia* commands thee to deliver his Son *Palian* in safety, whom he understandeth thou hast taken Prisoner? Withal, he requires Restitution to be made of the Crown and Kingdom of *Assyria*; which by Right of ancient Inheritance is his: otherwise he will bring so puissant and invincible an Army against thee, that shall waste and consume this Land, not leaving City, Town, or Houses; he will make the Inhabitants perpetual Bond-slaves, and he will cause thee to fly, or [illegible] his coming, he will take the Captive, and lead thee into *Armenia*, where thou shalt remain his Vassal. This is the Sum of that he requireth, therefore let us have Answer.

I will not study, said *Perficles*, what to say, but thus say to him: His Son is my Prisoner, and I will detain him; as for his Threats, I fear them not; utterly denying his false Title to my Crown, which in my Absence he seized upon, not by Valour, but by Treachery; and tell him, that I demand Restitution for the Wrong he hath done me and my Country, which if he deny, nothing shall make me Satisfaction but his Son's Death. And tell him thus; Let him with his haste return, lest my Fury overtake him, and so he feel the Mischief he intendeth to me, for I mean to meet him presently, and work such Destruction amongst his Soldiers, as shall cause them to seek his Life for betraying them into my Hands.

Perficles spoke these Words with such Fury, that the Ambassadors believed he would do it, and so they departed. The King of *Armenia* little thinking to receive such an Answer, but

rather

rather Performance of his Demand, was so enraged, that he presently commanded his Spiniers to march to the City, vowing to redeem his Son, or be taken Prisoner himself.

Persicles also had collected a mighty Band of Persians and Assyrians to meet him, that this was likely to prove the hottest Battle that ever was fought in that part of the World. In the mean time *Palian* was brought before *Persicles*, who was seated upon his Kingly Throne in great Majesty, and then said: What canst thou alledge to excuse thy self from Death, having rightly deserved the same? Thou knowest that it now resteth in my Power to set thee free, or put thee to Death; which the just Heavens have inflicted upon thee, as a due Punishment for thy Tyranny.

I am (quoth *Palian*) a King as Absolute as thy self, therefore, I know thou darest not put me to Death; which if thou shouldst presume to attempt, know that my Father is hard at thy Elbow to revenge the same, whose Power thou canst not escape; therefore I defie thee, and dare thee to do the same, for I know thee to be of so cowardly a Disposition, that when thou dost once come within my Father's sight, thou wilt run away.

The People that stood by hearing this, cryed out, Hang him up; let him dye, let him dye; and it was long before the Multitude would be appeased; but at length the King said: Traytor, darest thou utter these Words in my Presence? Thou shalt assuredly dye, all the World shall not redeem thee; and so commanded his Guard to hew him in pieces, whereupon they began to wound him; but *Montelion* stepping between them, and humbling himself upon his Knee, thus said:

Most Noble King, vouchsafe to hear me speak, and without Offence let me claim my Right: This Knight is my Prisoner, and to put him to Death without my Consent, were to do me Wrong: Yet although I speak this, pardon me, I speak not any thing to contradict your Will, but humbly desire your Majesty to grant me this Favour, that as I took him, so I may dispose of him.

The King with great haft rose from his Seat, and embraced *Montelion*, saying, Were it my Kingdom, my Life, or any thing else that I esteem more than both, that you required, I would for ever curse my Heart if I should deny it you, for you have done me so much Good, and my Debt is to you so great, that if I live a thousand Years, I [illegible]: Therefore I give him freely unto you, and his Life withal.

I hum-

I humbly thank your Majesty (replied he;) and so took his Prisoner by the Hand, and after humble Reverence done, he departed; to whom, being alone, he said, Noble Prince, not expecting Reward, nor fearing Threats, I here give you Liberty. Then did he desire him to make choice of his Horse and Armour, and arming himself rode discourteously away, his stout Heart not suffering him to give *Montelion* Thanks.

Being come to the Camp, he humbled himself to his Father, who embracing him said, My dear Son, Welcome. Then strutting up and down, said, I thought that Bastard *Persicles*, durst not detain thee, for if he had, his Life had paid thy Ransom, and shall do yet for keeping thee so long: By *Jupiter*, this Night will I fire the City about his Ears, because I know the Coward dares not come forth to meet me.

Hearing his Father thus boast, and knowing how unlikely he was to perform it, such a Passion of deep Consideration, caused in him such a sudden Alteration, contrary to his former Disposition, and calling to remembrance how lately he was in danger of Death, the great Power *Persicles* had about him, the late Slaughter he had made amongst his Soldiers, the Courtesie of *Montelion*, but most of all his Ingratitude towards him that had given him his Life, thus said:

My noble Father, Not the Fear of your Forces, nor *Persicles*'s Cowardish (for by his own Doom I had dy'd) set me at Liberty, but the Courtesie of a noble Knight who took me Prisoner; who, when *Persicles* had appointed my Death, and the Executioner seizing on me, challeng'd me to be his Prisoner, honourably armed me, and courteously let me go; therefore, I beseech you, withdraw your Forces, and offer no Wrong to *Persicles*, who never offended you; the Kingdom of *Armenia* is as good as *Assyria*, and better, and it is better to enjoy that with Quiet, than both that and this with Discontent: If not for that, yet for this, I humbly intreat you to conclude a Peace with *Persicles* for your own Safety, for his Power is too mighty to be subdued by these small Forces you have brought; he is now allied to the Persian, who is yet no Enemy, but wholly your Friend; but if these Wars continue long, he will prove your mortal Foe: If you go forwards, I must stay behind, for it were a great Dishonour for me to fight against him that hath so honourably set me at Liberty: If you should be overcome, how much would it endanger your Life? and if your Life were in danger, do you [illegible] I will

[illegible]

submit my self into [illegible] or your [illegible], or [illegible] own Blood before your [illegible], [illegible] to see so [illegible] Day, therefore I humbly desire you to conclude a Peace.

The King hearn out his Speeches with silent Vexations, being so inwardly enraged, and with desire of thirst after Revenge, that his Heart was ready to burst with Malice: but at last being mollified, rather with Dispair of Victory, than of yielding to his Son's Request, he said, Let it be as you would have it; for this time you shall over-rule me.

Noble Father, (quoth he) I know to conclude this Peace will turn to our everlasting Good, and your own Content; *Persicles* is Honourable, and never offended you, and I know he will embrace it, therefore I desire you, let it be concluded with your free Consent; wherenpon he gave his Consent; willing him to conclude what he thought good

Palian mounting himself, set spurs to his Horse, with all speed riding towards the City, where he met with *Persicles*'s mighty Band of Soldiers, and desiring to speak with *Montelion*, he kindly embraced him, yielding him so many hearty Thanks, with such Courtesie, Love, and earnest Affection, with many earnest Vows for preserving his Life, that *Montelion* wondred at the sudden Alteration in him, that before was so Rude and Discourteous, most lovingly embraced him: Then did he unfold the Cause of his coming with such Earnestness, entreating *Montelion* to joyn with him to conclude the Peace, that he promised him Assistance, so they went both unto the King.

Palian delivered the Message with humble Reverence, and *Persicles* with as much Courtesie received it, and so effectually was this wrought, that the Peace was accepted, and both Armies meeting in the Field, instead of Blows embraced each other, and both the Kings saluted each other, first in strange sort, but afterwards with more Familiarity. After many Speeches on both sides, *Persicles* accusing him of Wrongs, and he still alledging the contrary, but *Palian* laboured earnestly to conclude the Peace, yet the Battle was like to joyn, and often times they both grew to great Rage, which by *Montelion*'s and *Palian*'s perswasions was concluded. Growing to this Conclusion, a Peace was ratified for two Years, in which time Ambassadors should be sent to the Emperour of *Persia*, and the King of *Macidonia*, to entreat their Royal Assistance to make an end of this Controversie.

Persicles's Heart could hardly endure to yield to his Foe so far

or [illegible] himself from Revenge, or against his rightful Estate to be determined by the doubtful Case of Arbitrement, in his Heart disdaining his Enemy should have so much scope limited him, as though he had Interest at all in his Kingdom, but rather that then he should either absolutely win all, or lose all; but regarding how much he had troubled *Deloratus* and the Persians, who now desired to return home to their own Country; but most of all being desirous to travel in search of his dear Love, from whom he had long been absent, for whose safety he would have lost Life, Kingdom, and Liberty, whose Absence was a continual Grief to his Conscience, utterly dispairing of finding her; but yet that, nor any other Ambignity could cause him to desist, but that he would depart in her Search, thinking she was living, therefore he yielded to any thing.

Having taken the King of *Armenia*'s Oath, not to interrupt him in his Kingdom till the time prefixed, they parted, *Persicles* to the City, and the King with his Army to *Armenia*. *Palian*'s Mind was linked in such Admiration of *Montelion*'s Vertues, that he humbly entreated his Father's leave to bear him company; but he denyed him, reproving him greatly with bitter terms, yet notwithstanding within few Days after he departed in Disguise. The King would have sent after him to have staid him, but his Nobles perswaded him to the contrary.

Palian being arrived at the Assyrian Court, declared to *Montelion* the Cause of his leaving his Father's Court, which was with no other Intent (he had) than to enjoy his company, and to do *Persicles* Service; which proceeded not from any coloured Dissimulation, but from the depth of a constant Resolution. Such an Alteration had *Montelion*'s Vertues and his Father's Tyranny wrought in him, that he admired the one, and abhorred the other, of which he gave such manifest Tokens, that *Persicles* had no cause to misdoubt him, nor *Montelion* to refuse his Familiarity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

How, after the Peace concluded, Perficles *left the Government of* Assyria *to* Pisor, *determining himself to Travel in search of* Constantia: *How they arrived in* Persia, *of their honourable Entertainment, and of the contrarious Accidents of Love that befel in the Persian Court.*

AFter all those Troubles were over past, the Persian Soldiers richly sent home, and *Perficles* had established his Kingdom, leaving the same to the Government of *Pisor*, he determined to travel in search of *Constantia*, making the occasion of his Departure be to accompany *Deloratus* into *Persia*, none but *Pisor* and *Montelion* knowing the contrary. By the way as they went, *Cothanes* desired him to visit his Habitation, which the rather they did, to see the Cloaths that were found about *Montelion*: They were honourably welcome, and royally feasted; *Cothanes*'s Lady bringing forth the Packet, which they opened, and well viewed, neither *Perficles* nor *Deloratus* knowing any of them, (for they were such as *Constantia* had in *Arabia*.) Amongst the rest there was a Jewel of exceeding Richness, which *Montelion*, in the presence of them all put about his Neck, vowing solemnly never to part with it until he had found out his Parents.

Afterwards they departed, *Montelion* leaving *Cothanes* and his Foster-Mother, who bewailed his Departure with abundance of Tears: But within few Days they arrived in *Persia*, the Emperour sending out Troops of gallant Knights to attend them, the States, Nobles, and Peers of the Land in rich Attire to entertain them, and himself with the Empress, *Piera*, and a number of other gallant Ladies, forsaking the Court to meet them: The Citizens hearing of their approach, prepared to entertain them with delightful Shows; the Knights met them some two Miles from the City, welcoming *Deloratus* with great Reverence, and the other three Knights with Courtesie; the Nobles embracing them, and at the Gate they saw the Emperour with his Royal Assembly staying their coming, unto whom *Deloratus* kneeled, whilst they with Tears welcomed his safe Return; and whilst he embraced *Piera*, the Emperour and Empress saluted *Perficles*; and when they had left to speak to *Piera*, they demanded of *Deloratus* who those strange Knights were.

One of them, said he, is our late reconciled Friend *Palian*; and the other is the most valiant Knight *Montelion*, that by his

[illegible] Lives, confounded his Enemies, [illegible] Conquer. The Emperour bad *Palian* [illegible] *Persius*; and then he very kindly embraced *Montelion*, [illegible] with Reverence fell at his Feet.

All that beheld him, admired that one so young should be endued with such Chivalry; and the Ladies with their nice Eyes surveyed each Part of his perfect Lineaments, which they found to be most exquisite. All tedious Salutations being past, they came to the Court, and entred with such Royalty, as it drave an Admiration to the Beholders Eyes: There might one see the People with greatness throng to behold them, but especially the [illegible] Knight, every one asking which was he; that he himself could hear them, which often times made the Blood revive in his Cheeks with a lovely Blush. To rehearse every Particular, would be too tedious; and to stay long in recital of their Royal Entertainment, Feasts, Speeches and Welcomes, would detain you from the hearing of *Constantia*'s Misfortunes, for such Entertainment was there, and every thing performed with such Royalty, as might have beseemed the greatest Monarch in the World: After Supper, the time of rest being come, the aged Emperour and Empress bad Good-night to their Guests, and every one betook themselves to their several Lodgings, remitting all Conference until the next Day's oppotunity.

The King being alone, studied most part of the Night which way to travel in search of *Constantia*; *Montelion* in thinking of his unknown Parents; *Palian* surfeiting in Love with *Praxentia*, and she in Commendation of *Montelion*; *Deloratus* in pleasure with *Piera*, and the old Emperour and Empress in joyful remembrance of all their Safeties, every one possessed with a several Conceit till sleep overcame their Senses.

Early the next Morning they forsook their Beds, *Persicles* and *Deloratus* in conference with the Emperour and Empress, and *Piera* in the hearing of the Prince, (and other Ladies,) rehearsing the Wars in *Assyria*, and the manner of their Victory. *Montelion* in company of *Palian*, commending the Royalty of the Persians Court, and the Beauty of the Ladies; which speech they entred into by reason of *Palian*, whose Heart could not chuse but utter his inward Thoughts, which had entertained a surfeiting View of the Princess *Praxentia*'s Beauty, which was so exquisite as might have entangled the Senses of any Man: but *Montelion* rested as free as one that never thought of Love, having his Sen-

ſes ſo fully poſſeſſed [illegible] for *Conſtantia*, that no other [illegible]; but ſuch a Contrariety had [illegible] that every one deſired a contrary thing; [illegible] on *Praxentia*, as ſhe did on *Montelion*; and he was ſo far from thinking any ſuch thought, as it was ſo vain for her to hope: *Palian* ſeeking to give her knowledge thereof, and ſhe expecting when *Montelion* would proffer love to her; and he on the other ſide, ſeeking means to haſten *Perſidia*'s departure, which he would inſtantly have done, but that he could not ſo ſoon ſeek to leave the Emperour nor his Siſter; yet notwithſtanding the Emperour requeſted him to ſtay a Month, which he could by no means deny. *Palian* was glad of this, and *Praxentia* was not ſorry; only *Montelion* thought he would be too tedious, becauſe his Affections were wholly bent on his Journey.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Praxentia *ſent her Nurſe to* Montelion; *how ſhe took* Palian *for* Montelion, *and to him diſcovered Secrets.*

PAlian deviſed by all means he could to have Conference with the Princeſs, refuſing Reſt, Food, and Company, to ſtudy thereon; oftentimes enjoying her company, but had not the opportunity he expected, ſurfeiting with beholding her Beauty, and tying himſelf faſter in the Snares of Love, finding no hopes of Comfort; but on a Day it thus fell out, ſhe deſiring Eaſe, ſent a Damſel to an old Lady named *Lanula*, willing her to come and ſpeak with her; who preſently came, and being alone, they had this conference:

Lanula, ſaid ſhe, I have occaſion of your Aſſiſtance in a matter of great Secreſie, which I have refuſed to impart to any but your ſelf; for the good Opinion I have of you, is, that you may do me a pleaſure, and everlaſtingly bind me to requite the ſame.

The old Lady was forward of herſelf, that without further entreaty ſhe ſwore ſhe would do as ſhe would have her, were the matter never ſo great, yea, if it hazarded her own Life.

I have no reaſon to miſtruſt thee, ſaid ſhe, yea, I cannot but bluſh at the rehearſal of it.

Lady, quoth ſhe, will you pardon me if I tell you what it is; Is it not Love?

Yes, ſaid ſhe, it is ſo; I am in Love, but I fear I am not beloved

love [illegible] a Knight, as the World [illegible] a Stranger, and unknown, I [illegible] because my Father will never [illegible] thereto; you could be contented with his Estate, were it never so mean; I have often been in his Company, shewing my self desirous thereof, which any but himself might perceive; but I spent that labour in vain, and shall do still, unless you work some means in my behalf.

Tell me his Name, said *Lanula*, and before many Hours pass, I will by some means or other have Conference with him.

It is the strange Knight *Montelion*; say what thou wilt to him, without impeaching my Modesty, and I care not; for not being by, I shall not blush, neither care I to hazard any thing, for if he once go from hence, I shall never see him again. As she had spoken that word, she espyed him walking alone at the further end of the Garden, entring into a Grove: Yonder he is, (said *Praxentia*.) *Lanula* told her she would speak, and so departed.

Montelion being come to the further end of the Garden, espyed *Palian* lying upon a Bank, either Sleeping, or in a deep Study; passing by him unseen, for he desired no Company, and entred the Grove: *Lanula* also seeing him, espyed *Palian*, not knowing either, saluting him instead of *Montelion*, said, Sir Knight, to you I have a Matter of Importance to discover, if your Name be *Montelion*: He answered not, but with Courtesie had her say on: There is (said she) a Lady of great Renown in this Court, that heareth you deep Affection, whon committed her Counsels to me, but with no Intent that I should disclose them, yet pitying her Grief, and withal wishing your Preferment, am thus bold to intercept your Meditation, hoping that this News cannot but be gratefully accepted.

I heartily thank you (quoth he) assuring you that I am every way as deeply in love as any, but with one so far my Better, that Searing to offend, maketh me silent: therefore let me know the Lady's Name.

It is *Praxentia*, said she. And to her, quoth he, I owe my Life, Love, Affections, and Liberty. Sir, said she, I am glad thereof, and if you will follow my Directions, I will work so effectually, that you shall enjoy her Love, whosoever saith to the contrary. I will be ruled by you, quoth he, neither will I refuse

[illegible] Attempt [illegible] tell me where I may find you, [illegible] I will come to you. My name is *Lucius*, [illegible] and you shall have me in the Lodgings over the Pulsen in the private Garden. So she departed, leaving him in a deep Meditation what to do to enjoy her Love, and how to do it without Dishonour to himself, and injury to *Montelion*; but that he thought impossible, entering into these Meditations:

How contrary is my Hap to all good Success, that maketh me hazard my Honour, to adventure such a Task as may bring me to perpetual Infamy? How often hath my Life been hazarded by *Montelion*'s Hand? and yet like a Frantick Man forsake my Friends to follow him: Could any thing have fallen out more miserable, than for me to dote on her that loveth another, and he the only Man that hath always prevented my good Fortune? Shall I then cherish this Love, or root it out of my Heart, as a Poyson that will infect my Soul? For the King her Father will never yield his Consent; and which is worse, she will not love me; I will therefore leave it of, and salve the Wound before it be past recovery, and rather abandon this Court, my Life, Country and Friends, than sue for Love in another Man's Name.

Resolving many of these Cogitations, at last he espyed *Montelion* coming back from the Grove, unto whom he spake in this manner:

Sir Knight, as I lay slumbring on this Bank, my Senses were greatly troubled with your Remembrance; for to my thinking an old Lady taking me for you, told me that a Lady of great Dignity did love me exceedingly, and that she came on purpose to know how I stood affected; further my Dreams continued not, but awaking I espyed you, and have uttered all to you: Now who this Lady should be I know not, unless it be the Princess *Praxentia*.

Montelion made this Answer: What this should mean I know not, neither is it to be regarded, for Dreams are but idle Phansies, procured by the Imagination of the Dreamer, thinking that of another which he wishes to himself, which is more likely: for the Princess were over-fond to place her Love on so dejected a Stranger as my self; and if she did so, it were in vain, for I cannot now become a Bond-[illegible], were it to the greatest Princess in the World; I [illegible] her Courtesie, but as one [illegible]

[illegible] your self fortunate, [illegible] you conceal it.

[illegible] I think or ever intend. He [illegible] to hear him say so, but made no shew thereof, [illegible] the way between them and the Palace in such like [illegible] together.

Chap. XIX.

How Palian in a Disguise had Conference with Praxentia, *who took him for* Montalion.

BY this time *Palian* was gotten to his Chamber, being much troubled in his Mind, striving to over-master his Love, and yet to love, and attain her without hazarding his Honour; but his Affections had the Superiority, and those Sparks of Vertue that were but newly kindled in his Breast, vanished, and he resolved to try the uttermost Idle, although it were in another's Name.

Evening drawing nigh, he remembered his Promise, which was to repair to the old Lady, and therefore thither he went, but so [illegible] as might be, where he found her staying for him, of whom he [illegible] what good News: Then she, shutting fast the Door, said: After I departed from you in the Garden, I went to the Princess, and told her what Speeches I had with you; which rejoyced her Heart, willing me to let you understand, that it is not lewd Desire, immodest Love, nor indiscreet Intemperance, that hath moved her to this Liking, but the Report of your Valour, Regard of your Vertues, and the Work that Nature did never work in her before; therefore she desires you to be Constant, Secret, and Loyal, not to regard her Love the less for being easily won, but to impute the same to Destiny, that hath ordained him, (unknown) to that Dignity, who hath refused to match herself to the greatest Emperours in the Word.

By Heaven, said he, my Heart is so tyed to her in Bonds of [illegible] Love, that should [illegible] and me to rip it out, I would do it to fulfil her Desire, [illegible] my Duty.

Your words, said he, [illegible], and by reason of her Father's Displeasure, she dareth not converse with you openly; but she [illegible] to be directed by me; therefore late this Night come [illegible] Chamber, and will I [illegible] of a Gardener, in [illegible] the Garden, and enter the Chamber.

He

He yielding her many Thanks, departed; and she went and certified the Princess what she had determined, whose Love being grown to a setled Resolution, and desirous to ease her of her Disquiet, gladly consented thereunto, thinking the time too tedious, Company troublesome, and her Supper unsavoury, to taste the Sweetness of her stolen Affection. *Palian* at the time appointed went to *Launla*, who had already provided his Disguise, wherewith he apparelled himself, and took her Directions to find the entrance into her Chamber.

Palian being entred the Garden found the Door shut; but *Praxentia* having a sight of him out of her Window, came down her self to open the same. His Heart was so ravished with Joy of her Presence, that he could not speak, but humbling himself upon his Knee, said, Verteous Lady, I humbly beseech you to pardon this my Boldness, which I would never have undertaken, had not some former Hope animated me thereunto, but since it is your gracious Pleasure so much to honour my Unworthiness, I humbly give my Heart to your Disposition, which shall account it self everlastingly happy to be imployed in your Service

Good Knight, said she, had I not been fully assured of your Vertues, I should never have admitted you this Favour; therefore I accept your Gift, and in exchange thereof will give you mine, so that you promise me to use it honourably.

Else, said he, let me become the infamous Reproach of all the World, let my Joys be turned into Sorrows, my Health into Sickness, my Pleasure into Pain, and all that I wish to prove my Good, turn to everlasting Misery.

Your Protestations, dear Knight, quoth she, are of sufficiency to overcome my yielding Heart, that harboureth no Misdoubt of your disloyal Meaning, but is fully assured your Vertues cannot harbour Dissimulation, that is altogether different from Vertue: therefore trusting you more than my self, I admit you that Favour I never before granted, which is to receive you as my chosen Friend, trusting you will be as faithful as I desire, and will not reward my Favour with Disloyalty.

So taking him by the Hand, she led him up into her Chamber, where many Speeches past betwixt them, he with earnestness intreating her Consent to love him; and she binding him by many Oaths and Vows to be constant. He durst not utter many Speeches lest he should be discovered, also his Conscience being guilty, with-held him from Boldness, and though peradventure

she would have taken any thing in good part, yet fear to discover himself did make him think no such matter, but in his Behaviour, so near as he could, framed himself to the state of *Montelion*, which pleased her well, who although she were very affectionate her self, yet she imputed his coloured Modesty, to Vertue, and his Dissimulation to pure Modesty, that by his Conference, he was fully assured of her Love, and she of his Loyalty; being now constrained by reason of the Day's approach, to break off their Communication, referring their next Meeting to *Lamia*'s Direction, parting with many courteous Farewels; she fully contented, he somewhat discontented, that he had attained that Favour in another Man's Name, which if he had attained as proper to himself, he should have deemed himself most happy; being clogged with these Cogitations, he got to *Lamia*'s Chamber, to whom he discovered his fortunate Success, telling her, that in the Evening he would come to her, to know the Princess's Pleasure, and her Direction to speak with her another time.

CHAP. XX.

How Montelion *was loved by* Praxentia; *how he was prevented by* Palian *of speaking to her, who in Disguise lay with her.*

IN the Morning early the Princess forsook her Rest, and though she slept but little that Night, yet she was loth to be accused of Sloath, and apperelled her self, framing a more than ordinary joyful Countenance (for her Mind was more at ease) she attended the Empress in company of other Ladies: And it so fell out that Day, that the Emperour with the Peers of the Land feasted with *Persicles*, *Montelion* and *Palian*, which fell out according to her Wish, that she might behold her beloved Knight with a surfeiting View, and he was no less glad than she, that he might see her own whom his Heart was fixed; and every one, saving *Persicles* and *Montelion*, had their Hearts inclining to Disport, only they two rested sad, which was easily to be espyed, and chiefly noted by *Praxentia* with one Conceit, and *Palian* with another.

All Dinner-time *Praxentia*'s Eyes were fixed on *Montelion*, and *Palian*'s on hers, bending down with a heavy Aspect, which put her into many Cogitations; sometimes thinking he disdained to look on her openly, who had shewn her self so kind in secret; and then she thought it was fear to discover her Love, (which is easily

easily discovered by the Eyes) but when again she saw he made no regard to her, her Colour often changed, sometimes with Grief, sometimes with Anger, sometimes with Fear, fixing her Eyes steadfastly on him, than glancing about to see if any noted her: *Palian* minded her, and well understood her Meaning, as earnestly noting her Behaviour, as she did *Montelion*'s, often changing his Countenance, sometimes with Fear to be seen, and then with a jealous Conceit, then with an amorous Thought, and then again with accusing himself of disloyal Dealing both towards her and him.

Piera's Mind was most at leisure to note all, which she performed with diligence; and seeing their Eyes placed on several Objects, she thought there was as contrary a Sympathy in their Affections, well perceiving *Palian*'s Deceit, *Praxentia*'s Disquiet, and *Montelion*'s careless Regard of either; by a privy Token unseen of any, she gave her Brother an Instance thereof: he quickly conceived her Meaning, and jumpt with her in Opinion, all Dinner-time noting them; which being past, and Musick filling the Room with pleasant Harmony; *Persicles* pulling *Montelion* by the Sleeve, whispered these Words softly into his Ear, Friend, rouse your self from this sad Dump, and behold you are noted; On my life, the Princess is in love with you, and if it be so, you may account your self most happy.

My Lord, (replyed he) you are disposed to jest, no such good Fortune will fall to me; yet if it did, I know I should never enjoy it. Why (quoth he) had you but seen so much as I, and noted her Looks, you would think so too: Follow my Counsel, do but try, and you shall find it so: What if she were Empress of the whole World, would you not venture? Were she not the better to be beloved, and have not you the less cause to dispair, that she would refuse your Love? All the Doubt you have, is her Father's Dislike; but fear not that, Time may bring things unlooked for to good Effect; do but follow my Counsel for this time, and after I will tell you more.

By this time the Musick was ended, and *Montelion* cast his Eye on *Praxentia*, who stedfastly looked on him, her heart was so much grieved with contrariety of Thoughts, that the Water was ready to overflow her Eyes. When *Montelion* saw that, he presently begun to perceive some Hope, and by little and little Love stole the possession of his Heart, withal he remembered what *Palian* had before said to him, all this seemed Likelihood

that it was so: As he continued in these thoughts, and with more boldness had viewed her well, whose Eyes were never off him, the Musick began to sound again, and the old Emperour being pleasant and merry with feasting, took the Empress by the Hand to dance; *Persicles* seeing that, took *Piera*; then said the Emperour, is there none will make a third? *Piera*, desirous to shew *Montelion* any Favour, desired him to do it. But he with mildness made a Refusal, in regard of his Duty to the Emperour. But suddenly *Palian* stepped up and took *Praxentia* to dance with him, who being of a mild Behaviour refused not, and the rather, that none should note her Affection to *Montelion* which she assured her self, he could not call in question.

Montelion was exceedingly vexed to be so prevented, yet smothered the same with a pleasant Countenance. The Musick being ended, the Emperour with the Empress departed, leaving them to their Recreation. Then *Palian* began to be disquieted with fear, lest *Montelion* by Conference with *Praxentia* should discover his last Deceit, and he by that means be prevented of all future Hope, therefore he used means that *Montelion* could have no Conference with her, which he by reason of his fear, durst not look, nor she expect, thinking to have a time of more convenience to meet.

All this while *Montelion* did but intangle himself in the snare of Affection, still looking to like, and liking to love, and the more he looked, the more he lov'd, being for that time contented to look, for other hope he attained not, by reason of *Palian*'s Prevention, and his own Fear to be accounted bold, which he thought she might well impute to his mean Estate. The time of departure being come, and every one being ready to bid Adieu; *Praxentia* gave him a sign of her Love, with a modest, gentle, and kind Look, and he her of his Duty, with low Courtesie.

Every one departed, *Praxentia* troubled with the Doubt of she could not tell what; for weighing his Behaviour she could not compare it to be like the Behaviour of an assured Lover, neither could she account it Disdain or want of Government, for she knew him wise; not want of Audacity, for he was bold enough in other matters, nor to Inconstancy, for she could not perceive his Looks bent upon another; troubled with a Multitude of these Passions, by reason of the Truth, she made the best Construction of all things, wishing *Palian* had been further off that Day, who she thought of purpose had intercepted their Conference. But to ease her of these troubled Cogitations, *Lanula* comes

comes in with a Message from *Palian*, for as soon as the Company was parted, he went to her, and noting with what little Respect *Montelion* had that Day regarded her, he thought some Mischief might cross his further Intent, and fearing withal lest he should send to her, he sent this Message, That with all Humility he desired her not to misconceive his Meaning, for the little Refusal he gave unto her, was with no other Intent than to avoid Suspicion, his Heart being entirely bound in all Duty to her Command. This Message pleased her well, and vanished all Miss of Malice from her Heart, devising with *Lovale* for a convenient time to have conference with him.

Montelion had now taken such a View of their Beauty, that he yielded to Love's Thrall, and according to his distempered Mind was pleased with nothing but Solitariness, in silence to meditate upon his Misfortune, on his Love, and his Unlikehood to attain thereto; on *Palian*'s Prevention and his unknown Estate, and on his vowed Journey in search of *Constantia*; being troubled with such Contrarieties, that he could not resolve upon any thing, tiring his Senses with Meditation, wearying his Heart with Grief, and weakening his Body with Abstinence, void of Means, Hope, or Comfort, he thought to write, but he wanted a secret Messenger; then he thought within himself to speak to her, but he fearing a Denial would be his Reward, and that would be worse than Death.

Thus troubled in Mind, he betook himself to his rest, scarce able to give his Eyes one Minute's sleep until Morning, and then again as void of Comfort as if he dreamed a thousand Impossibilities, neither able by the Counsel of *Perficles*, nor otherwise to devise a means to speak, for his Love was so violent, that it could not be permanent. Fortune intending quickly to overturn the same, for *Palian* by indirect Policy, dealt so cunningly, that by often recourse unto her, he won her to such an absolute Consent, that she rested wholly at his Disposition, never coming to her but in secret, and so Late that all Lights were out: Besides, the old Lady first taking him for *Montelion*, never made question, but that it was he, by which means he always passed undiscovered, and she told all her Secrets unto him, that whatsoever he would desire, she performed; and all that he perswaded her to, was but means to prevent his Disloyalty, perswading her to keep her Chamber for many Days, so that contrary to her Expectations with Distemperature of Watching, and keeping herself in a close

Room

Room, she began to wax sickly; which *Lavula* made known unto him, appointing him the next Day to come to her, and he should know when again to visit her; and in the mean time she wrought so effectually with the Emperour and Empress, as they had appointed her to be her Keeper, and none to come at her, but upon her Sufferance, which pleased the Princess well. Night being come, *Palian* went to *Lavula*'s Chamber, where he found her declaring all that had happened, appointing him that Night to come thither. *Lavula* returning, would not make known his coming to her that Night, because she should not break her sleep.

At the time appointed *Palian* was in the Garden, and *Lavula* ready to receive him, conducting him up the Stairs to the Princess's Chamber, who was then in her Bed and fast asleep: Seating himself down by her, although the Lights where out, yet by the brightness of the Moon, whose splendor shined clear upon the Bed, he might take a view of her, who by reason of the heat, lay with all the Curtains folded, and the covering that lay upon her so thin, that the full Proportion of her delicate Body might easily to be seen, the same being folded down below her waste, her Neck naked, and her Ivory Breasts passing Description, laying forth their Beauties, her Arms spread one above her head, the other down by her side.

Palian beholding this pleasant Sight (which was able to ravish the Senses of a modest Beholder) his Heart was so inflamed as he had much ado to abstain from touching that Beauty. He had not stood long, being troubled with some slumbering Motion, she awaked, and espying one so near her Bed-side, was ready to give a Shriek; but with more regard noting his Habit, she knew him, discovering her self from his sight, until he entreated her to pardon his Boldness, protesting his Intent was not to disquiet her.

I am not disquieted (quoth she) now I know you; but I marvel I was not acquainted with your coming; it is *Lavula*'s doings hath used me thus immodestly.

I humbly beseech you, quoth he, take no Offence thereat, but pardon us both, the greatest fault is mine, for which I am contented to abide any any Punishment.

Your Punishment (said she) cannot be great, your Offences being done to me that love you more than my self:

And

And if I have discovered what Modesty will not permit,
The Offence being done by you, pray pardon it.

The sight, quoth he, can procure no Offence, for it hurteth not; therefore seeing I committed no Injury; but where there is mutual Love, and Consent in Love, there nothing can breed Offence but Disloyalty, which is as far from me as Impossibilities, then I can no way offend, but in that, and in that I will never Offend.

All this may be granted (quoth she) in you, but not in me; for I count it a great Offence to be Immodest, and nothing more contrary to perfect Vertue.

You cannot offend (quoth he) in that to me, for having giving your self mine, why should I not both see, touch and enjoy you? The first being granted, the last cannot be denied: It is not the outward Action that unites the Heart, but the inward Consent.

I deny you not, (said she) all that I have is yours, by my own Consent and free Gift, yet you must forbear Possession until the Bargain be confirmed before Witnesses; otherwise your Title is not good.

Yes, (said he) my Title is better by your Gift, than by a thousand Witnesses; for if you deny, they cannot avail me, therefore since you cannot deny my Interest, yield me Possession.

These Words were intermingled with many Kisses and Imbraces able to stir Affections to the height; so that knowing his Meaning by his Words, she said, Dear Knight, I understand your Meaning, which I will not, nor cannot grant, but in any thing else you shall command me, only I desire and am resolved to preserve my Virginity without Blemish; therefore, good Knight, requeſt it not, having so much as you cannot desire more: my Life, my Company, my Love, and all is at your Disposition; only I challenge you, as you are a Knight, not to blemish my Vertue.

Notwithstanding he so much prevailed with her at last, that she gave her Consent, he should the next Night be joyned to her in Marriage, by such means as she would compass, and then he should without Denial attain his Desire.

This contented him not, but he grew to such importunate

Requests, intermingled with such Oaths and Protestations, being such as no reasonable Man would have demanded, and framing in himself such a kind of desperate Behaviour, that she could not tell how to deny him, and at last calling *Lanula* unto her, she whispered a few words in her Ear, whereupon drawing the Curtains, she departed the Chamber.

Palian seeing that, put off his Apparel, and laid himself down by her, folding her delicate Body in his Arms, with sweet Embraces expressing both their Loves; but she kept her Word, for notwithstanding he did what he else desired, yet she reserved her Virginity inviolable; adjuring him by so many Entreaties for to leave that unattempted, often intermingling her Words with such effusion of Tears, that the hardest Heart would have yielded unto her, promising, that if she did not compass her Marriage the next Night, that he should assuredly attain his Desire, though she hazarded her Life to accomplish it.

In these and such-like Speeches, the Night was unawares to them overpast, and the necessity of the Time forced his Departure, that taking his leave of her with many ceremonious Farewels, he apparelled himself, and left her to meditate on that which had past between them.

CHAP. XXI.

How Montelion *discovered* Palian's *Deceit, and how he was, in some sort, revenged, before* Persicles *to Depart.*

IT chanced that Morning that *Montelion* was early up, and being possessed with a troubled Head, and a love-sick Heart, walked up and down the Garden, and in a melancholy Dump seated himself down in an Arbour over against *Praxentia*'s Lodging, even at the same time as *Palian* departed; who seeing one come privately from thence, secretly following him till he came to his Lodging, *Montelion* then began to think it was some Messenger either sent from her to *Palian*, or returned with an Answer of some Message he had delivered, or that it might be *Palian* himself, whom he resembled in Proportion, but not in Habit.

The Day now growing aged, he found out *Persicles*, with whom he kept company all that Day, thinking indeed that it was *Palian* himself that he had seen, for that he had kept his Chamber most part of the Day. When it grew towards Night, he disguised himself, and girding his Sword to his side, he entred the

the Garden; and as he walked by the Door, with purpose to take up his ſtanding in the Arbor, *Lanula* was come down by the way to bring a Fryar in, who ſhould ſecretly knit up the Marriage, and eſpying one go by, ſhe thought it was him that was appointed to come, and called, ſaying, Who is there, *Montelion?* He hearing that, ſaid, It is I. You come too ſoon (quoth ſhe) the Fryar that ſhall marry you to *Praxentia* is not yet come, for whom I am now going. He was half amazed, but thinking to find out the Truth, ſaid, What ſhall I do then? (Quoth ſhe) Return and change your Apparel, for if you come in this, ſhe will be offended, for many troubled Thoughts have poſſeſſed her Mind this Day: ſhe fell out with me wonderfully for bringing you in the laſt Night, when ſhe was in Bed; and when ſhe bad me draw the Curtains and be gone, I thought you would have pleaſed her, e'er you parted: But faith tell me, was ſhe not kind; had you not what you would have? *Montelion* bluſhing to hear her immodeſt Queſtions, made no Anſwer, ſoothing her until her flattering Tongue had bewrayed all the Miſcheif herſelf was guilty of. Well (quoth ſhe) ſtay here till I am returned, and then you ſhall go with me, for I dare not let you in before.

Montelion wondring at this Accident by the Circumſtances that he had heard, aſſured himſelf that ſome Man in his Name had attained her Love, which fretted his Heart with ſuch Vexation, that he was ready to run mad with Grief: but calling himſelf to remembrance, he ſaid, You may ſave the labour, I have dealt with one to that Effect, who promiſed me to meet me within this Hour; return therefore, and my ſelf will ſtay his coming. *Lanula* thought nothing, but went in, telling the Princeſs why ſhe returned ſo ſoon. *Montelion* covering his Face as privily as he could from being diſcovered, walked up and down by the Door, and in ſhort ſpace he eſpyed *Palian* coming, and asked who was there, Are you *Montelion?* I am, ſaid *Palian*. I am the Fryar, quoth he, that am appointed to marry you to *Praxentia*. With that he embraced him, deſiring him to make no Queſtion, but with all ſpeed to diſpatch the thing he had undertaken. I will do it, ſaid he, out of hand. Being both together come to the Door, and by *Lanula* brought into the Chamber, *Praxentia* embraced *Palian*, ſaying, Welcome, my dear Knight, *Montelion*, this joyful Hour ſhall make us both happy, which I have with great Deſire wiſhed for.

I cannot, quoth he, yield you more than hearty Thanks, and vow by Heaven and Earth never to deal disloyal with you in Thought, Word, or Deed; therefore according to your Pleasure let it be done. *Montelion*, so well as he could, counterfeited the Fryar, and desired a Light: My Friend, said *Palian*, it may discover us. Shall I then wed, quoth he, I know not whom?

Nay, said *Lanula*, never fear to be discovered, for on my life here is none that suspecteth. With that she lighted a Candle, setting it far off on the Table: and presently he said to *Praxentia*, This is not *Montelion*, but some Villian that hath betrayed you; and discovering his Face they both knew him. Her Heart with sudden Grief was ready to burst, and he with a sad Countenance stood like one transformed; and *Lanula* with abundance of Tears stood wringing her Hands; and *Palian* with very Shame, stood as one bereft of Sence, whilst *Montelion* said, What disloyal and most dishonourable Dealing is this in a Prince, whose Mind should harbour nothing but Vertue? Can Dissimulation take such deep root in a Royal Breast? Then well may base-born Peasants be excused for barbarous and faithless Dealing; unworthy to be so worthy of that Name. Was there none to exercise your detested Practice upon, but the Daughter of a King, and in the Name of a strange Knight, that by his Deeds seeketh Honour? What Impiety can be compared to this? Indeed such an Act desireth Obscurity, therefore you did well to deny Light, for were it Day, the Sun would blush, or withdraw his Splendor amongst the misty Clouds to behold it. Well, may he live, but for ever will he be hated, that seeketh to fulfil his Content by such disloyal Dealings.

Base Fellow, quoth *Palian*, presumest thou upon my Lenity to abuse me? I count it no Dishonour to win the Love of so beautiful a Lady by any Hazard: yet it grieveth me that I was compelled to name myself after him I account my Inferiour.

Ay, said she, you are Superiour in Birth, but not in Vertue.

By Heaven, quoth *Montelion*, thou hast so much dishonoured this Lady, and injured me, that thou art not worthy to live, and were it not to offend her sacred Eyes with slaughter, she should behold thy Massacre: with that he drew his Sword.

Now, good Friend, quoth she, stay thy Hand, indeed it will offend me, therefore let him go and live to my Dishonour and his Shame; for I will not be guilty of his Death. And I beseech thee,

thee, as thou favoureſt Vertue, not to diſcloſe it to any, leaſt hearing it ſpoken by others, it procure my Death; as for him, I think Shame will with-hold him from blazing his own and my Reproach: for *Lanula*, ſhe hath done me Wrong againſt her Will.

For my part, dear Lady, quoth *Montelion*, it ſhall never paſs my Lips, while Life doth laſt, for I ſo much abhor the Fact, that I hate to hear of it.

Palian ſeeing his Policy diſcloſed, thought it was now no time to recant, for he well perceived ſhe mortally hated him; he was ſo overcome, that he ſtood like a living Creature transformed to a ſenſeleſs Picture. She pulled from her Neck a rich Jewel, and gave to *Montelion* in conſideration of his Pains, withdrawing her from their Company. *Palian*, what with Shame and Grief, went from thence in a Rage ready to run mad, ſpending his time in ſuch Anguiſh, Studies, Plots and Devices, which way to win her Love, that within ſhort ſpace he became ſo ſick that all Men expected his Death.

Montelion caſting off the Affection he had entertained, with a Conceit that *Palian* had diſhonoured her, as he might well ſuppoſe by *Lanula*'s Speeches, haſted *Perſicles* in Search of *Conſtantia*, not once diſcovering the reaſon why he had altered his Mind, reſolving never to ſet his Fancy upon Lady's Beauty again, which did but diſquiet the Mind, and make it unapt to practice Vertue, promiſing never to leave ſearching until he had found his Parents, and Aid him in ſearch of *Conſtantia*.

The prefixed Day being come, they armed themſelves, none knowing the Intent of their Departure but *Piera*. Taking their leave of the Emperour and Empreſs with great Solemnity, the hearty Love of thouſands of Perſians wiſhing them good Succeſs, many ſeeming dead with Grief for their Departure, who with their Tilts, and Tourneys, and Triumphs, had delighted the Eyes of all the Beholders. *Perſicles* was armed in black Armour, with all his Furniture correſpondent, and *Montelion* in Armour of Silver without any Device at all therein, with his Horſe and Furniture as white as Snow, that by their Difference they might eaſily be known by all Men.

Chap. XXII.

Of certain strange Adventures that befel Persicles *and* Montelion, *by which they were parted. The Conference that* Persicles *had with* Delatus, *which contained the History of* Delatus's *Misfortunes. How* Persicles, *by* Delatus's *Counsel, returned into* Assyria.

BEing without the City, and parted from all Company, they travelled towards *Arabia*, spending many Days without any Adventure, and over-passing the tediousness of that Travel, in conference of sundry Matters, but especially *Persicles* deciphered the Favour, Proportion, Beauty and Countenance of *Constantia*, that *Montelion* might the better know her. With tedious Travel, they arrived in a pleasant Valley, through the midst whereof ran a most pleasant River, whose Crystal Streams ran with great swiftness, washing the pebble Stones in the bottom so clear, that they might easily be discerned. Riding along by the River-side, they beheld a far off, two Damsels all in White on Horse-back, crossing the Meadow with such swiftness, that they were soon out of sight: *Montelion* desiring to know what they were, desired *Persicles* to return: with that, he spurred his Horse, who ran so swiftly, that the Earth seemed to shake under him, riding a Mile before he could overtake them, but so soon as they espyed him, they turned back, and one of them said:

As thou art a Knight, and favourest the Distress of wronged Ladies, pity us, and vouchsafe your Aid to redeem our Mistress, who was even now taken from us by three monstrous Gyants.

Fair Virgins, (quoth he) I profess Arms, and to my uttermost will assist you, else were I not worthy the Name of a Knight; therefore let me know her Name.

She is (said they) Daughter to *Amphiador*, Duke of *Ila*, her name is *Philotheta*; for Beauty, Vertue, Modesty, Shape, Courtesie, Humility, Temperance, Chastity, and Wisdom, not to be equalled, therefore the more to be pitied, and succoured in Distress; we are passing back to bring this heavy News unto the Court, and while we stay here, she runs in further Danger.

Which way went they? (said he.) Directly by the way we came, (quoth they) whom we should have followed further, but that we durst not venture over the River after them. With that

that *Montelon* returned back, declaring to *Perſicles* what he had heard.

If Report lie not (ſaid *Perſicles*) the Damſels have not flatteringly praiſed her, I have before this heard of her. Then both of them haſted to follow her, paſſed that River with much danger of drowning. When they had rode two Hours they met with a Country Swain running forward ſo fearfully, as if he had been purſued: Fellow, (ſaid *Perſicles*) what aileſt thou?

O Sir, (quoth he) I met with three of the hugeſt Men that ever I beheld in my Life, carrying a Lady that made great Lamentation. Hearing this, they poſted down the Way that was beaten plain, at laſt the ſame parted in two Ways, and being doubtful which of them to take, they concluded to part, embracing each other as if they ſhould never meet again, *Perſicles* on the right Hand, and *Montelon* on the Left. On whoſe ſeveral Adventures ſtrange Accidents befel.

Perſicles rode on with great ſwiftneſs, not once ſetting Eye on them, for that Way they went not: therefore he ſpent much labour in vain, until it grew to Night, and then he thought it in vain to ſeek them, and wandred about to ſeek ſome convenient Place to reſt in, but he could not, for thoſe Deſarts were not inhabited. At laſt drawing nigh to a rocky Hill, he might eſpy a glimering Light to ſhine through the hollow Clefts thereof: and thitherwards he went, perceiving it to be ſome poor Habitation, he alighted, tying his Horſe to a Buſh; and knocking at the Door, it opened of it ſelf, and he eſpyed an aged Man ſitting over a little Fire very buſie turning of Roots, which he roaſted; and caſting up his Eyes, and eſpying *Perſicles*, ſaid unto him, Come in, good Knight, Diſtreſs I know hath brought you hither, elſe you would not walk theſe Deſarts ſo late.

Pardon me, good Father, (quoth he) for this bold Intruſion. You gueſs arright of my Eſtate, for I have wandred out of my Way, and ſought long for ſome Habitation, but was fruſtrated, until I was brought hither by the Light of your Candle.

Sir, (ſaid the old Man,) you are welcome; and I wiſh I were able to comfort you in ſome good ſort; but ſuch as my poor Habitation yieldeth, if you pleaſe to ſtay this Night, ſhall be at your command: Neither are you the firſt Man that hath been entertained by me: therefore diſdain me not for my good Will.

Father, (ſaid he) I greatly accept your Proffer, and thank you for

for this Kindneſs which exceeds my Deſert, or Means to requite it, and the rather I deſire your Company and Conference, by reaſon I am a Stranger in this Country, and would gladly hear ſomething thereof by your Report.

Sir, (ſaid the Hermit) firſt ſit down and take ſuch ſpare Diet as my Houſe affords, and then I will tell you what I can to ſatisfie you. Whereupon he thus began:

Sir, I ſhall firſt diſcover what I am, and the Cauſe of my living in this obſcure Place, and withal diſcover thoſe things that you think are beyond my knowledge: For no want of Misfortune, or Fear of being diſcovered, hath made me chuſe this ſolitary Life, but my own voluntary Fancy, which perſwades me I can no way live with my unfortunate Diſpoſition: neither would I have you think I intend to fill your Ears with idle Prattle, or Repetition of Toys, but as I intend to eaſe your Heart of ſome other Care it poſſeſſeth; ſo I deſire you by hearing my Misfortune and aiding my Eſtate, to eaſe me, or at leaſt to comfort me with Hope of your faithful Aſſiſtance; for I know your Name, Country, Cauſe of Travel, Means of Remedy, and your Succeſs hereafter, which I will declare unto you, when you have heard out my Tragick Story, which I cannot but utter firſt.

Perſicles wondred to hear his Speech, little thinking he could perform what he promiſed; but yet determining to try him, and deſirous of Comfort, he entreated him to proceed, for he was deſirous to hear his Diſcourſe.

Sir, ſaid the Hermet, my Name in my flouriſhing Eſtate was called *Delatus*; my Dignity, is the Dukedom of *Ila*, which I enjoyed many Years in quiet, being both inriched in the Gifts of Fortune and Nature; for in my Youth I chanced to ſet my Affection on the Beauty of *Alſala*, being Daughter to a Gentleman of *Antiochia*, not for her Poſſeſſions, but for her Beauty, which ſurpaſſed all the Ladies of the South Part of this Continent; I ſued long, and at laſt obtianed her Conſent, married her, and brought her into *Ila*, where I lived with her a Year in great Content, being in that ſpace inriched with a Daughter, naming her *Philotheta*, in her Infancy ſhewing what more Years would perform in her more exquiſite Beauty, which is the Virgin you now Travel in ſearch of. Living in this bliſsful Content, there chanced a Knight, named *Amphiador*, to take a View of my fair *Alſala*'s Beauty, which at the firſt ſight peirced ſo deep, that he was intangled therewith, and laboured by all means to grow into Familiarity, there-

thereby to enjoy more fully her Sight and Company; Fortune and my self so favoured him, that I esteemed so well of his Company, that I did think my self not well when he was from me: he on the other side seeming so much to effect me, that I admired his Kindness. All this time he insinuated himself into *Alsala*'s Company, she also esteeming so honourably of him, that by reason of the Love between him and me, and her little Suspect of his disloyal Dealing, she always admitted him into her Company, and used him so familiarly, that she made him privy to all her Counsels. Notwithstanding all this, he durst not shew Love to her, seeing indeed her Vertue to be such, that he did think it impossible to attain it; thinking it better to live in Silence, and enjoy her Company, than by uttering his Affection to be deprived of all Comfort. Upon a time, as he did, there arrived at my Castle another Knight, named *Pallesus*, who in the same manner as he had done, surfeited on *Alsala*'s Beauty, and was admitted to mine and *Amphiador*'s Company, both esteeming well of him for many honourable Qualities that he was endued withal; as little suspecting *Amphiador*'s Love as he did his, nor I, nor *Alsala* once thinking any such matter, for that our Kindness bred to us such Familiarity, as many passionate and amorous Actions might be acted, and yet no way suspected.

Thus did I live in great Content some two Years, spending my time in Hawking, Hunting, and other Pastimes, as void of Disquiet as Heart could wish, thinking my self happy in their Kindness, but most in *Alsala*'s Beauty; they with coloured Courtesie seeming to live by enjoying my Company and Familiarity, and she as much as I esteeming them for their Love: But at last, this pleasant Summer began to turn to Winter, and our sweet Content to Discontent; for *Pallesus*'s Love burst into a Flame which he was unable to restrain, so that in secret he gave *Alsala* knowledge thereof, which was as horrid to her hearing, as for one to hear that he hath drunk Poison: but notwithstanding, her Mind being endued with Vertue and Courtesie, in kind sort reproved him, wishing him not to prosecute any such matter, for she would never yield thereto; notwithstanding her courteous Denial, bred in him no Remorse, but rather hope of Comfort, that continually he followed his Suit, which bred much trouble in her Mind, that whereas she was before delightful and pleasant, she became so melancholy and sad, that I admired at it; but I could not learn the Cause thereof, thinking it had been some Sick-

ness,

neſs, rather than Trouble of Mind: Being long thus troubled with his Love, ſhe began to deviſe how to be rid of it, ſo that it might not come to my knowledge; for her vertuous Love made her loth to diſquiet me, relying upon *Amphiador*'s Vertues, ſhe thought by his Aſſiſtance to rid herſelf of *Palleſus*; therefore on a time being with him in ſecret, ſhe told all the Circumſtance to him, deſiring his Counſel, and to diſſwade *Palleſus* from doing me ſuch Diſhonour: *Amphiador*'s Heart was ſuddenly poſſeſt with a jealous Conceit againſt the ſaid *Palleſus*; but he meant by that Means to attain his Deſire, and coming to *Palleſus* he told him what *Alſala* had made him privy unto, not diſſwading him, but counſelling him to perſiſt therein, promiſing he would by all means he could to further the ſame. *Palleſus* was ſomewhat comforted therewith, and ſhe was more chearful, hoping by *Amphiador*'s Means to be rid of his Love.

Amphiador one Day being alone with me in my Forreſt, firſt uſing many Entreaties to me to be ſecret, and binding me by many Oaths not to declare it to any, he told me, That *Palleſus* did make Love to *Alſala*, and that it was likely ſhe would yield thereto, giving me notice that they oftentimes met in ſecret; and withal, giving me counſel to note their Glances and Behaviours, and I ſhould find that to be true, which I leaſt thought of; proteſting, that meer Love to me, in regard of my Honour, and his own Duty, bound him to diſcover it, which otherwiſe he would never have revealed. With this my Mind was much diſquieted, but I would not too raſhly give Credit to his Speeches, before I had obſerved their Behaviour ſome time, which I found to be ſomewhat familiar, of deep Affection on his part, but on hers with a contrary Intent, leſt her Countenance ſhould bewray his Love to her, which ſhe knew would breed my Diſquiet. By reaſon of *Amphiador*'s Perſwaſion, who continually augmented my Suſpition, I then began to ſuſpect them, and grew to extream Jealouſie, aſſuring my ſelf they dealt Diſloyally with me; purpoſing to work Revenge againſt them: but then he began to perſwade me not to Condemn them without manifeſt Proof, as much perſwading me not to think ſo, as before he had done to perſwade me thereto: Nothing then could alter my Mind, my vehement Diſquiet would not ſuffer me to reſt, nor to find his Deceit. One Day being alone, I complained againſt my hard Fortune and her Diſloyalty, and in the midſt of theſe Complaints he found me out, intending by my Overthrow to work his Deſire. I ſeeing him

near

near me, after ſome conference I deſired him to counſel me the beſt way to ſalve theſe Evils, to be aſſured of the Truth, and to do it without my Reproach or Scandal, for I am loth to accuſe her without juſt Proof.

If (ſaid he) I may then counſel you, thus would I adviſe you to do: The King is now ſick, and hath ſent for many of his Nobles to come to him; ſay you alſo that you have received Letters from him, and that you muſt three Days hence depart to the Court; by this you ſhall find out the truth thereof, and at the time of your departure, deſire *Pelleſus* to bear you company, which if he refuſe, you may then judge of him accordingly: my ſelf will then accompany you to my Caſtle, wherein you ſhall remain in ſecret a while, and, I in a Diſguiſe, unknown to any, will return, and will carefully note their Behaviour at all times to find the truth thereof. I liked well of his Counſel, and followed the ſame, making my departure known to *Alſala*, who with a heavy Heart lamented to hear of my Abſence; which then (by reaſon of my Suſpect) I eſteemed to be Diſſimulation: *Amphiador* in the mean time went to *Palleſus*, and told him by reaſon of ſome Conceit or Suſpicion I had lately conceived, I would carry him with me to the Court, and therefore willed him to be abſent at that inſtant. The time of departure being come, I thought to find him, but he was gone, which augmented my Suſpicion to a Reſolution; but intending to try the utmoſt of all, and truſting to *Amphiador*'s Faithfulneſs, I went with him unto his Caſtle, ſtaying there three Days: in the mean time, (I thinking he had been returned to my Caſtle) he went to an Enchanter named *Penthraſus*, promiſing him if he would but work means to rid me away, ſo that I might never return, when ſhe came to Years, to produce her to conſent to his Love. *Penthraſus* at the firſt ſight liked the Proffer, and promiſed to undertake the ſame, taking a ſolemn Oath never to diſcover it. Now fearing leſt ſome other ſhould prevent him, and to avoid his Wive's Suſpicion, who had great knowledge in Necromancy, and often by her Skill croſſed his Practiſes, and withal unwilling to be guilty of my Blood; after I was delivered to him, he brought me to this place, caſting Charms upon me, that I ſhould never be releaſed; and when he had done, he told of *Amphiador*'s Practice againſt me. I then entreated him to releaſe me, promiſing to fulfil whatſoever *Amphiador* had promiſed him; but nothing could prevail, for he told me he had by a ſolmen Oath

bound him to perform, which he could not break, for if he did, by that he should lose the Vertue of his Art. Then did I lament my Misfortunes with bitter Exclaims, but he told me it was in vain, and so departed; here did I live many Years past hope of all Comfort, thinking to end my Days in this place without ever hearing of them again; but at last *Penthrasus* came to me again, rehearsing the Sequel of this History following:

Amphiador being sure enough of me, returned to my Castle, and coming to *Alsala*, told her, That the Day after I went from thence, *Pallesus* had set upon me with an Ambush of Men, and so slain me; telling the same with such Protestations, and Probality of Truth, that she could not chuse but believe him, counselling her in secret to apprehend him, and cast him in Prison. *Alsala* hearing this, had much ado to keep Life within her, having scarce breath enough to command her Servants to appprehend him, whilst *Amphiador* laboured, with such as were about her, to keep Life in her.

The Rumour of my Death was soon spread abroad, and my Servants believing the same, some posted to the Court, some searching for my Body, none finding me alive or dead, for which *Amphiador* had still an Answer ready to satisfie any Doubt. *Pallesus* hearing that it was *Amphiador* accused him, and for no less matter than my Death, (as he might well) denied the same, and often intreated *Alsala* to let him be brought to his Tryal. But being oversway'd by *Amphiador*'s Perswasions, and being before troubled with his Love, whereby he sought to Dishonour me that was his Friend, which bred a Perswasion in her, that to attain that, he sought my Life, and would give no Credit to him, but he should dye; and within few Days after, she apparelled her self, her Servants, and all her Atttendants in mourning Weeds, and departing to the Court, craved Justice of the King against *Pallesus* for murdering me. The King told her she should have Justice; whereupon *Pallesus* was brought before the King, and there accused by *Amphiador*; he alledging all the false Accusations he could, and the other still pleading his Innocency, that in the end *Amphiador* desired the King to grant him a Combat against *Pallesus*, which should end the Doubt of all the Controversie; so the King granted it, and appointed a Day for the Tryal; in which violent Combat, cruel Fortune so ordered the Issue, that *Pallesus* was slain, and all Men accounted him guilty; and me dead, yielding much Honour to *Amphiador*; and the

the King in Recompence of his ſuppoſed Loyalty to me, and for that I dyed without an Heir, created him Duke of *Ila*, yet reſerving the Living to *Alſala* during her Life: This done, *Alſala* returned towards *Ila*, and *Amphiador* with her, very ſore wounded; of whom ſhe had a ſpecial Care, tendring him as her ſelf for the love he had ſhewed her in becoming her Champion in Revenge of my Death. After he had recovered his Wounds, he continued many Days with her, not once mentioning any Love to her, ſeeming with her to lament my loſs; but all things in time wear out of mind, ſo did her Sorrow for me, and ſhe began to conceive well of him, which he perceiving, did proſecute his Love with ſuch Succeſs, that in the end he married her; which when *Penthraſus* declared to me, it ſtruck my Heart with deadly Grief; then I deſired him to releaſe me from this Miſery.

Neither (ſaid *Penthraſus*) do I intend to claim the Performance of *Amphiador*'s Promiſe, for *Philotheta* is Fair, Chaſt, and Vertuous, neither will I reveal this Secret to any but your ſelf, nor ſhall you depart from hence till the time of the Enchanted Tower be ended, built by *Helion*, in which he hath ſhut *Conſtantia*, Daughter to the Emperour of *Perſia*, and betrothed Wife to *Perſicles*, King of *Aſſyria*, who ſhall be the firſt Knight that ſhall arrive in this Place; neither ſhall the Enchantment be ended by any but the Son of *Perſicles*, begotten of *Conſtantia*; For, (quoth he) the Date of my Life is at an end, and at ſuch time as *Perſicles* arriveth here, will him to return into *Aſſyria* to eſtabliſh his Kingdom in Peace; for it will be in vain for him to ſpend his Days in Travel to redeem her, the finiſhing whereof muſt be by his own Son. When he had ſpoken theſe Words he vaniſhed, appointing me to a certain Bound which I cannot paſs, nor any yet come into but only your ſelf, which aſſureth me that you are *Perſicles*, and travel in ſearch of *Conſtantia*.

You have (ſaid *Perſicles*) filled my Heart with Fear, Hope, and Comfort; the one ſtriving to overmaſter the other; Fear that the Enchanter diſſembled, for that I have as yet no Son, nor never ſhall have by *Conſtantia*; for ſhe being ſtill enchanted, how ſhall I attain her company; Yet again, I am ſomewhat comforted that he could as well tell who would finiſh the Enchantment he had made, as my coming to this Place, for I am the moſt forlorn King of *Aſſyria*, that ſhall never enjoy Comfort till ſhe be releaſed, which Doubt perſwadeth me will never be; for if I muſt now return into *Aſſyria*, how ſhall I hope to find Comfort?

Yet be of good Comfort (quoth the Hermet) for Hope hath preſerved my Life many Years, aſſuring my ſelf, that *Penthraſus* told me nothing but truth: Why ſhould you diſpair more than I, ſince both our Comforts reſt on her Releaſe? But according to his Counſel travel no further, for it were in vain to do that which can yield no hope of Comfort.

In doing ſo (ſaid he) I ſhall diſhonour my ſelf, and leave my Friend unkindly, whoſe Deſerts hath bound my Life, to requite his Love, who hath only for my ſake undertaken to Travel in ſearch of *Conſtantia*, the cauſe of whoſe Departure from me, was in ſeach of your Daughter *Philotheta*, that is reputed to be Daughter to *Amphiador*, who was this Day ſtolen from *Ila*, by three Gyants: Then he declared how they came to the knowledge thereof.

It did him good to hear that ſhe was living, ſo that he rejoyced greatly thereat; withal, enquiring of him what Knight that was who was gone in her Reſcue.

Perſicles then ſaid, It were too tedious to make recital of him, for then I ſhould rehearſe the Diſcourſe of my Misfortunes. Were it not troubleſome (quoth the Duke) I would deſire to hear them. To requite your Kindneſs, (ſaid he) I will rehearſe the ſame, which yet I have kept from all Men but *Montelion*: With that, he declared all from the beginning of his firſt Love to that Hour, which when he heard, he wondred who that Knight *Montelion* ſhould be.

The Night being ſpent in this Diſcourſe, and bright *Phœbus* ſhining on the Deſart, he knew not what was beſt, either to depart or ſtay; but at laſt being perſwaded by *Delatus*, he took his leave of him with many courteous Farewels, and mounting himſelf on Horſeback, he departed directly towards the Kingdom of *Aſſyria*.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Combat Montelion *fought againſt three Gyants: and how he reſcued* Philotchta, *and what befel them in the Hermet's Cell.*

Montelion being parted from *Perſicles*, haſted with more than ordinary pace after *Philotheta*, and overtook them about the ſetting of the Evening, running at the hindmoſt with ſo fierce a Carreer, that he overturned him with his Heels upwards, and was charging ſo violently againſt the ſecond, that had he not avoided the point of his Launce, he had ſeconded his Fellow. Then he that was overthrown, went towards *Montelion*, offering ſuch a forcible blow at him, that if he had not ſpurred his Steed to avoid him, he had either ſlain him or his Horſe: But *Montelion* knowing it better to fight on Foot than on Horſe-back, alighted; whilſt the Gyant came towards him again, thinking at one blow to beat him in pieces, the other two ſeeing him on Foot, went away laughing; but the Gyant miſſing his aim by reaſon of *Montelion*'s Nimbleneſs, was ready to turn about with the force of his blow; in which time *Montelion* leaped within him and thruſt his Sword ſo far in his Body that he fell down dead. The other ſeeing that, one of them came running back to reſcue him, whom *Montelion* ſoon eſpyed, being ready to receive him. The Gyant ſeeing his Fellow dead, thought at one blow to end *Montelion*'s Life, that he ſtruck at him with all his force, but he avoided his blow, not yet daring to come within him until he was ſomewhat out of Breath, being furious for Revenge, but more mad to miſs ſo many blows, he ſtruck ſo full and violently at *Montelion*, that his maſſy Club ſtuck in the Earth, and whilſt he laboured to pull it out, *Montelion* ſtruck him ſo full a blow on the Arm, that he cut the ſame quite off, whereat he gave ſuch a groan that all the place rung with the noiſe thereof, running away as faſt as he could towards *Montelion*'s Horſe, whom he affrighted ſo much with his griſly and bluſtering approach, that he brake in ſunder the reins of his Bridle and ran away with great ſwiftneſs: *Montelion* was exceedingly vexed for lack of his Horſe, not knowing for want of him what to do, and by reaſon of the Night's approach, he ſtill purſued the Gyant, keeping him in ſight as long as he could, whom at laſt he loſt. Seeing himſelf ſo diſappointed and unhorſed, he began to ſtudy what to do, at laſt being paſt hope of finding them or his Steed, by reaſon of the darkneſs of the Night,

Night, he went wandring up and down to ſeek a place of reſt, leſt ſome wild Beaſt might devour him; coming to a Wood with a purpoſe to paſs through the ſame, he heard the ſound of a big Voice, which made him ſtand ſtill and liſten, and with ſoftly ſteps, drawing thitherwards, he perceived it was the Gyants, who did curſe and damn him for croſſing their Journey.

What ſhall we do (quoth one of them) ſhall we ſtay here or no? We ſhall wander I know not whither; A plaugue on that white Devil that haunted us; I am ſure he is no Man, for we are Men; and one Man ſhould be as good in fight as another: But you like cowardly Slaves have ſuffered ſuch a Wretch to have the advantage of you. Hold thy pratling, ſaid the other, thou couldeſt have done no more than we: Thou needeſt not vex me, I am vexed enough with the loſs of my Arm; let us reſt here till Day, and then we will be gone, for he hath work enough to find his Horſe. *Philotheta* was ſo affrighted with Fear, that ſhe lay like one in a Trance, to whom one of them ſaid, Sweet *Philotheta*, be not offended with me, for I have loved thee long, and long expected this happy Hour to enjoy thee; be content to lodge on the cold Earth one Night for my ſake, who have loſt many a Nights ſleep for thine; neither ſhalt thou lye on the Earth, for my Body ſhall be thy Bed, whilſt my Arms embrace thee; then did he take her in his Arms, beſtowing many a loathſome Kiſs upon her; but ſhe, for fear, durſt not cry out. *Montelion* ſtood and heard all their unreverent Uſage, wiſhing it were Day, that he might revenge their Diſloyalty. They had not lain long, but one and then the other fell faſt aſleep, which he knew by their ſnorting, thinking it no Diſcredit to ſlaughter ſuch Miſcreants that delighted in no Knightly Action but in Wrong and Oppreſſion; and drawing near unto them, *Philotheta* eſpied him, and by reaſon of his white Armour knew him, deſirous ſhe was to ſpeak to him, but being fearful to awake her Keeper, which held her, and yet ſhe knew the care of her Affright hindred him from Revenge, at laſt ſo boldly as ſhe durſt, ſhe lifted her Hand and beckoned *Montelion* to her, and pointing to the Gyant, he underſtanding her meaning, thruſt his Sword into him, that had her folded in his Arms, who ſtriving with the Pangs, ſhe had the liberty to leap from him, roaring forth ſuch a Groan as all the Wood ſounded therewith; and his Fellow being half amazed ſtarted up ready to run away, but *Montelion*'s Sword overtook his hindermoſt Leg, at one blow he cut in ſunder the Sinews,

and

and he fell down, holding up his Hands for Mercy; but with the next blow he pierced his Brains, ſo that he dyed a moſt miſerable Death.

The other had received no mortal Wound, for the point of his Sword lighting upon one of his Ribs, was ſtayed from ending his Life, who, whilſt *Montelion* was ſlaughtering the other, had recovered his Staff, bending a full blow at *Montelion*, who by good Fortune, and *Philotheta*'s Shriek, turned about, and eſpying the ſame coming, broke half the force, and running in withal, ran his Sword quite up his Body, but with the Bruiſe he received, fell down himſelf into a Trance.

Philotheta thinking he had been dead, run to him with ſpeed, ſtriving with her tender Hand to unbuckle his Beaver, and unlace his Hemlet to give him Breath; which though long, yet at laſt ſhe attained, but ſeeing him bereft of his Senſes, her Lamentations were ſuch as would have turned Revenge into Remorſe, and thoſe ſenſleſs Teers into Pity, and the Birds, hearing her Moan, left off their ſweet Notes to liſten to her mournful Plaint, which ſhe began after this manner:

Ah me! what will now become of me? How ſhall I eſcape further Miſery? here am I left alone ready to be devoured of wild Beaſts; yet what need I fear any Miſchief, when ſo great a Miſery hath befallen me, as greater cannot be? Her Laments conducted the ſteps of an aged Hermit that dwelt in thoſe Woods, to the place where ſhe lay weeping over *Montelion*, and being half affrighted, ſaid, If thou art a Man, pity me, and help me, to revive this Knight? If thou beeſt a Ghoſt, think not to affright me, for I am already full of Fear; and if thou beeſt neither, then tell me what thou art?

Damſel, (ſaid he) fear not, for I am a living Creature as thou art; I pity thy Diſtreſs, and will do my beſt to help you. And kneeling down by *Montelion*, rubbing his Cheeks, and laying his Hand upon his Breaſt, felt ſome ſign of Life in him, ſeeking for an Herb, which preſently he found, he bruiſed the ſame, letting the Juice fall into his Noſtrils, with the Vertue whereof his Vital Senſes returned to their former Operations, and his Eyes received their ſight. With that, raiſing himſelf upon his Arm, he ſaid: I perceive I have troubled you, and (as it were half aſhamed of himſelf) he deſired her not to be diſquieted at his Misfortunes. *Philotheta*'s Heart rejoyced to ſee him revived, not ſo well knowing what to ſay, now he was revived, as when

he

he was in his Trance, but her Vertue and his Desert constraining her, she could do no less than utter these Speeches:

Sir Knight, your Courtesie being so far beyond my Desert, bindeth me to yield you Thanks, and Thanks is an unsufficient Requital for your Pains; although I know you not, nor never saw you until this Day, yet your Valour and Courtesie in delivering me from Captivity, hath bound me to become Grateful, and deserveth more Recompence than I am able to yield.

Lady, said *Montelion*, the Heavens have assisted you, not my Valour, which I have attempted without Expectation of Recompence; If you think well of my Pains, it is all the Reward I crave.

The old Hermet perceiving some strange Accident had brought them thither, desired them, (*Montelion* being very sore bruised, and she much affrighted and disquieted) to accept of his Cell to repose in, until they could take better order for their Safety. *Montelion* thanked him, saying, He was pleased, so it liked the Lady. With that they began to go; but *Montelion* by reason of his sore Bruise, with much ado could stand. The Hermet taking him by the Arm, supported him, whilst he, with Grief that his Misfortunes had brought him to such a low Estate, said, It ill beseemeth Youth to be supported by Age; but no Man can prevent Destiny. *Philotheta* offered to lend him an Arm, but he desired her not to trouble herself.

Sir, (said the Hermet) refuse not her Courtesie, for in time of need it is not good to be too curious. With that she lent him her Arm, but he took her Hand, and that he thought as much Boldness as it was a Trouble, striving against the Weakness he hed received by his Bruise, to go upright; she likewise wondred that Nature had wrought in her such a familiar Regard towards him she knew not; often accusing herself of Lightness, and blushed when he grasped her tender Hand, that with exceeding Fear, and Fancy's striving, moistned her Palm; thinking with herself, now is my Estate altered, that to Day was free from Care, now suddenly brought to Bondage, and from Bondage to this Disquiet, and all in a moment; I am now like one that am content with Misery, and yet discontented with that Content: I could wish my self from hence, and yet were I gone, I should wish my self here again, because I desire the Knight's Welfare; and yet methinks I should not be too familiar, and yet I know he hath deserved more Courtesie than I can proffer. Many

ny ſuch thoughts poſſeſt her Fancy, that and other things for her part ſhortning the way to the Cell, where being arrived, the Hermet gave *Montelion* a Portion of commixed Drugs, which comforted him greatly, and *Philotheta* a Cup of Greekiſh Wine, which revived and quickned her affrighted Heart. There was no Light in the Room, therefore as yet, neither of them had ſeen each other; *Montelion* wiſhed the Day might appear that he might behold her Beauty; and ſhe, that ſhe might behold whether his Perſon was agreeable to his Proweſs, and the Hermet deſirous to ſee what Gueſts he had entertained. Seeing them both ſilent, the one abſtained for Grief, the other for Modeſty, after he had ſeated them on ſoft Ruſhes, he ſaid,

As it ſeems to me, you are Strangers one to another, which makes me deſirous to know what Accident hath befallen you: Father, ſaid he, indeed we are ſo, for as yet I never ſaw this Lady's Beauty; yet I know her Name is *Philotheta*, Daughter to the Duke of *Ila*; which knowledge I got by this means: As I and another Knight were travelling in ſearch of a Lady who hath been a long time miſſing, we chanced to eſpy two Damſels clad in White, paſſing us with great ſpeed, with whom I had conference, and they told me that this Lady was taken away from them by three Gyants; I returned to my Friend with this News, and we both poſted after them, until at a Croſs-way we parted, that if they went either way we ſhould overtake them; but it was my good Fortune to light on them, and by their Deaths to free the Lady, thinking my Valour well beſtowed, to redeem her from their Treachery.

Philotheta refrained to ſpeak, and only thanked him, fearing ſhe ſhould ſeem more courteous than Modeſty would permit, or more coy than Vertue required.

Sir, (ſaid the Hermet) I know theſe Gyants, and the manner of their Lives to be moſt inhumane and wicked, whoſe Habitation is not far off in the Deſart of *Arabia*, by whoſe Death the Country is freed from much Outrage, which they daily committed.

Sir, (ſaid *Montelion*) I pray what Country is this? It is *Arabia*, (quoth he.) Doth not *Helion* reign as King here? Sir, (replyed he) he did reign as King; but whither he is now living or no, it is doubtful: ſome ſay he is Enchanted in a Tower he built himſelf, ſituate not far off; from whence he cannot be releaſed until the Enchantment be ended, which many Knights of ſtrange Countries have adventured, but none can finiſh; the Cauſe of building

[illegible] no Man as yet can tell. *Philoclera* having heard before [illegible] and wearied with that Day's Travel, whilſt they were in [illegible] fell aſleep; which *Montelion* perceiving, ceaſed Converſation till Morning, being unwilling to wake her with their [illegible]. The firſt that awaked was the Hermet, who went to gather certain Herbs, leaving them both ſleeping, who both at once awaked, at the firſt bluſhing at each others ſight; he wondring at her exceeding Beauty, and ſhe at his exquiſite Perſon; he comparing the Damſels Report of her Beauty, and her other Gifts thereto, which he ſuppoſed beyond Conceit; and ſhe comparing his Valour to his Youth, and his Courteſie with both, thought her Eyes never beheld his Equal; ſtanding as it were enchanted with each other, neither being able to with-hold their Eyes from each other, but noting each others Behaviour, until *Montelion* aroſe, and ſhe did the like, he firſt breaking ſilence, ſaid,

Fair Lady, Now that the Sun hath baniſhed the miſty Clouds of the Night, you need not fear any Miſhap, for your Enemies being dead, I think there is none living of ſo Inhumane a Diſpoſition, as would diſquiet you; for my ſelf, my Life and all that I have reſteth at your Command.

Sir Knight, (ſaid ſhe) I thank you for your Kindneſs paſt, and now proffered, which hath rid me from that I was in, and out of fear of other Miſhaps to come, for your Vertue hath Authority againſt any wicked Action.

Before any further Speeches paſt, the Hermet came, bringing in his Hand the Herbs he had gathered, ſome of which he ſtamped and ſtrained, giving it *Montelion* to drink, others he boiled on the Fire, making thereof a dainty Diſh, which when they had taſted, the Hermet ſaid, Though I know you find your ſelf of ſufficient Strength, yet by my Counſel travel not this Day, for you may impair your Health; my ſelf, if it pleaſeth this Lady, will ſend a Meſſenger to *Ila*, to report her Safety.

Not ſo, quoth *Montelion*, my ſelf, if it pleaſe her to accept of my Service, will attend her thither, and that preſently. Sir, quoth ſhe, I would not have you endanger your Health for my ſake, that am in Safety, till ſuch time as you are perfectly recovered.

Then, ſaid the Hermet, you ſhall not in this place want any thing; nor fear Diſquiet, for here hath Security dwelt many Years, my ſelf being glad that my poor Cell can yield you any Content. Then he went forth to get Proviſion, leaving them to-

together in his Cell, whose Eyes were filled with a surfeiting Survey of each others Perfections. Her Beauty being such as might not be equalled to any, and his Proportion, besides his Youth's Beauty, and other Comlineſs, of such Form as would please any Lady's Eyes: which View, conducted an Instinct of Love into each others Heart, where it settled in that vertuous Harbour with such Constancy, that it was impossible to be removed, neither deeming the other fortunate as to agree in such a Sympathy of Love, he thinking he should not Love, and she perswading her self that he had settled his Love upon that Lady he went in search of; he not knowing which way to frame his Suit on so small Acquaintance, nor she how to shew him Favour without further Tryal.

Philotheta breaking silence, with a heavy Sigh, bred from the depth of Meditation, he took occasion to say, Lady, that Sigh bewrayeth some disquiet of Mind that molesteth you, the Occasion whereof my small Acquaintance and Unworthineſs to be so bold, hindreth me from asking: But if you would yield me such Favour, as to impart your Secrets to me, I should prove so faithful and diligent to please you, that you would not condemn my Willingneſs, though my Abillity, for my Heart wisheth my Tongue to utter, that which my Fancy perswades me from; not for that they disagree, but for that my Heart harboureth that which my Fancy binds me not to utter, because I fear you will not believe it; and yet you might believe, if it were of more Antiquity: for it is commonly holden for truth, that all things of Antiquity are parmanent, but never would have been, if they had not first begun in Youth: Youth being the first Foundation, the Foundation is then constant, then things, though young of Growth, contain Constancy, which being cherished, grow to Perfection: So, Lady, if I might without your Misconceit discover the constant Zeal of your Perfections, that is rooted in my Heart, and find some Sparks of your gentle Favour to comfort it, it would grow to that settled Resolution, that nothing should remove it: but if in the first Spring it be blasted with Disfavour, it will then spread it self into all parts of my Senses, torturing every part of me until it be cherished with your Kindneſs. I cannot protest, vow or swear, that I have loved long; yet if your Suspect convert not the Truth of my Well-meaning Words into Distrust, I durst protest, vow, and swear, that Love to your Perfections is settled in my Heart, and nothing can remove it.

Sir, (faid fhe) Should I credit your Words, or impart my Secrets to you, it might be counted too much Credulity; yet without blame I might, relying upon your Vertues; or fhould I grant it were as you fay, that Love began in a Moment, being the Root is the Subſtance, and therefore parmanent; yet how fhould you think of me, if on ſo ſmall Probability I fhould thank you for your Good-will, and accept thereof, not meaſuring me by your ſelf if you are conſtant, but meaſuring me by Unconſtancy, you would judge me but Light, as I may judge your Words of courſe? Yet ſo much Good-will as may grow upon ſo ſmall Acquaintance I bear you, meaſuring the ſame by your own; for if you find cauſe to Love me, I have more cauſe to thank you for your Love, that I have received good by you: but neither eſteem me light for being ſo familiar, or eaſy to be won, becauſe I am courteous; for ſhould I be coy, you would count me unmannerly, and not worthy to be aſſiſted as I have been by you.

Lady, (quoth *Alberelion*) Sould I harbour a thought that might impeach the leaſt tittle of your compleat Vertue, I were worthy to be hated; for I know that Truth is plain, and needeth no coloured Phraſes of Curioſity, which animateth me to enter into this bold Conference with you; nor framing my words of Courſe, but of true Devotion; truſting that your Vertue will pardon my Boldneſs, and your Courteſie cenſure my Meaning aright, for I find in my ſelf an unwonted Alteration, which deſires to be gracious in your ſight, have bred in me (Nature, not Art framing it) which I neither know how to manifeſt, nor dare, by reaſon of this ſmall Acquaintance, though my Soul knoweth my Heart's Purity, and Conſent thereunto, fearing to be miſconceived of you; but if you will vouchſafe to make tryal of me, and grant me but to be your Servant, in time to be cenſured and tryed according to my Truth, I ſhall account my ſelf moſt Fortunate, and yet Hope may be the Anchor of my Comfort, one Day to be gracious in your ſight.

Sir, (ſaid ſhe) How could I but blame my ſelf if I ſhould yield you any other Favour than for your late Pains, which ſhall bind me to requite it to my power; but Love being another Subject, how ſhould I give you any credit being a Stranger, altogether unknown to me?

Lady, (ſaid he) You may do it, if your gentle Heart will yield thereunto, though I am both a Stranger, and to my ſelf unknown, for that I am you can witneſs, but who are my Parents, the Hea-

vens

vens have concealed; my Name, if you ever heard of it, is *Amphiador*; the Cause of my coming into this Country was with *Persicles*, King of *Assyria*, in search of *Constantia*, Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, his betrothed Wife, by Misfortune lost many Years since. All that I know of my self, I have told you; and would I had never known my self, unless you favour me. *Philotheta* remembered that *Amphiador*, in reciting the Wars between *Persicles*, and the King of *Armenia*, had made ample Report of his Valour, so much the more esteeming him; yet she concealed the same, thinking though he were never so Valiant, yet he might be Unconstant, making him this Answer:

Sir, Because you shall not accuse me of Discourtesie, I will not deny your Suit, nor in any respect grant it, till more time to make Tryal thereof. Neither shall you name your self my Servant, for you have deserved to be better rewarded, which hereafter you shall find.

Lady, (quoth he) Only one Favour absolutely granted, would now more comfort my Heart, than many in suspence; not that I misdoubt your Performance, but the long lingring Pain, in the mean time will pinch my Heart, therefore without misdoubt of Truth, Gratitude, and Constancy, enrish me but with one, though the least comfortable Answer.

Sir, (quoth she) What in Vertue I can grant, I will yield you, though you may account me already prodigal in Favour, and gentle in Reply; yet should I be Ungrateful, you may blame me or too prolix you may condemn me; but as much Good-will as in so short a time may be, I bear you, and you shall find me perform, for my Heart would never suffer till this, to conceive so well of any as I do of you. In urging me further, you will make me mistrust your Consideration of my late Misfortune, rather willing me to regard my Return to my Parents: But you may see how my Vertues have overmastered my Mistrust, and my good Opinion of you has made me trust my self in your Custody.

Chap. XXIV.

How Amphiador *arrived at the Cell, and of the Fear* Philotheta *was in. The Displeasure that arose between* Montelion *and* Amphiador, *and of* Philotheta's *strange Departure.*

When she had ended those words, the Hermet came in, which brake of their Communication, them telling, that *Amphiador*

side, with many Followers, were entred the Wood where the Gyants lay dead; *Philotheta* then thought all Care past, but remembring she must part from *Montelion*, her Heart fainted with Greif, and she exceedingly troubled: For she knew well that *Amphiador* was Rude and Suspicious, that he would not thank him, nor invite him to his Castle; he having formerly disgraced others that sought her Love. *Montelion* on the other side studied what means to use to enjoy her Company; and yet he thought it a Dishonour to him to follow Love, and leave *Perficles* in search of *Constantia*, and the Knowledge of his Parents. But to rid them both out of their troubled thoughts, there entred three Knights in green Armour, and without speaking a word, two of them took *Philotheta*, and handed her forth of the Cell. *Montelion* starting up, drew his Sword, and followed to rescue her; but the third, without speaking, struck at him, wherewith he began a cruel Combat. At last the Green Knight said, Thou strivest in vain, she is past recovery. With that *Montelion* looking about, saw them quite out of sight, marvelling they could so suddenly convey her thence. If thou wilt find her, (quoth he) thou must seek her amongst the Hesperian Nymphs; which said, he rode away so swiftly, that *Montelion* did think it in vain to follow him. By this time *Amphiador* and his Company was come to him, amongst whom he espyed one leading his Steed, unto whom he went, and said, Sir, This is my Steed, I pray you deliver him to me?

The Fellow denying him, he struck him a good blow with his Fist, and overthrow him. *Amphiador* seeing that, said, What art thou that so boldly strickest my Servant? *Montelion* being vexed with the loss of *Philotheta*, answered, I will not tell thee. *Amphiador* being likewise vexed at his Scornfulness, said no more, but drew his Sword and struck at him. *Montelion* thought to revenge it, but suddenly remembring himself, said: Wert thou not Father to *Philotheta*, I would make thee repent thy self. *Amphiador* hearing him name *Philotheta*, would have spoke to him again; but *Montelion* mounting his Steed, rode away.

The Hermet seeing them at such Variance, came to *Amphiador*, giving him knowledge of all that happened. But he thinking it was some coloured Excuse for her Escape, caused his Servant to bind him, intending by Tortures to make him confess more than he could. *Montelion* remembring himself, when he had rode a good way, how ungratefully he had left his kind Host, the Hermit, returned to give him Thanks; which he had no

sooner

ſooner done, but he found him bound amongſt *Amphiador*'s Men, which vexed him ſo much, that he drew his Sword again, and ſet upon them, wounding ſome, and killing others, that therewith *Amphiador* drew his Sword again. By Heaven, (quoth *Montelion*) ſtrike me the third time, and thou dyeſt. Notwithſtanding his Words, *Amphiador*, vext for the Death of Servants, ſtruck him again; whereupon *Montelion* not only defended himſelf, but offended him ſo much that he ſore wounded him; and had not his Servants with ſome of their Lives, born of ſome Blows, he had ended his Life; but notwithſtanding all their Endeavours, he left him in ſuch a miſerable Condition, that his Servants had much ado to keep Life in him until they brought him home.

CHAP. XXV.

How Montelion *in his Travel arrived at the Bower of the Heſperian Nymphs; how every one of them gave him a ſeveral Gift, and how they named him* Knight of the Oracle.

HAving freed the Hermet, and yielded him many Thanks for his Kindneſs, he departed with ſo heavy a Heart, that he could hardly ſpeak for Grief; travelling he knew not whither, having ſo many occaſions of Care, he knew not what to do, nor which way to direct his ſteps. All the reſt of that Day he rode forth in this diſconſolate ſort, until it grew to be Night, neither caring for Meat or Lodging; but turning his Horſe looſe to feed, he laid himſelf down under an Oak, whoſe ſpreading Branches were as a large Canopy over his Head, clogg'd with ſo many Cares, that his Heart was dulled with their Confuſion, and his Senſes ſo over-grown with Conceit, that they rocked him into a deep Sleep, in the midſt whereof he ſuddenly awaked, and being called by a Damſel that appeared unto him, who ſtanding before him, ſaid, Sir Knight, Ariſe and follow me; he marvelling what ſhe ſhould be, aroſe and followed her, ſhe leading him the way (as he thought) through many By-paths, and Croſs-ways, Hills, Deales, and Woods, until the Sun aroſe; then vaniſhing out of his ſight, ſhe left him in the midſt of a pleaſant green Meadow, beautified with all ſorts of freſh-blown Flowers, whoſe Beauty delighted the Eye, and ſweet Smell affected the Senſes, and looking about him, he eſpied it encompaſſed with Springs, Trees, Groves; and in the midſt of an Arbour blowing Roſes, made with ſuch Art, that he admired the

ſame,

ſome, and the Floor ſtrewed with Ruſhes, and all ſorts of Flowers: he ſtood a while in Admiration, and caſting his Eye aſide, he eſpied a Table with theſe Verſes written thereon:

What e'r thou art that ſhalt behold this writ,
Abſtain from coming into this ſacred Place,
A Company of comely Nymphs here ſit,
That rule the Heſperian Oracle of Grace;
Be not too bold, leſt thou repent too late
Thy raſh Attempt, and hard Divining Fate.

Which when had read, he ſtood in a deep ſtudy, arguing their Ambiguity; then ſuddenly he heard the ſound of moſt ſweet Muſick, drawing near him, and turning about, he eſpied a Troop of Damſels attired in moſt rich Ornaments, with Garlands of Roſes, mixed with divers coloured Flowers upon their Heads, ſome playing upon Inſtruments, others having in their Hands a Bow, and at their Back a Sheaf of Arrows: amongſt them there was three taller, more beautiful, and richly adorned than the reſt, wearing Crowns of Palm; amongſt whom he eſpyed the Damſel that brought him thither, which made him with more boldneſs ſtay their coming.

They paſſed by him, continuing their Melody, until they came within their Pavilion: then two of them came forth, ſaluting him with courteous and gentle Behaviour, leading him to the Pavilion until he came to the place where they were all ſeated, and the three Chief in the midſt. *Montelion* diſarming his Head, did them Reverence on his Knee, and then preſently he heard a Voice uttering theſe Speeches:

Moſt noble Knight, The Nymphs of the Heſperian Oracle pitying thy Care and Troubles, have brought thee hither to comfort thee with our Aſſiſtance; unto which place never any Man was yet admitted; therefore reveal not to any what thou haſt ſeen; with thy Sword maintain their Honour, and name thy ſelf *Knight of the Oracle*: Thy Parentage is Royal, thy Father not knowing he hath a Son, and your Mother not thinking to ſee either Father or Son: Thy Fortune ſhall be good, thy Misfortune great; that which thou loveſt beſt ſhall trouble thee moſt, and what thou thinkeſt thy ſelf neareſt, thou ſhalt be furtheſt off; thy profeſſed Friends, thy greateſt Foes: Thou wert begotten in *Egypt*, born in *Arabia*, and brought up in *Aſſyria*. Be conſtant

in

in Love, true to thy Friends, patient in Misery, and lowly in Prosperity. Farewel, and be both Happy and Fortunate.

The Voice ceasing, the Nymphs came round about him, one ungirding his Sword, another unlacing his Helmet, and the third unbuckling his Armour, others unlacing of his Gantlets, and every one busie to disarm him; this done, one of the chiefest of them presented him with a most curious rich Armour, wrought of the best and purest Lydian Steel, enamelled all over with Green, and beset with Diamonds, Saphires, Jaspers, and Rubies, the like for Strength and Richness never Knight possessed; then the second gave him a Shield agreeable thereto, with this Device thereon, A Knight Kneeling, encompassed with Nymphs Crowning him with a Wreath of Roses; and underneath these Words written in Letters of Gold, *The Knight of the Oracle.* The third presented him with a rich Sword, which he girded on his side; another a Pair of Gantlets; another a Plume, another a Spear, another a Pair of Spurrs, and every one something to express their Kindness. When he was thus adorned, which made him most beautiful to behold, every one gave him a courteous Farewel, and departed again the same way they came from the Grove.

Then the Damsel that brought him thither, came to him, and said: Sir Knight, the Ladies of this Oracle, pitying the hard Adventures you are to undertake, have bestowed these Arms on you, which shall oftentimes preserve your Life; and honoured you so much as to chuse you for their Knight; they have also appointed me to bring you to the placewhere I found you; therefore let us depart, my self will give you a Horse, whose Equal for Goodness cannot be had: which said, she led the way, and he followed after, until they came to the Castle, into which the Damsel entred, willing him to stay while she returned; leading in her Hand a Horse Black of Colour, but of such a goodly Proportion, that his Eyes never beheld the like before; and mounting himself, the Damsel said unto him: *Knight of the Oracle*, farewel, prosper, and be fortunate: which she had no sooner spoken, but presently she vanished from his sight, before he could have respite to give her Thanks for her Courtesie.

Being parted from her, he entred into these Meditations, which shortned the Way as he rode along:

I have lost the noble Knight *Perfides*, who by this time accuseth me of Discourtesie for not finding him out; How can I do that,

when I have loſt my ſelf and *Philotheta*, and in her my Eſſence, Being, and Subſtance? Which of theſe are deareſt to me, I know not; my ſelf I love by Nature, him for his Honour, and her by Affection; Which then ſhould I go in ſearch of, ſince they are both ſo dear unto me, as that I think my ſelf bereft of Comfort by miſſing them? My Eſtate is alſo uncertain, and the place where to find them ſo doubtful, that I cannot aſſure my ſelf of confidence in either, but muſt take my Fortune as it falleth, and arm my ſelf with Patience to endure the hardeſt Tryal of Extreams.

Then he began to ſtudy which way to Travel, being as ignorant of the place where *Philotheta* was, as unacquainted in thoſe Ways. Riding along in theſe ſolitary Dumps, he at laſt lighted in a plain fair beaten Path, in the Furrows of whoſe Duſt he might perceive the footing of Horſes that had newly gone that way, which put him in comfort, that it would not be long before he ſhould find ſome Company.

He had not rode an Hour, but he chanced to enter a Way that aſcended a high Mountain, whoſe lofty Top diſcovered to his Eye the fair Turrets of the Enchanted Tower, which gliſtered as if they had been framed of maſſy Gold, which drave him into Admiration: and viewing well the Situation thereof, he diſcerned the Valley round about over-ſpread with Tents, as if it had been encompaſſed with an Hoſt of Enemies; and forſaking the gallant Proſpect, he intended to Travel thither, to know the Cauſe of that Aſſembly, making the more haſte, for that it grew towards Night: e're he could attain thither it waxed dark, therefore for that Night he took his Lodging under the covert of a Tuft of Trees, pleaſantly ſeated in the midſt of a green Meadow.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of the Conference between Philotheta *and* Conſtantia, *in* Penthraſus's *Palace.*

THe Hiſtory hath long diſcontinued to ſpeak of *Conſtantia* that remained enchanted, and *Helion* that lay there enthraled in great Miſery, rightly rewarded for his treacherous Dealing. Her Eyes continually ſhed Tears for the Abſence of *Perſicles*, on whom ſhe continually meditated, reſolving that nothing but Death ſhould aboliſh his Remembrance; that had not the Enchan-

treſs

treſs comforted her with Promiſes of her Releaſe, the Extremity of her Sorrow had ended her Life; withal, thinking that *Perſicles* and her young Son might be both in Safety, and ſhe by no means hear thereof, which added ſome Comfort to her heavy Heart.

The Enchantreſs would often intreat her to behold the valiant Adventures of noble Knights that hazarded their own Perſons in great Peril to attain her Love, and in private Combats amongſt themſelves, with whom they were deeply affected, only with the Sight of her Picture; but ſhe ſtill refuſed it, accounting it no Pleaſure to her to ſee their Misfortunes, who ſpent their Labour in vain; for in the continuance of ſo many Years as ſhe had been there encloſed, the Fame of her Beauty was ſpread into moſt part of thoſe Countries thereabouts, and many thouſand worthy Knights had been there to try their Fortunes, but all failed: the recital whereof would be too tedious, but many of them lay there impriſoned by the Enchantreſs, who being now in Deſpair of her own Safety, thought to bring all to Miſery as well as herſelf.

At the ſame time that *Philotheta* was carried from *Montelion* in the Hermet's Cell, *Conſtantia* remained in ſuch Extremity of Sorrow, that had not *Ila* wrought that Device to bring *Philotheta* thither to accompany her, it would have been impoſſible her Senſes could have overcome the Extremity of the Paſſion that tormented her; but ſitting alone in a dark corner, ſhe uttered ſuch Lamentations as would have turned the hardeſt Heart of a cruel Tyrant into Remorſe: But when ſhe eſpyed *Ila* entred, and with her ſo beautiful a Damſel, with Cheeks bedewed with Cryſtal Tears that in abundance trickled down from her Eyes, with that Object left her own Laments to pity hers; and ſeeing them draw nigh her, ſhe roſe after a ſad ſort ſaluting their Approach.

Ila without ſpeaking a word to either, left them together, and although they were Women, yet they greatly admired each others Beauty; the one thinking the other to excel all; and yet had they but beheld their own Perfections, they would have found them ſuch, that they might inwardly have conceited as well of themſelves, as they did of the outward Object.

Conſtantia being more familiar with Sorrow than *Philotheta*, firſt broke Silence, ſaying, Lady, I perceive by your Tears, that Conſtraint, not Conſent, did bring you to this Place, beautiful to the Eye, but filled with Diſcontents, which long Experience

hath taught me: Therefore if you want a Companion in Care, accept of my Company: but if you seek for Comfort, abandon me, for my chiefest Solace is Sorrow, and my Thoughts and Meditations are nothing but Discontent.

I have not, (said *Philoberta*) been long subject to this Misfortune; but being now plunged therein, I know not how to release my self, or how to shun the same: Neither knowing who is the Cause thereof, where I am, or when I shall be released, my Sorrow being such, may well entertain a sorrowful Companion, accepting your proffered Kindness with hearty Thanks.

Lady, (said *Constantia,*) As you vouchsafe me your Company, so let me know what Misfortune hath brought you hither? which will shorten some of the tedious Time we are like to over-pass in this Place. Which done, you shall know to whom you have imparted your Secrets, which Recital will be tedious.

Philoberta sitting down by her, uttered these Speeches: My Name is *Philoberta*, Daughter-in-law to *Amphiador*; and as I was walking in my Father's Garden, upon what Pretence I know not, three Gyants surprized me, by force carrying me thence, none to my knowledge seeing their Cruelty. When they had travelled with me till it was late, a Knight arrived all in White, gallantly mounted, came to my Rescue, and entred Combat with one of them, his valiant Heart not refusing to cope with them all three: but one of them (thinking himself too strong for him) stayed behind and fought him, the other two hastning me away; but in short space one of them ran back to rescue his Fellow, but he suddenly returned with the loss of his Arm: then they haled me forward with a violent Force, until they came to the midst of a Wood, where they meant to stay all that Night: this Knight, directed by Fortune, alighted on the place where they lay, and by his Valour and Policy slew them both, yet was so sore hurt himself, that he lay breathless on the Earth, which afflicted my Heart with Sorrow, fearing his Death, for I could not recover him with my Lamentations, therefore accounted it more Misfortune to be the Cause of so worthy a Knight's Death, than if I had still been Prisoner to those Monsters. The Heavens favouring my Sorrows, and his Mishap, directed an old Hermet to the place, who with the Juyce of certain Herbs recovered him, and with my weak Assistance brought him up to his Cell, within short space curing him: in which time I noted every part of his Perfections, and found them such, as I want Skill to Decipher; comparing

paring thereto his Behaviour, which bred a Perſwaſion in me, that as he was Valiant, ſo he was Vertuous; and as he excelled all that ever I beheld in Perſon, ſo he did in Courteſie: Much Conference paſt between us, which I omit, the Subject whereof was Love, which he vowed to be as conſtant in him, though now begun, as it was in any by long Continuance: Amongſt the reſt of his Speeches, he told me he knew not his Parents: his Name was *Montelion*; the Cauſe of his Travel was in ſearch of a Lady named *Conſtantia*, betrothed Wife to *Perſicles*, King of *Aſſyria*, who parted from him that Day he reſcued me in *Arabia*.

Conſtantia hearing ſuch good News of the Safety of *Perſicles*, could not contain herſelf from bewraying what ſhe was; but taking *Philotheta* by the Hand, ſaid, Dear Lady, this News addeth much Comfort to my diſpairing Heart; I am that unfortunate *Conſtantia*, that till this Hour have diſpaired of ever ſeeing that noble Knight again; accounting my ſelf ſo much bound to you for being the Reporter of this welcome News, that I proteſt my ſelf your everlaſting Friend; aſſuring you, that if the worthy Knight that reſcued you was Companion with *Perſicles*, he is endued with all Heroick Qualities: But pray tell me out the reſt.

The Worthy Knight's Speeches (ſaid ſhe) wrought ſo effectually with me, that I could have been content to have lived there for ever with him: In the end, the Hermet brought in the News that *Amphiador* was hard by in my Search; at which News I was very glad, yet alſo diſpleaſed, well knowing that his rude Behaviour would not ſuffer him to uſe him kindly. Whilſt I was in this thought, three Knights in Green Armour entred the Cell, two of them, without ſpeaking a Word, by force carrying me away, whilſt the third ſtayed the Knight in Combate, who followed haſtily to reſcue me: but on a ſudden, before I could bethink me what they ſhould be, I was within this Garden, where I met her that brought me unto you, who bid me fear nothing, for here I ſhould abide in Safety.

With that a flood of Tears guſhed from her Eyes, that it ſtopped the Paſſage of her Speech, turning the ſame into Silence.

Lady, (quoth *Conſtantia*) to add more Care to your [illegible] will overwhelm it with Grief; therefore I will omit the Relation of my Tragedy till another time; neither feeling nor fearing Care, now I hear of my Lord's Safety, who will ſet me at Liberty from the Thraldom I have endured almoſt twenty Years.

Ila coming to them, brake off their Conference; and after

Sup-

Supper, conveyed them into a Chamber, where they both lay, continuing ſome Days in Conference of their Eſtate.

CHAP. XXVII.

How Montelion, Knight of the Oracle, *arrived at the Enchanted Tower, called,* Penthraſus's *Palace; and of the Controverſies that fell between him and the Knights that came to try the Adventure.*

EArly the next Morning the *Knight of the Oracle* (having lodged all Night in the Wood) mounted his Steed with a Deſire to know whoſe Tents thoſe were, and what Tower they had encompaſſed: he had not rode half an Hour but he approached near unto them, paſſing amongſt them without ſtay: Becauſe he met none to confer withal, he drew towards the Entrance of the Bridge, where *Conſtantia*'s Picture hung; which when he beheld, he judged by the outward Show, what Perfections were adherent to the Lady who was Owner thereof, thereby calling to remembrance *Philotheta*'s Perfections, which in his Conceit far ſurpaſſed that; but yet the Spell that *Ila* had caſt thereon did work ſo with him, that had not the Vertue of his Armour, and other Gifts the Nymphs had beſtowed on him (which had Power againſt all Enchantments) prevailed, he had ſurely doted thereon: When he had read the Verſes, an earneſt Deſire poſſeſſed his Heart to redeem the Lady; but neither regarding Danger, nor omitting Opportunity, he took the Horn and winded the ſame; the Sound whereof made many Knights to ſtart from their Tents, being but even then up and newly armed.

The firſt that was mounted and came to the Bridge, was a noble Knight of *Parthia*, named *Menon*, who calling to the *Knight of the Oracle*, ſaid, Sir Knight, enter no further, before thou knoweſt whom thou haſt offended by thy bold Intruſion.

He hearing his Words, turned his Steed, ſaying, If I have offended, it is more than I know; yet I am reſolved to try the Adventure whoſoever ſays no.

Thy Strangeneſs (ſaid *Menon*) doth privilege thee, becauſe thou knoweſt not what is concluded amongſt the Knights here aſſembled.

Sir, (quoth he) whatſoever agreeth to the Laws of Arms, I yield to, and whatſoever Courteſie bindeth me to, I will perform, before I paſs further.

By this time he was encompaſſed with Armed Knights, and one

one of them named *Linſeus* of *Arabia*, who thought himſelf too Good for all, and had vanquiſhed many that had combated with him, ſaid, Before thou paſs further, thou muſt Combate with us; for the Meaneſt that are here aſſembled, thinks himſelf able to perform as much as thee.

The *Knight of the Oracle* wondring at their Rudeneſs, and moved with his diſcourteous Words, ſaid, I am not to be controuled by any, but ſtand free in my own Choice to do what I think good; if thou, or any here, be offended with what I have ſaid or done, challenge me.

I do challenge thee, (ſaid *Linſeus.*) And I, (quoth *Menon*;) and after him many others, every one deſirous to deal with him firſt.

Then ſtepped forth the Prince of *Parthia*, named *Neſſus*, ſaying, Fellow-Knights, we being all Profeſſors of Arms, and every one a Partner in this Quarrel, let us caſt Lots, and to whoſe Share the Lot falls firſt, let him begin, and the reſt follow, to which they agreed.

The *Knight of the Oracle* thought he ſhould not be idle, rejoycing that he had ſo good an Occaſion, to make Tryal of his Valour: the Lot fell to *Arnon* of *Perſia* to begin; the place a goodly Plain, in the full view of the Tower, and the time was within an Hour.

This being agreed upon, The *Knight of the Oracle* in the interim rode about the Tower, to behold the Beauty and Situation thereof; and caſting up his Eyes, he eſpyed on the Battlements afar off three Ladies walking together, whom he could ſcarcely diſcern, much leſs known, if he had been acquainted with. Theſe Ladies were *Conſtantia*, *Philotheta* and *Ila*, whom came to behold the Tilts and Tourneys that were daily acted between divers Knights before the Tower.

Conſtantia hearing of *Perſicles*'s Safety in that Country, hoping in time to be releaſed, deſired to ſee the Combats which before ſhe refuſed to do.

The *Knight of the Oracle* little thinking *Philotheta* had been one of the three, after he had a while ſtood to behold them, he returned to the appointed place of Combat, where *Arnon* was then newly entred with great Pride, and the ſound of Trumpets, and a great number of Followers, whom The *Knight of the Oracle* overthrew at the firſt Encounter, to *Arnon*'s Amazement, and his own Glory.

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The next that encountred him was *Lenfeus*, who held out two Courſes, but at the third, both he and his Horſe lay on the Ground; the Knights that beheld this, commended his Valour, yet envied his Fortune.

After he had encountred three ſtout Knights of *Ægypt*, then came *Neſſus*, Prince of *Parthia*, thinking to recover what his Predeceſſors had loſt, but his Fortune proved ſo bad, that he loſt both his Stirrups, and had he not hung on the Saddle-bow, he had fallen to the Earth. The Day by this time drew to an end, which cauſed them to remit any further Tryal till next Morning.

Conſtantia and *Philotheta* beholding the Valour of this Knight, one judged it was *Perſicles*, and the other to be *Montelion*; deſiring *Ila* to ſend a Meſſenger to know his Name: who returning, told them he was called, *The Knight of the Oracle*. Then it is not *Perſicles* (ſaid *Conſtantia.*) No, nor *Montelion*, (quoth *Philotheta.*) Their Heartsnow fainting with Care, that before were revived with Hope.

The Knight of the Oracle that Night lodged in the Tent of a Perſian Knight, named *Thymus*, who kindly invited him thereto. Early the next Morning he entred the Field, being ready for him that ſhould next encounter him, who came gallantly mounted, having travelled many Miles to try the Adventure: but before he came to try himſelf therein, he received ſo great a Charge by encountring the *Knight of the Oracle*, that in a deſperate Mood, and aſhamed of the Foil, he departed the Field.

The *Knight of the Oracle* being endued with an excellent Wit, as receiving the Eſſence thereof from two goodly Princes that he was ſprung off, began in his Mind to condemn the Fondneſs of thoſe Knights, that coming to make tryal of the Adventure, ſpent their time in private Quarrels, ſtill omitting that they principally ſought: His Mind being troubled with the Loſs of *Philotheta* and *Perſicles*, deſired not to ſtay there, but to haſten in their Search; therefore going towards the Knights, who were aſſembled on a Heap, ſtudying which way to work his Diſgrace, he ſaid:

Worthy Knights, My coming to this Place was not to try my Fortune againſt you, but in the Adventure, and your private Envy hath hindred me, not regarding into what private Quarrels you enter, and cauſeleſly trouble me that have not offended you; therefore becauſe Buſineſs of more importance than to an-

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wer your Envy, doth urge my Departure, I wish you not to fear my Ability to answer you, but to resist this private Contestation till another time. And if any of you cavilously condemn me, or repine at my good Fortune, I will be ready to answer your several Quarrels in *Persia*, at the time that is appointed for the Meeting of the Kings of *Assyria* and *Armenia*; for the cause of your Approach being to release the Ladies Imprisonment, weaken not your Force by private Contention; for in the Tryal of it, you will find occasion enough to Exercise your Arms.

Hearing his Words, they agreed thereto, but yet contended who should try the Adventure first; In the end they agreed to cast Lots, and the last fell to the *Knight of the Oracle*, every one having a Day's Respite for the finishing thereof.

Thus did they make Tryal of themselves, some with much Labour attaining the Bridge, but then forced by the Vertue of Enchantment to yield, and so were imprisoned in lamentable sort by *Ila*, who desired the Enchantment might never end, and others with Fear run away.

Many Days it was before it came to the *Knight of the Oracle*'s turn; in the end, all being fled or imprisoned, he alone was left to try his Fortune, neither having Friend to succour him, Foe to envy him, or any to behold him; for the Enchantress had made such Desolation amongst the Tents, by casting Fire amongst them, that all the Servants of those Knights fled as amazed, reporting from place to place their Masters Misery: Yet all this did not discourage the *Knight of the Oracle*, but he rested as resolute to go forwards, as if there had been no Danger in the Attempt.

Constantia seeing how many Knights were at that Instant imprisoned, all their Tents destroyed, and no Man as she thought left, began to discomfit herself, utterly despairing of Relesement; desiring *Ila* to let her view the Knights that were imprisoned, fearing *Persicles*'s being there; but her Requests were in vain, for *Ila*, fretted with extream Fear of the End of her Enchantment, in a mad Rage flung from them, studying which way to lengthen the Date thereof; which tormented both *Constantia* and *Philotheta*, with great Grief of farther Calamity.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How the Knight of the Oracle *finiſhed the Enchantment; and how* Ila *departed with* Philotheta.

BEfore bright *Phebus* that Morning could ſhew her ſplendant Beams, the *Knight of the Oracle* was up, viewing the Situation of the Bridge, to ſee which way he might advantage himſelf or diſadvantage his Foe; and winding the Horn, there was an exceeding Earthquake within the Tower, that the Foundation thereof ſhook: and one of the Gyants came running forth, without ſpeaking a word, ſtriking at him, but he defended himſelf a great while on Horſe-back, until the Gyant preſſed ſo hard upon him, that he was forced to diſmount; and thereupon again aſſailed him, giving him many a deep Cut, and receiving many a ſore Bruiſe, that had not his Armour preſerved him, he had dyed; but in the end, he prevailed ſo much by the Death of the firſt Gyant, that he attained the firſt and ſecond Fortification of the Bridge; and at the third, he was ſo violently ſet upon by the other Gyant, that he was only compelled to ward his Blows, but eſpying a broken place in his Armour, he thruſt his Sword quite through his Body, by which means, he entred the firſt large Court, where he beheld the Armour of ſuch Knights, as had failed in the Adventure.

Ila knowing that the Date of the Enchantment would now end, in furious ſort came running to the place where *Conſtantia* and *Philotheta* were, taking *Philotheta* with violence out of the Arbour, and by force of her Enchantment compelled her to follow her until ſhe came to the Court, where the *Knight of the Oracle* was: He ſuddenly beholding *Philotheta*, at the firſt ſight knew her, and ſeeing them paſs by, towards the Entrace, he ſtept after them to ſpeak to her, but ſuddenly ruſhed upon him a number of armed Men, that laid upon him with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that he had no power to ſtir from the place where he ſtood; then ſuddenly vaniſhing, he ſtood amazed at the ſight, and perplexed with ſuch doubt, that he could not tell what to do; ſometimes thinking to follow *Philotheta*, then perſwading himſelf it was but an Illuſion, and thinking to caſt off that Doubt, and go forwards, his Mind was poſſeſſed with ſuch Deſire to ſee her again, that he ſtood like a Man without Sence; and ſuddenly ſuch a Miſt darkned the Place, that he could ſcarce ſee his Hands,

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continuing for the ſpace of an Hour: Whilſt he remained in theſe Cogitations, ſometimes of Perſwaſion it was ſhe, which troubled his Heart to think what ſhould become of her, that he ſeemed to have loſt his Senſes; remaining in many Meditations, the Miſt vaniſhed, and the Sun ſhining, diſcloſed the Beauty of that moſt ſtately Palace. When he ſaw no further Expectation of Danger appear, he entred further, towards the three Gates of Braſs, beholding the curious Works thereof, through which he entred into the Court, which drew his Mind in great Admiration thereof; and entring the Hall, beheld the two Lyons, that kept the Paſſage; which with a fair Proſpect diſcovered the Beauty of the Garden.

The Lyons no ſooner eſpyed him, but they preſently kept ſuch a roaring Noiſe that all the Palace rung thereof; and *Conſtantia* hearing the ſame, cryed out as exceedingly affrighted. The *Knight of the Oracle* attempted to paſs by them, expecting no other but cruel Reſiſtance, but contrary to his thought, they laid themſelves down at his Feet, as it were reverencing him: which he beholding, of his own Inclination looſed both their Chains, which when he had done, they ran out of the Palace with great ſwiftneſs.

Paſſing through the Hall, he entred the Garden, looking round about him to behold the Beauty thereof, and ſuddenly he began to wonder that he had not beheld either Man, Woman or Child, ſince he entred, which cauſed exceeding Admiration in him, marvelling greatly, that he could not behold the Lady whoſe Picture he beheld at the Entrance; ſo finding himſelf over-wearied with Labour, purpoſing to reſt his Body, entred into the Hall, and ſeated himſelf in a rich and coſtly Chair.

Conſtantia being in an Arbour, beheld him enter the Garden, and when he went back, marvelling what he ſhould be, and laſtly thinking the Enchantment was ended, not daring to go out of the Arbour, her Heart was ſo oppreſt with Amazement, that ſhe deſired one of the Damſels to ſee who he was, and learn the Cauſe of that Uproar they heard in the Palace.

One of the Damſels being more hardy than the other, ſaid, that for the Love ſhe bare her ſhe would adventure, though ſhe loſt her Life. Paſſing on towards the Palace with haſty ſteps, as if ſome Body had purſued her, and going forwards as if an Evil had been before her, that ſhe could not tell whither, wherefore, nor why ſhe went, until on a ſudden ſhe mounted the paſſage into the Hall,

and was right before the *Knight of the Oracle*, whom when she saw, she stood looking upon him with great Amazement, whilst he said unto her,

Damsel, Fear not, I will defend you from Danger, here is none intends you harm.

The Damsel hearing his Voice, was revived, saying, Sir Knight, I wonder what Accident hath brought you hither, where no Knight hath been these twenty Years?

Lady, said he, Fortune, and my good Destiny, that have been employed to set you at Liberty.

Sir, quoth she, It is not I, but my Mistress you mean; by whose Command I have adventured to see what hath happened; to whom if you will vouchsafe to go, I will conduct you.

He then remembred it was not her Picture that he had seen, and blushed to be so deceived; but he told her, his coming was to do her Lady Service.

With that they entred the Garden, and *Constantia* soon espyed him, and seeing the Knight come in such peaceable sort with the Damsel, she went forth to meet him: He likewise seeing her, sheathed his Sword, his Heart trembling at the first sight of her, by a natural Instinct bearing such a reverend Regard to her Majestical Person, that when he came near her, he bowed his Knee, and said, Most noble Lady, Be not disquieted with Fear of restrained Liberty, for the Date of the Enchantment of this Castle is finished.

Constantia step'd to him, and took him by the Hand, desiring him not to kneel to her who had more Cause to kneel to him.

Honoured Lady, said he, I have all the Reward I expect; yet grant me one Favour, which is to tell me your Name.

Constantia's Heart leaped within her, which caused an exceeding Blush to possess her Cheeks, saying, Noble Knight, I were to blame to deny you so small a Request; my Name is *Constantia*.

Then hath Heaven, quoth he, made me happy in finding you whom my Heart ever honoured.

Constantia marvelling who he should be, assuring herself it was not *Perseles*, because he asked her Name, yet conceiving that Sorrow might alter her in so long a time, that he could not suddenly know her; she was much troubled, till he interrupted her with these Speeches: Lady, It may be you take me for another, to rid you out of Ambiguity, my Name is, *The Knight of the Oracle*, which I have but lately been known by, for before, I was cal-

called *Montelion*, being bred up in *Assyria*; but whether I was born there, or who my Parents were, I cannot tell; the Cause of my Travel into this Country was in your Search, in the company of *Persicles*, who for your Absence liveth in perpetual Grief; therefore chear up your Heart, and put your Confidence in my Fidelity, who will not leave you till I have brought you to his Presence.

Constantia's Heart was so filled with Joy to hear his Words, and withal, remembring what *Philotheta* had told of *Montelion*, she said, Most honoured Knight, I have heard before of your Loyal Friendship, shown to my dear Lord, *Persicles*, which makes me put my whole Confidence in you; which came to my hearing by the Report of a Lady that you lately succoured in that Country, named *Philotheta*.

He hearing that, fetched a deep Sigh, saying, Indeed I once enjoyed her Presence, but whether I shall ever see her again, or where she is, I know not; yet if I were not deluded, I beheld her passing out of this Castle.

It may be so, said *Constantia*, for she was with me this Day, and hath been here many Days; but the Enchantress in great hast, and by violence took her from me, carrying her I know not whither; by whose report of your Vertues, I conceive such Comfort in their Assurance, that I intreat your Promise of Assistance, and then shall my Heart rest void of Fear, as if I were in my Father's Court.

My Heart (said he) rejoyceth to hear your kind Speeches, vowing my self to be at your Command. Then they departed into the Palace, with purpose not to tarry there, but instantly to leave the same: but coming into the Outward-court, he remembred he heard the Voices of Men that lay in Bondage; being willing to release them out of Bondage, which he could soon do, when there was none to resist him, and in small search he found the Keys that opened the Entrance into the Prison; leaving *Constantia* in Security, for he would not offend her Senses with the Smell thereof; and being entred, he found a great number there enclosed, many of them in such poor and destressed Estate, that his Heart lamented to behold them: At last he espyed *Helion* (though to him unknown) whose Flesh seemed to be incorporate with the Earth whereon he lay, from whence he could not rise without help, and knowing the Enchantment to be finished, repented himself of what he had done.

When he had set them at liberty, and they were come into the clear

their light, with one Assent all yielded him Thanks: *Constantia* likewise seeing them, wept for Grief, that so many should be endangered to set her at liberty. They all proffered their Service unto her; but she desiring not to be known of any, in courteous sort refused the same, reposing her whole Confidence in the *Knight of the Oracle*, who presently, according to her Desire, left the Palace, and without the Bridge he found his Horse grazing amongst others that had lost their Riders; amongst them he chose out three, on which he mounted *Constantia* and her two Damsels, hasting to Travel so far as the Day's length would permit from the Palace, lodging that Night in a small Village. The Knights that had liberty, seeing them departed, betook themselves to Travel, except *Helion*, who was so weak he could not Travel.

CHAP. XXIX.

How the Knight of the Oracle *departed with* Constantia; *how they arrived at* Delatus's *Castle: How she knew him to be her Son.*

Constantia found such courteous Behaviour, and kind Assistance in the Knight, that she remained in great quiet; but noting his Countenance, she perceived it to be darkned with some misty Clouds of Discontent, which she supposed to be for the Loss of *Philotheta*, but yet she concealed her Opinion from him, wherein she jump'd right on his Infirmity; for his Heart was pinched with Care for her Loss and Safety, that he could endure no quiet. In the Morning when they should depart, they disputed whether they should prepare to travel, or stay to hear of *Persicles* there, or go directly into *Assyria*: amongst many Doubts, they agreed to travel into *Assyria*, where he told *Constantia* they should assuredly find him; for the time of the appointed Meeting of him and the King of *Armenia* drew nigh. After many Days Travel, they came to the place where he remembred he first saw *Philotheta*, and parted from *Persicles*; which he revealed not to *Constantia*, as unwilling to make her privy to his Love: yet he purposed in his Journey to visit *Amphiador*, hoping to find her there; and coming to the Castle, he was welcomed thither by *Delatus*, who was again restored to his Dukedom. Sir, (quoth the *Knight of the Oracle*) I thought this had been *Amphiador*'s Castle?

Amphiador did possess it (said he) but indeed the Right was mine; and though I have no acquaintance with you, yet I beseech you accept of such Entertainment as it yieldeth; and if no longer,

er, yet for this Night, that I may know where I have lodged, and you have some knowledge of my Affection unto you. They both noting with what hearty Words he spoke, being weary with Travel, alighted to rest themselves, being kindly welcomed by him and *Alsala*. After Supper, *Delatus* began these Speeches:

Worthy Knight, should I rehearse the whole Circumstance of my Misfortune and *Amphiador*'s Wickedness, I should both trouble you with the Tediousness, and renew my own Sorrows: only this, he wrought means to deprive me of this my Dukedom, and caused *Penthrasus* to Enchant me in the Desart, with purpose I should never return; yet he favouring me, bound me there no longer than *Constantia* should remain Enchanted in the Tower built by King *Helion*, revealing many Secrets to me, that I will disclose hereafter. Not many Days since, I found my self at liberty, whereby I knew the Enchantment was ended. The same Day *Ila* favouring *Amphiador*, seeing her Power at an end, came to this Castle, bringing *Philotheta* with her, not his, but my Daughter, declaring my Releasement, with whom he fled, but whither I know not, which I fear will turn to her great Sorrow: for his Mind is so apt to Cruelty, that he feareth not to act any Villany to satisfie his own Mind. I tell this unto you, though I know it concerns you not, yet to let you understand that by finishing the Enchantment, I was released, which *Ila* knowing, gave him knowledge of, which is the Cause of his Flight. I desire you (said he) to grant me one favour, which is to let me know if your Name be not *Constantia*?

I am (quoth she) that most unfortunate Creature, and by this Knight's Valour was I set at Liberty, to whom I am much bound.

My Heart rejoyceth (said *Delatus*) that ever I had cause to do you any Courtesie, and that it was my good Fortune to see you in this Place, having long wished for your Release; not only for my own Good, but for that noble King *Persicles*'s sake, who was with me in the Desart when I lived Enthralled, and with earnest Resolution determined to spend the Date of his Life in your Search: from which I dissuaded him, and by my Direction he returned into *Assyria*; for the Sequel of your Releasement was revealed to me by *Penthrasus* himself, which none could Atchieve but your own Son, which is this noble Knight. Nay (said he) doubt not of this, for what he revealed and I have published is true, though it resteth not in my knowledge to dilate the Circumstances of it.

They both wondred at his Speeches, and the *Knight of the Oracle* said, Can I be more Fortunate? or hear better News, or receive any

any Comfort [illegible]? O Heavens, grant that my joyful Hope may not be frustrated, but that I may be assured I am descended of such noble Parents: Which may be true; for *Cothanes* often told me, that he found me on the Top of a Mountain lying in Swadling-cloaths, and not far off the Body of a Woman torn and dismembred by wild Beasts, and many Jewels about me, one of which I have ever since worn about my Neck.

Constantia seeing it, knew the same, embracing him in her Arms, and kissing him, whilst he with humble Duty did her Reverence. I should be too tedious to recite their Joys, and how much *Delatus* and *Alsala* made of them, who would not so leave them, but promised to travel with them into *Assyria*, where they were assured to meet *Persicles*, but in such sort that none might know them, for as yet *Constantia* feared her Father's Displeasure. They stayed there but that Night, and early the next Morning they betook themselves to travel.

Notwithstanding this Joy, the *Knight of the Oracle* felt some Sparks of Discontent which troubled his Senses, and turned his Quest into Disquiet, which was with the Remembrance of *Philotheta*, whose Mishap pinched him to the Heart: she was also troubled with the same Disquiet, fearing never to see him again, little thinking it had been he that finished the Enchantment; besides, she was much troubled with *Ila*'s Dealing, who having brought her to *Amphiador*, fled and was never seen of her again.

Amphiador being alone with *Philotheta*, thought it not good for him to discover himself, lest he thereby should hazard his Life: but disguising himself and her, left *Arabia*, and travelled unto *Persia*, thinking to live there till Death, undiscried; and finding out a Habitation fit for that purpose, he told her what he intended, perswading her to stay with him. This troubled her very Heart, fearing some greater Mischeif would follow, which according to her Misdoubt fell out: for when he saw no means to recover his Dignity, nor to attain any other Felicity but to live in Obscurity, his Mind being addicted to a licentious Desire, began to dote on *Philotheta*'s Beauty, which burst out into a Flame, revealing the same in this sort:

Philotheta, (quoth he) if you knew what I would say, or if you could conceive my Meaning without Words, I would refrain to speak; but since there is no hope for me to live without attaining my Desire, I will utter to you the depth of my Good-will; and the thing I desire so much you should know, which is, That I love you; this I hope cannot be grievous unto you?

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Should I not (said she) love you, I were to be accounted very ungrateful and unworthy, having found you so kind, which bindeth me to yield you Thanks.

Then (said he) let me enjoy that Love, for your Beauty hath ensnared my Heart, and nothing but the Sweet thereof can ease my Torment: Here we may live together void of Disquiet, enjoying each others Love with Content, which exceedeth the Pleasure that more dignified Honour yieldeth.

Philotheta at the first understood his Meaning, replying with Mildness, but her Heart so much disdained to yield to that he desired, that she could not contain herself, but made him this Answer: *Amphiador*, dost thou think thy Wickedness can over-master my Vertue? Or dost thou think I can like to hear thy odious Speeches that bewrayeth the inward Rancor of thy Heart? Or dost thou behold such Looseness in me, that should animate thee to this dishonourable Attempt? Or dost thou think that I will yield to thy Lust? No, now I so much abhor thee, that I shall count my self the worse because I know thee, and curse my cruel Destinies that have made me to see thee, and will rather end my Life desparately, than suffer my self to conceive one good Thought of thee: therefore leave off where thou hast begun, for I will sooner Massacre my self, than yield to the least part of thy Desire.

Chap. XXX.

How Amphiador, Philotheta, *and* Praxentia *met: how they prevented his Lust, and departed towards* Assyria.

IT chanced, that not long after, as *Amphiador* was walking alone in a solitary Place, he heard the Lamantation of a distressed Lady, who uttered these Words: What Misery am I brought into by my own doting Folly on that unknown Knight, which never regarded me? Fond Woman that I am, thus to abandon my Father's Court, where I was renowned for Vertue; for who heard the Name of *Praxentia* that did not adore the same? And who was more reverenced than my self, who now have brought my Honour into Disgrace, and for the Love of a Stranger have refused to match with so mighty a Prince as *Palian*? O *Persicles!* thee may I curse, for by thy means he is lost, or left where he will never return.

Amphiador wondring much to hear her name *Persicles*, *Palian* and

Praxentia, which Names he knew, admired who it should be, but seeing her silent, he drew near her, saying, Lady, hearing your Laments, I could not chuse but pity you, which makes me thus bold to approach into your Company, proffering my Assistance to Aid you in what I can.

My Friend, (said *Praxentia*) against my will you are privy to my Estate; which if you pity, succour me, for I am brought low by too much Grief, and weak for want of Sustenance.

Lady, (quoth he) my Habitation is not far off, whither if you will go, you shall have what you desire. Being come thither, they found *Philotheta* drowned in Tears, the Cause whereof he well knew: but *Praxentia* wondred at it, containing another inward Sorrow to see so sweet a Creature in such Sadness. *Philotheta* marvelled what she was, hoping by her company to receive some Comfort.

Amphiades leaving them both together, went out to meditate on what he had done, devising by what means to enjoy both their Loves; which he was fully resolved to do, though the Deed was never so wicked.

Praxentia having well refreshed herself with such good Food as she had received, demanded *Philotheta*'s Cause of Sorrow.

Ah me! (said she) none so miserable as I; this Tyrant that brought you hither is my Father-in-law, whose Mind is so wicked, that he strives to win me to his Lust; which addeth much Sorrow to my Heart; so that I am weary of my Life. My Name is *Philotheta*, Daughter to the Duke of *Ila*, whom all Men thought had been dead: but he being informed of the contrary by the Enchantress, fled, bringing me hither by force, where he intends to keep me as his Bond-slave; but the Heavens, I hope, will ordain some Succour to my Distress. Your help I cannot desire, because you are in distress too; to remedy which Evil, you are fallen into a place that yieldeth no Comfort.

Before *Praxentia* could reply, *Amphiades* came in and entertained her with many counterfeit Courtesies, and comforted her with many fair Speeches, protesting so many Services, that none but one of so impudent a Disposition could have found on such a sudden to proffer: the Purpose whereof *Praxentia* (being before warned) well understood, fearing some further Mischief would follow thereon. That Day they could have no further Conference together, for he kept himself always in their company. When it was Night, they thought to have lodged together; but

he

he ordered the contrary: by which means, for three Days after they could not utter their Minds to one another. In the mean time *Amphiador* was never out of their company, perswading *Philotheta* to yield her Liking to what he had proffered; and using such Speeches to *Praxentia* as might draw her to a good Opinion of him.

One Night *Amphiador* being very desirous to possess *Praxentia*'s Love, with softly steps he stole into her Chamber, creeping along the Floor, until he attained to the Bed-side; and perceiving her sleep soundly, without speaking, he crept into the Bed to her. She feeling one in the Bed, was so amazed and affrighted, that before he could embrace her as he intended, she leaped out on the other side, and ran to the Door; to whom he called, saying, I beseech you stay, I mean you no harm, by Heaven, I will not offer you injury. What Villian art thou, (said she) that seekest my Dishonour? Or what wicked Pretence driveth thee hither at this unseasonable time, and in such audacious sort to affright me?

Neither intending your Dishonour, nor under other Pretence than Vertuous, came your poor Servant *Amphiador* into your Presence, only with Thankfulness to manifest my Heart's true Devotion: I beseech you shun me not, nor suspect me, for my Heart will sooner see it self torn in pieces, than think a Thought to wrong your Worthiness.

Should I be so mad as to trust thee, thou mightest well repute me for Immodest, and well might I blame my self if I sustained Wrong; therefore for this time I will leave you. With that, she made fast the Door, and hastned unto *Philotheta*'s Chamber, calling out aloud, *Philotheta*, *Philotheta*, let me in. She being asleep, was half amazed with the Noise, not daring at the first or second Call to open the Door: but when she heard it was a Woman's Voice, she opened the same; which she had no sooner done, but *Praxentia* stept in, desiring her to make it fast again; standing with Fear so mute, that until she had reassumed her memorial Senses to their proper use, she could not speak a Word; whilst *Philotheta* bewailed her Sorrow, often demanding the Cause thereof. At last she declared the how *Amphiador* had used her.

O base Villian (said *Philotheta*) will the Fates suffer him to proceed thus and not cut him off? Or can we devise no means to avoid his Intent? Lady, (quoth *Praxentia*) do but joyn with me, and you shall soon see that between us we will quickly be rid of him. O Lord, said *Philotheta*, I should think my self the most hap-

ny Woman living, and for ever honour you, if by your Counsel and Help I attain this Felicity. Then, quoth she, by some means or other convey his Sword into my Chamber, and there hide your self till I come: in the mean time I will so deal with him, that he shall come again to my Chamber, without suspect of our Intent, with meer Hopes to attain my Love; and when he is come, I will so work with him, that either we will by Cunning out-reach him, or sheath the same in his Bowels. All this, said *Philotheta*, will I constantly perform.

Early the next Morning *Philotheta* fetcht *Praxentia*'s Apparel, and putting it on, she went down where *Amphiador* was: who espying her, came to her, desiring that she would pardon his last Night's Boldness: Sir, said she, I was disquieted therewith, more than I needed, considering you meant me no Violence as you protest; but it was great Folly in you to come at so unseasonable a time, and not make the Party acquainted. Pardon me, I humbly desire you, and withal pity me, that am ensnared with your Beauty.

Many such Speeches he used, and she counterfeited many feigned Denials, which was intermingled with such Hope, that he perceived she would yield, and therefore the more he entreated, vowed, and protested to win her Consent: which at last, according to her Appointment, she granted; but with such Conditions as furthered the Purpose of their intended Revenge. He being joyful thereof, left her; and she went to *Philotheta*, declaring how she had dealt with him.

When Night approached, he walked abroad to meditate on his ensuing Pleasure; thinking by that time he returned they would be parted to their Lodgings. In the mean time *Philotheta* conveyed inno the Chamber two Swords, being the Weapons that were in the House, and hid herself from being seen. When he thought it time, he returned, and coming to the Chamber-door, he found *Praxentia* ready to let him in, whose Heart trembled at the first sight of him, but yet she shook it off, with as much Courage as might be in a Woman. When he was entred, and the Door made fast, having embraced her with a lascivious Kiss, the which she patiently endured by reason of her Promise, he went to bed, whilst she stood trifling to undress herself. When she saw him laid, she came to the Bed-side, giving him a betraying Kiss, saying, *Amphiador*, how much do I now differ from Chastity, that must yield to violate the same, without the Holy Rites of Marriage, wherein I shall cast away my self, and make my Name oblique throughout the whole

World,

World, if you forſake me, of whoſe Faith I have no Aſſurance? Tuſh, quoth he, fear not, but come to Bed: I will then make thee a faithful Promiſe, that thou ſhalt reſt contented. That were (ſaid ſhe) to yield Poſſeſſion before, and afterwards repent. By my Soul (ſaith he) I will not touch you before I am licenſed by your free Conſent. Then (ſaid ſhe) let me bind your Hands, and I will without delay come to you. He accounted that Requeſt to proceed from baſhful Fear, not from Policy; thinking though his Hands were bound, he ſhould be good enough for her with his Legs, granted it. Then ſhe took a Scarf which ſhe had brought on purpoſe, and therewith bound his Hands ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible for him to undo them; which done, *Philotheta* ſtep'd forth, delivering one of the Swords to *Praxentia*, and holding the other Hand againſt his Breaſt ſaid, Now, *Amphiador*, what hath thy Lewdneſs brought the unto, but Miſery? Thinkeſt thou, that hadſt no Mercy in ſeeking our Diſhonour, to find Remorſe in us to work Revenge? Nay, Villanous Traytor (ſaid *Praxentia*) ſhould we ſuffer ſo vile a Miſcreant to live, we ſhould do a wicked Deed: for a Man of thy impious Life, will infect the whole World. Art thou ſo treacherous that thou careſt not what Laws thou violateſt, and yet ſo ſimple as to be overcome by a Woman? yet know whom thou haſt offended, and to whom thou wouldeſt have done Violence: know, I ſay, Traytor, that my Name is *Praxentia*, Daughter to the King of *Macedonia*, that will work Revenge upon thee, worthy thy hanious Act. *Amphiador* marvelling when heard her Name, and he lay confounded with Shame, his Heart fainting with ſuch Fear, that with little Violence it would have been overcome. To make him more ſure, one of them bound his Feet, whilſt the other ſtood ready to ſtab him if he ſtirred. This done, they withdrew themſelves, conſulting which way to be rid of him.

Moſt noble Lady (quoth *Philotheta*) your Prudence hath ſet us at liberty from this Tyrant, whom if you pleaſe, we will leave in this place, and not ſtain our innocent Hands with his impure Blood. But (ſaid *Praxentia*) how ſhall we eſcape from hence? Eaſily, replyed ſhe, for leaving him faſt bound, there is none to purſue us. Then *Praxentia* went unto him, and ſaid, *Amphiador*, we cannot as yet reſolve how to work ſufficient Revenge upon thee; therefore make no Acclamation, but with patience abide our Will, which will be too favourable: for if we hear thee but once open thy Mouth, ſuch ſhall be thy Uſage, that thou ſhalt wiſh thou hadſt taken our Directions: Upon which they locked the Door, and

left

left him. Then they began to consult what to do; *Praxentia* saying, Lady, it may be you will travel into *Arabia*, which will occasion our Separation; for I resolve to go to *Assyria*, upon an Occasion that concerns no less than my Life, which I will impart unto you upon promise of Secresie. I were not worthy to live, (replyed she) if I revealed your Counsel. Then did she unfold her Love to *Montelion*, and how *Fabia* crost the same. *Philotheta*'s Heart melted within her to hear her Speech, fearing to be disappointed of her Intent, being troubled with so great Anguish, that so great a Princess should be her Rival; sometimes thinking that he did not esteem her according to his Speech, but that he proffered his Love to her of common Courtesie to try her Affection. Many other Cogitations occurred in her Brain: but seeing that she expected a Reply, she made this Answer: Most Noble Princess, if you will accept of my Company, I will in regard of your Courtesie, undeservedly shewed to me, venture my self with you, and do my best to further you in attaining your Desire. *Praxentia* was glad thereof; and with this Resolution, in the Morning they left the Place, travelling towards *Assyria*, changing their Upper-garments into Palmer's Gray.

CHAP. XXXI.

How the Knight of the Oracle, Constantia, *and the rest hearing a lamentable Cry, found* Amphiador *starved to Death.*

Amphiador lay all that Day upon the Bed fast bound, perswading himself they meant him no Evil; but when it drew to Night, he marvelled that they came not again. Then he began to suspect the Truth, that they were departed; which vexed him so much, that he would have destroyed himself if he could have found means, continuing the length of that discomfortable Night in cursing his own Fortune and Folly, that had brought him to that Misery; thinking either to starve there for want of Food, or to preserve his Life, by eating his own of Flesh, and so to dye a lingring Death. Four Days after, Fortune brought things to pass, that the *Knight of the Oracle*, *Delatus*, *Constantia* and *Alfada*, with many others in their Company, having lost their way, alighted on the place where *Amphiador* lay, making such Lamentation for want of Food, that it pierced the Ears of the Knight, who first hearing the same, set spurs to his Horse, and entring the House, the Door whereof he found open, and drawing his Sword, he found the Chamber, from whence

whence the piteous Cry proceeded, full lockt, which he brake open, and found *Amphiador* in such a lamentable plight, that the Water stood in his Eyes. *Amphiador* seeing him, cryed out for Meat. What art thou? (quoth he.) My Name (said he) is *Amphiador*, wicked *Amphiador*, that for my Sins endure this Punishment. The *Knight of the Oracle* presently unbound him, and went with him to seek for Victuals, which he soon found. By this time *Delatus* and the rest were entred, and *Amphiador* espying *Alfala*, fell down dead. Farewel (said the *Knight of the Oracle*) hadst thou dyed sooner, then should not some have cause to complain of thy Tyranny. They made short tarriance in that place, for that it yielded little Comfort, but again travelled towards *Assyria*.

CHAP. XXXII.

How the Emperour of Persia, *and the King of* Macedonia *met to conclude the Peace between* Persicles *and the King of* Armenia. *How* Persicles *erected a Pavillion to entertain all Strangers: how the* Knight of the Oracle *and* Constantia *arrived there: how* Persicles *discovered them, and of the Joy that was made for their Safety: how* Persicles *knew the* Knight of the Oracle *to be his Son, and was afterwards married to* Constantia.

THe Emperour of *Persia* and the King of *Macedonia* according to the Peace ratified betwen *Persicles* and the King of *Armenia*, met at the City of *Pisos*, and were there received by *Persicles* in such honourable sort, as is not to be described. This City of *Pisos* bordereth on the utmost Confines of *Assyria*, not above a Furlong distant from *Armenia*, on the Edge whereof stood the City of *Lisar*, rich and populous, where the King of *Armenia* then lay. Between these two Cities was so large a Valley of Plains, that the fair Prospect of both the Cities lay open to each others View. In the midst of this Valley were the Royal Tents of *Persia* and *Macedonia* pitcht, and about them a number of Tents of gallant Knights, that came to bear them company; and both the Cities were fortified with Garrisons of Soldiers, to prevent Injury that might be offered to either Party. The King of *Macedonia*, likewise brought with him his three Sons, *Mentrus*, *Daurus*, *Thetus*, his Queen and his fair Daughter *Sabina*, in whose company were the chiefest Ladies of *Macedonia*, and such Troops of valiant Knights, that all the Valley was filled with their Tents and Pavillions. *Persicles* trusting to the Assurance *Delatus* had given him of *Constantia*'s Release, caused all

the

and Empreſs going before, and he coming after, that when their Greetings were paſt, he might have the more liberty to embrace her. Then entring the Room where *Conſtantia* and *Montelion* were, they knew her, and ſhe them, falling proſtrate before them, whilſt they welcomed her with great Kindneſs. Then welcoming the *Knight of the Oracle*, *Perſicles* embraced *Conſtantia*, each weeping for Joy: O Heavens (ſaid he) never was I bleſt till this happy Hour: after ſo much Sorrow, to enjoy ſuch Pleaſure. *Montelion*'s Approach brake off their Speech, who kneeled before him. Nay, dear Friend (ſaid he) kneel not, for I am not worthy to be ſo honoured. My Lord (quoth *Delatus*) well may he do it, for he is your own Son. More Honour, Joy, Comfort and Content, (ſaid *Perſicles*) could never have happened to any mortal Man, than doth this Day to me; to find a Father, a Wife, and a Son, that this Day knew not either Father, Wife, or Son: one ſo Honourable and Magnificent, the other ſo Vertuous, Bountiful and Loving; the laſt ſo Valiant, Vertuous, Magnanimous and Prudent, that all the World's Wealth cannot countervail my Riches. Then turning to the Emperour, kneeling down with them, he ſaid: Renowned Emperour, I beſeech you accept us three as your Children, remitting all Diſpleaſure conceived againſt us.

Then did the Emperour and Empreſs, *Deloratus* and *Piera*, all embrace them, ſhedding Tears of Joy for their happy Meeting. The Nobles welcome the *Knight of the Oracle*, and *Conſtantia*, and ſuch Joy was made on every ſide, as is not to be expreſſed. Parting from thence, towards the City in Royalty, they were welcomed by the Citizens and Merchants with great Joy, whilſt the Emperour uttered theſe Speeches:

See here, my Friends of *Aſſyria*, your Liege, Lord and Sovereign, the Son of *Peſicles* and *Conſtantia*; How may you applaud the Bounty of Heaven providing for you ſuch a noble Prince? Then taking *Conſtantia* by the Hand, he ſaid: Here *Perſicles*, take my Daughter; I give her thee as freely as the Heavens gave her me, that Marriage may joyn Hands as true Love hath united your Hearts. He took the Gift with more Joy than if he had delivered him the World's Monarchy; ſaying, Moſt mighty Emperour, I know not how to render ſufficient Thanks, in that your Highneſs is pleaſed to enrich me with your Daughter, which hath been the only thing I always deſired, for which I hope to ſhew ſuch Deſerts hereafter, as neither ſhe ſhall be diſcontented, nor your Majeſty repent this good Deed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

How the two Ladies arrived at the Pavillion; how Philotheta *discovered to* Montelion Praxentia's *Love, to make Tryal of him whom she most dearly loved.*

NOw great Joy was made by the Assyrians for these Accidents. That Evening had brought the two Ladies *Philotheta* and *Praxentia* to the City-walls, where they beheld the Turnaments, and saw the *Knight of the Oracle* bear away the Prize, whom they were informed to be *Montelion*, and Son of *Persicles* and *Constantia*. This News rejoyced them both; *Praxentia* hoping to enjoy his Love, and *Philotheta* purposing to live no longer than to live in Hope to do the like; taking the Entertainment of the *Knight of the Oracle*'s Pavillion, which yielded them such Security as they desired. *Praxentia* bethinking herself of a way to effect her Desire, thus brake her Mind to *Philotheta:* Lady, said she, I am more beholding unto you for undertaking this Travel for my sake, than I shall ever live to requite; notwithstanding for that my Passions crave Pity, and your good Help, I beseech you to Aid me in this Extremity: I have made my Name and Fortune known to you, and now it would be in vain for me to stay; for should I manifest my Love, it would turn to my everlasting Shame; I will therefore make my Being known here to none, but the *Knight of the Oracle*, which shall be done by this means, if you will undertake it: In this Habit you may safely go without being known, as if you had never been seen; and finding him out, give him knowledge of my being here, and the Misery I have endured for his sake; uttering the same in such form of Words as shall best like you; this will be a means to bring me Comfort, if you will perform the same. *Philotheta* promised her that she would do it the next Day.

Early the next Morning, *Philotheta* disguised herself, left the Pavillion, to seek Opportunity to deliver her Message, and coming to the City-gates with a pretended Excuse (if she were examined) found no Resistance: but coming to the Palace she entred into the great Hall, where she stayed to see the Royalty of the Court, till she beheld the *Knight of the Oracle*, only attended by his Page, pass into the Garden, and then she followed him, till he looking back, and espying a Palmer behind him, stayed, courteously demanding what he would have; who said, *Knight of the Oracle*, I have a mat-

ter of ſecreſie to deliver to you. The moſt vertuous, beautiful, and conſtant Lady *Praxentia*, whom you well know, having ever ſince ſhe firſt ſaw you, loved you, though without Comfort, and endured much Sorrow for your Abſence, regarding her Love to you more than her Life, Parents, and Country, hath for your ſake left her Pomp and Dignity, to live in Sorrow and Miſery to find you out, who remaineth now in the Pavillion, where for your ſake all Strangers are entertained, in ſuch Sorrow and Anguiſh, as did you behold the ſame, your vertuous Mind could not chooſe but pity her. This I am bold to utter to you, not ſent hither, but in pity of her, and to do you Good, ſhe being Daughter to the mighty King of *Macedonia*. Palmer, ſaid he, I commend thy good Meaning, and wiſh I could follow thy Counſel, which bringeth much Diſquiet to my Heart; I pity her more than ſhe doth herſelf, and wiſh not to have been born, rather than ſhe ſhould do herſelf Wrong for my ſake: She is worthy to be beloved, but I cannot alter my Affections that are already ſetled, where yet I reap no Hope of Comfort, and am kept from it by many Difficulties, which makes me equal to her in Sorrow. I ſpeak not this with intent that you ſhould tell it her, for that would make her more deſperate; but I fear that you are ſent by her: which if it be ſo, you will do me Wrong, and her no Good; therefore I pray you diſſwade her if you can: for a Stranger's Counſel in ſuch matters prevails much: and if you can bring me News that ſhe hath revolted from this Love, I ſhall count my ſelf moſt Happy.

Sir, ſaid the Palmer, I would return to you again, if I knew conveniently how to come to ſpeak with you. I will be, replyed he, to Morrow within the City about this time, hoping to hear better News from her by thy Perſwaſions. Then giving the Palmer a rich Jewel for his Pains, they parted, *Philotheta* out of the Palace, and he into the Garden, meditating on what he had heard. *Philotheta* returning to the Pavillion, uttered the whole Sum of the Conference ſhe had with the *Knight of the Oracle*, unto *Praxentia*; which when ſhe heard, it ſo grieved her, that *Philotheta* expected when ſhe would have yielded up the Ghoſt; which to prevent, ſhe ſaid, Be not ſo impatient, but harken to my Counſel: I have appointed to come to him to Morrow; at which time I will deal ſo effectually with him, that he ſhall come and ſpeak with you, and when he ſees your Laments, there is no doubt but he will conſent. This ſomewhat ſatisfied her; yet her Mind was ſo full of Grief and Vexation, that her Eyes could take no reſt, by reaſon of the ear-

earneſt Deſire ſhe had to hear the next News. *Philaſbera* was not void of Care, as ſhe had good Cauſe, undertaking a Matter againſt herſelf; yet to make aſſured Tryal of his Conſtancy, ſhe did it. Being alone ſhe meditated on the doubtful Iſſue of this Attempt, which would either procure her much Joy or Sorrow, ſometimes perſwading herſelf it was ſhe he loved, that he was conſtant, that no Perſwaſions could alter him, yet ſhe thought *Praxentia*'s Birth, Beauty and Lament might overcome him, and the rather, for that he had no Aſſurance of her Love, or ever to ſee her again. Thus this fair Lady tormented herſelf with contrariety of Doubts, longing as much or more than *Praxentia*, for the next Morning's approach.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Of the Treaſons Practiſed againſt the Knight of the Oracle.

THe King of *Armenia* ſeeing ſuch a League concluded, by means of this Marriage, between the Emperour of *Perſia* and *Perſicles*, envying his Good, thought that he was likely to prevail nothing againſt him by that means; and calling unto him a Knight, whom he moſt favoured, and was always counſelled by, named *Ciſor*, to him he uttered his Diſcontent, who preſently counſelled him to break the Peace, and ſuddenly ſurprize the City. The King liked not that Counſel, but rather deſired by ſome ſecret means either to Poyſon *Perſicles* and his Son, or ſet ſome Diſcord between them and the King of *Macedonia*, that ſo the Peace might be broken. *Ciſor* promiſed to perform ſomething to that Effect; and finding out *Palian*, he ſaid: Noble Prince, I marvel you ſuffer your Glory thus to be darkned by this Upſtart Knight, that nameth himſelf of the *Oracle*: Can ſo honourable a Mind as yours brook ſuch Indignities? Is not *Aſſyria* yours by Right? are not you more Noble by Birth, and Worthy to be as Famous as he is? Why do you ſuffer him and his Father to carry away all the Prize of Honour? Are all the Knights in *Armenia* too weak to cope with him? Doth not his Behavionr ſhew that he ſcorns you? hath not he alone croſt your good Fortune? Then live not to be reviled, but to revenge. Joyn with the King of *Macedonia*'s Sons, who are of the Mind as I am, and I will lay you down ſuch a Plot, as ſhall abate his Bravery. If theſe Knights, and ſuch as are now come out of *Macedonia* cannot foil them, then ſhall you live in Contempt of the whole World, and be accounted their Inferiour.

Palian hearing his Speeches, breathing forth a deep Sigh, ſaid, Thou reneweſt my Grief afreſh; for I have drunk ſo much Sorrow in that kind of Diſcontent, that my Heart is overcome therewith, and fain would work my Releaſement, if you would be ſecret and ſwear to Aſſiſt me, I would tell my whole Heart unto you. Upon his Proteſtations, he revealed his Love to *Praxentia*, and how he was croſt by *Montelion*, with all that had paſſed ſince, and of her Eſcape out of *Perſia*, which was only for his Love that regarded her not, and how he deſired Revenge, his Mind being apt to entertain any Complot. *Ciſor* then ſaid, Confer with the King's Sons; and diſcover to'em with what Earneſtneſs ſhe has ſought his Love; and receiving Scorn for her Affection, and Diſdain for her Good-will, hath in a deſperate ſort (aſhamed to be rejected) ſtolen from the Court of the Emperour of *Perſia*, either to deſtroy herſelf, or wilfully to live in perpetual Exile: When they hear this, their Hearts will be eaſily won to Revenge her Wrong; which done, let them alone to meditate thereon. *Ciſor* having thus whetted him on, left him: which ſo prevailed, that he put the ſame in Practice with the King's Sons, that they began mortally to hate *Montelion*; agreeing to Arm themſelves in ſuch Armour, that none but *Ciſor* ſhould know them, and for ſome Days to lodge in the Pavillion, and there to deviſe which way to work him ſome Diſgrace. Upon this Concluſion they parted, and provided Armour for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XXXV.

How the Knight of the Oracle *arrived at the Pavillion diſguiſed to ſatisfie* Praxentia; *how he was diſcovered by* Palian; *how he and the King of* Macedonia's *Sons would have murthered him*; *how he broke ſlew one of them, and was accuſed by the Princeſs of a Rape, which ſhe concluded Peace.*

WHen the time was come, *Philotheta* not failing, met the *Knight of the Oracle* to do her Meſſage. How now Palmer, ſaid he, doſt thou bring me News that *Praxentia* hath given over her Love? If thou haſt, tell me; if not, I pray the trouble me not. My Lord, quoth ſhe, ſhe rageth moſt extreamly, and I fear will do herſelf ſome Violence, unleſs you pity her. I cannot do that (ſaid he) though it pincheth me to hear of her Sorrow; what can I ſay more? or what wouldeſt thou wiſh me to do to eaſe her, and yet reſerve my Loyalty? Sir, replyed ſhe, you may conſider that

ſhe

she is Honourable, Vertuous, and Daughter to a King, worthy to be beloved; and it may be the Lady whom you love is not comparable to her in any of these Gifts: No, nor in Love, which may peradventure love another; and then you will wrong your self, and injure her. Peace, Palmer, quoth he, if my Fortune prove so bad, the greater will be my Misery; Tell me therefore what thou wouldest have me do. My Lord, said she, had I not promised her to bring you to speak with her, she would have destroyed herself e're this; therefore vouchsafe me such Favour that I may perform my Word, which may be a means to end her Malady. Did'st thou know, quoth he, how unwilling I am to do it, I think thou wouldest not request it: but to satisfie her of that which peradventure she will not credit by thy Report, and at thy Request, I will come to her this Evening. *Philotheta* being parted from him, by the way uttered these Speeches: O that Fortune would favour me so much, and bless me with that Felicity to be the Party this worthy Knight loveth so constantly? By this time she was come to the Pavillion, where even there entred four Knights in black Armour, gallantly mounted, by their outward Habit pretending some cruel Tragedy; these Knights were *Palian* and the King of *Macedonia*'s three Sons, who had vowed either secretly or openly to complot the Death of *Montelion*, taking up their Lodgings to hatch their Treason.

The Day being past, the *Knight of the Oracle* apparelled himself in the Habit of one of the King's Servants; and only girding his Sword to his side, he went to the Pavillion, concealing himself so closely as he could; But the Heavens had ordained him to endure some Misery, for *Palian* espyed his coming thither. Being entred the Pavillion, *Philotheta* met him, who with Carefulness expected his coming, conducting him unto the place where *Praxentia* was, which went so sore against her Heart to do, that with very Grief she was ready to die; whither *Palian*'s wicked Eyes watched him. The Princess espying him, blushed exceedingly, her own Heart accusing her of Immodesty, to reveal that which she would have concealed. He saluting her, uttered these Speeches:

Most noble Princess, To fulfil your Desire, and shew my Gratitude to you for your Friendship bestowed on him that is not worthy thereof, I am come to you, desiring you not to misconceive me, nor coudemn me of Inhumanity, that am not my own, and therefore cannot give my self to you. I have uttered to the Palmer that which I will now conceal, because I will not offend you,

you, desiring you to command my Life, if you please, for that shall be at your Disposition, otherwise I cannot employ my self to your Liking. I have long since known of your Good-will to me, which *Palian* by his Subtilty increased, of whose Love and Proceedings, I know so much, that to fulfil your Request, I should wrong him. I was the Man that should have joyned your Hands, when he took my Name and Habit upon him; which I presume here to utter, that you may remember my Innocency in that Complot, and how constantly I have vowed my self to another.

Praxentia with Anger, Shame, and Grief, stood like one mute, vexed that he knew of *Palian*'s Act; ashamed to make Love contrary to the Property of her Kind, and grieved to be disappointed, all which together, suffered her not to speak, till at last her Passions and burning Lust, so overcame her, that kneeling down, she said: Good Knight, blame me not, nor condemn me of Immodesty, but grant Pity to my Torment. He taking her up, desired her not to kneel to him that was not worthy thereof, nor able to deserve it. She taking him by the Hand, desired him to sit down by her upon the Bed, making signs for *Philotheta* to depart the Room.

To Repeat what matter of Behaviour this Woman used, and the Words she speak, would make any modest Ear blush; but seeing that nothing would prevail, Rage and Lust so overcame her, that in bitter Exclaims she cryed out, Inhumane, Disloyal and base Knight, dost thou requite my Love with this Disdain? or thinkest thou I will live to bear the Blot of thy Refusal? At the conclusion of which Words, *Thetus* entred the Room, and with his Sword drawn, ran at him, who by good Fortune seeing him, started aside, otherwise he had been slain, yet he was sore wounded; whereupon drawing his Sword, he struck at *Thetus*, at every blow wounding him. *Philotheta* hearing the Noise, came in, and seeing *Montelion* wounded, with Fear, Grief and Amazment, cryed out aloud, Help, help, the King's Son will be murdered. The Eccho of her shrill Voice sounded throughout the whole Pavillion, and both the Servants and other Knights came running thither: and before they came, he had gotten *Thetus* and overcome him, and thrust his Sword into his Body. By this time *Palian* and her other two Brethren came in, who seeing *Thetus* slain, cryed out, Stay the Traytor, he hath murthered *Thetus*, Son to the King of *Macedonia*. *Praxentia* hearing that, tore her Hair, rent her Garments, and so disfigured her Face, was as lamentable to behold.

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Some began to lay hands on the *Knight of the Oracle*; but his Father's Servants knowing him, ſtood in his Defence: then there began a hot Combat on both parts, and many were ſlain. *Praxentia* being now diſcovered, was known to *Palias*, and her two Brethren, to whom ſhe cryed, Revenge my Shame, and my Brother's Death on this wicked Knight, who ſeeketh by Violence to Diſhonour me, and hath ſlain my Brother.

What Grief this was to *Philotheta* you may judge; and how it vexed him to be thus betrayed, cannot be uttered: ſtanding in his own Defence againſt ſuch as would have apprehended him, that did not know him, till he was grievouſly wounded, and many of them ſlain. By this time, the News thereof came to *Perſicles*, the Emperour of *Perſia*, and the King of *Macedonia*, who came thither with all ſpeed; and the Aſſyrians hearing of the *Knight of the Oracle*'s Diſtreſs, broke the Conditions of the concluded Peace, and by Multitudes ran forth of the City to preſerve him.

Perſicles firſt entred the Tent, next him the Emperour, then the King of *Macedonia*, commanding, upon Pain of Death, that no Man ſhould ſtrike a Blow; yet notwithſtanding, raſhneſs and heavy Force ſo overcame them, that it was long before they were appeaſed; and the Emperour ſeeing *Praxentia* there in ſuch ſort diſfigured, asked if any could tell the Cauſe of that Miſchief: Firſt *Praxentia* ſpake, being moſt guilty, yet thought to excuſe herſelf: Noble Emperour, my Brother you ſee is ſlain in reſcuing me from that Knight's Violence. The *Knight of the Oracle* kneeling down before the Emperour, ſaid, My Noble Grand-father, I ſlew him in my own Defence: neither did I know what he was, being my ſelf trained hither, to my Death; more he would have ſaid, but the Soldiers having entred the Pavillian, reſted not till they had gotten to him; and he to ſatisfie them, and avoid further Miſchief, departed with them to the City. Then did the Emperour and *Perſicles*, comfort the King of *Macedonia*: but he being vexed with his Son's Death, and his Daughter's Diſgrace, and urged by his other two Sons, that ſtood by, he ſaid, Emperour of *Perſia*, I am much wronged and abuſed by thee and thy Progeny, by whoſe Falſhood I ſee my Children lie dead before my Face; how ſhould I thus be contented? I ſwear by Heaven and Earth, I will ſeverely revenge this Villany.

King of *Macedonia*, (ſaid *Perſicles*, I defie thee for accuſing me or mine of any Diſhonour; and thou ſhalt ſee and find, this Accuſation is falſe; why elſe are thy Sons here diſguiſed with my

Enemy? by whoſe Plot this Miſchief was intended againſt my Son, though it lighted upon themſelves.

Chap. XXXVI.

Of the Grief Philotheta *endured for this Misfortune: how ſhe was taken and carried to the Armedian Hoſt; of* Ralea's *Misfortune, and the Meſſage ſhe delivered to* Montelion.

Philotheta ſeeing how unfortunately all things fell out, withdrew herſelf out of ſight, and in bitter Exclaims lamented her hard Fortune, but moſt of all, that ſhe was the Cauſe of *Montelion*'s coming thither, which had ſo nearly endangered his Life: therefore ſhe ſhrouded herſelf till it was Night, which being come, ſhe travelled further into the Country, and changing a Jewel, ſhe altered her old Habit into her right Form. She ſtaid ſome Days in a Village not far from the City of *Piſos*, in the Houſe of an ancient Lady, named *Ralea*, to whom ſhe related her Misfortunes procured by *Amphiador*, but concealed her Love to *Montelion*, fearing to commit that to her Secreſie. *Ralea* being a Woman of great Wiſdom, uſed *Philotheta* very kindly, promiſing in Words, and her Deeds ſhewing it, that if ſhe would ſtay with her, ſhe would as dearly tender her as her own Daughter, whom ſhe cauſed to keep her company. Rejoycing much at this good Fortune, being alone, ſhe uttered theſe Speeches:

Praxentia, thee only may I accuſe for this Miſery; for whom I undertook a Task which my Heart even then abhorred, and now repent, not ſo much intending to procure thee that thou deſiredſt, as to ſatisfie my own diſquiet Senſes, by the ſame means having drawn the Loyal Knight into Danger of his Life, whoſe Blood thou didſt ſeek to ſpill, elſe wouldſt thou not ſo diſhonourably and falſly have accuſed him. The Conſideration of which Strategems drew ſuch a flood of Tears from her Eyes, that ſhe could not ſtop their Paſſage; which *Ralea* eſpying, demanded the Cauſe thereof; but ſeeing *Philotheta* made no Reply, ſhe ſaid, *Philotheta*, I pity your Eſtate, and would gladly know the Cauſe, that I might endeavour to comfort you. *Philotheta* truſted to her Vertue, diſcloſed to her the Love ſhe bare to *Montelion*, and all that paſſed betwixt her and *Praxentia*, as is before rehearſed. *Ralea* thereby noting her Beauty, commended the ſame; promiſing her, that if with patience ſhe would quiet herſelf ſome few Days, ſhe would uſe all means poſſible for to comfort her.

Montelion having recovered his wound, gathered together a mighty Hoſt, and brought them to the City of *Piſos*, where were aſſembled the choiceſt Soldiers, Noblemen, Knights and Gentlemen of *Perſia* to fight in their Emperour's behalf, who intrenched themſelves without the City. The Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia* likewiſe had gathered together ſo mighty an Army as might have been thought able to make a Conqueſt of the World, who pitched their Tents about the City in *Armenia*, where their Kings lay. *Montelion*'s Heart was fixed with Deſire to drive back thoſe Foes, not ſtaying to give them leave to make the firſt Challenge: But humbling himſelf upon his Knees before the Emperour, and his Father, uttered theſe Speeches: Moſt mighty Emperour, and my noble Father, I have already, I hope, ſatisfied you of my Innocency, being train'd thither to my intended Death by *Praxentia* and her Brethren; but for that my Honour is blemiſhed by that infamous Accuſation, the common People reſt unſatisfied, and my Wrongs unrevenged, I humbly crave your Licenſe that I may ſend Defiance to my falſe Accuſers, and by Challenge acquit my ſelf: which I am conſtrained thus haſtily to deſire, for that my Heart will abide extream Torments until it be finiſht. The Emperour rejoycing at his Forwardneſs, and ſeeing *Perſicles* willing to have it ſo, gave his Conſent. Which done, *Montelion* left them, and arming himſelf in white Armour, which he had cauſed to be made of purpoſe, that no Man ſhould know him, rode into the Field between both Camps, and by an Herald ſent this Defiance into the Armenians Camp: King of *Armenia*, There is a Knight whom you behold in the Field, that hath ſent Defiance to all the Knights in this Army, eſpecially to thy Son, whom he accuſeth to be a diſhonourable Knight, and not worthy the Name of a Prince, that he treacherouſly betrayed *Montelion*'s Life; and he offers by Combat to prove againſt all Knights, that *Montelion* is a Knight both Honourable and Vertuous; and that *Praxintia*'s Accuſation is untrue. The Meſſage was no ſooner delivered, but thouſands of Knights made ſuit to Combat him; but *Palian* to whom it principally belonged to defend his own Honour, deſired his Father's Conſent, he obtained it; and arming himſelf, being gallantly mounted, rode into the Field to him.

Montelion being deſirous of Revenge, and his Heart inwardly tormented with Grief, met *Palian* with a furious Encounter, he anſwering him with the like, breaking their Lances with great Comlineſs; then drawing their Swords, they began their Combat, which was ſoon ended, for within few blows *Montelion*'s Sword broke, ſo

that he was constrain'd to close with *Palian*, wringing his Sword from him with such force, that the Pummel thereof struck him so violent a blow on the Head, that he bruised it, and overthrew him, every one thinking he had been dead: which done, *Mensus*, eldest Son to the King of *Macedonia* being ready armed, greeted *Montelion* with these Words: Knight, thou hast undertaken a tedious Task to combat all the Knights in this Camp; yet I hope thou shalt never do that, for my self will abate thy Courage. If there were as many more (quoth *Montelion*) I fear not all: if thou comest to combat with me, hold thy Tongue, and bestir thy Hands, for I will have a Bout with thee. With that they gave each other many cruel Blows, and received some Wounds, till *Montelion* again overcharged his Sword with unmeasurable Strength, broke the same; which so vexed him, that he rushed upon *Mensus* to have closed, but he knowing his Intent, avoided him; and before he could turn about, gave him so violent a Blow, that it pierced his Armour, *Montelion* having the Hilt of his broken Sword still in his Hand, flung the same with such Violence, that lighting on *Mensus*'s Horse Head, struck him down, he having much ado to get from him without harm. Whilst *Mensus* was mounting himself on a fresh Steed, *Montelion*'s Esquire brought him the Sword which was given him by the *Hesperian* Nymphs, which when he grasped, he said, Had I armed my self with thee, my Foes had felt some Smart, and my self less Disgrace, meeting again with such Fury, that they mangled their Armour, and the Blood gushed forth in many places. But the *Knight of the Oracle* charged his Adversary so full, that in a short space he got advantage, wounding *Mensus* so sore, that had he not been rescued, he had either dyed, or been forced to yield; so that *Montelion* returned with Victory, to the great Joy of the Assyrians, but especially to the Emperour and his Father,

Ralea that Day left her House according to her Promise to *Philotheta*, to try whither *Montelion* did affect her or no: coming to the Court at such time as *Montelion* was newly arrived, and had his few Wounds dresst, a Messenger gave him knowledge of her coming. Being come to him, and all avoided the Chamber, she said: Noble Prince, I am come to tell you, that not many Days since, there happened to come a Lady to my House in the Disguise of a Palmer, desiring that I would for certain Days entertain her till the Wars were ended, for that she had a Message to deliver unto you, from a Lady in *Arabia*, named *Philotheta*, which she thought good

to

to conceal a time, till you had better leiſure to hear it, and to perform that ſhe requeſted: Notwithſtanding, becauſe I honour you above all Men, and would ſhew my Duty to you in any reſpect, I have adventured to give you Notice hereof without her knowledge.

The *Knight of the Oracle* was ſo raviſhed with Joy, to hear *Philotheta* named, much more that ſhe ſhould ſend to him, and moſt of all what the Meſſage ſhould be, and how ſhe could tell where he was, or how ſhe ſhould remember him who had never but once ſeen him, that he ſat in a deep and ſilent Meditation; but before he could make Anſwer, a Servant of *Ralea*'s came into the Room in great haſte, uttering theſe Speeches: Madam, ſince you departed, much Sorrow hath befallen us; for certain Companies of the Armenian Hoſt have ranſacked your Houſe, ſtolen your Cattel, carried away the Lady, and conſumed all your Goods with Fire. *Ralea* with Grief then ſaid: My Noble Lord, (ſaid ſhe) that Lady is the moſt beautiful *Philotheta*, that hath long honoured you with a conſtant Love, it was ſhe that in the Diſguiſe of a Palmer, came as a Meſſenger to you from *Praxentia*, who was guilty of that intended Practice, her Modeſty withholding her to utter what ſhe was, and undertaking that for *Praxentia*, to make Tryal of your Vertue, and which way your Affections were bent: Redeem her, my Lord, if it be poſſible, for ſhe is the moſt vertuous Lady living. Theſe Words ended, ſhe dyed, which were ſufficient to ſet *Montelion*'s Heart on fire, being ready to arm himſelf; but *Ralea*'s Servant ſeeing it, told him is was too late to purſue them, for by that time they were in the Hoſt.

CHAP. XXXVII.

How the King of Armenia *ſent* Philotheta's *Picture to* Delfulno *Emperour of* Almaign, *who promiſed to aid him againſt his Foes; of the divers Combats he maintain'd in defence of her Beauty.*

PHilotheta being now in the Armenian Hoſt, by reaſon of her exceeding Beauty, was preſently carried to the Tent of the King of *Macedonia*, who no ſooner ſaw her, but he preſently thought her a Gift fit for the greateſt Potentate in the World, and withal, fearing his Forces were too weak for the puiſſant Army of their Foes, conſulted with the King of *Armenia* about it, and at laſt concluded to ſend Ambaſſadors into *Almaign* to *Delfurno*, who even then newly ſucceeded his Father in the Empire, being a

Prince

Prince of great Valour, which was committed to two Noblemen, the one of *Armenia*, the other of *Macedonia*, the Contents whereof was to entreat his Aid, and withal to proffer him that Lady, whose Picture they had with them, being drawn by an exceeding cunning Workman. The Embassadors departed, and being arrived, were to be admitted to the Emperour's Presence; and humbling themselves, one of them delivered the Message in these Words:

Renowned Emperour, the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia*, send friendly greeting to your Highness, desiring your Aid against the King of *Assyria*, and the Emperour of *Persia*, who are joyned together with oppression and unjust War to offer them injury, the Son of *Persicles* having in a most dishonourable sort deflowered *Praxentia*, and slain *Thetus* her Brother in her Rescue: and our Lords having nothing of more value than a most beautiful and vertuous Lady, who exceeds all the Ladies that ever Eye beheld, do present her to you, whose counterfeit imperfectly drawn, we here present to your Highness, desiring your assistance to the aid of Vertue, and suppression of Wrong, which agrees with your Magnanimity.

Delfurno hearing these Speeches, and viewing the Picture well, for a while stood mute; at last he made them this Answer: I know not upon what ground I should War against *Assyria*, and *Persia*, that never did me wrong; yet I would willingly assist your Lords, not drawn thereunto by this Present, that I esteem not, but the love I bear them, and to punish such dishonour as their Foe hath done; therefore return your Lords this Answer: That within three Months I will be in *Armenia*, and bring with me such a Power as shall vanquish their Enemies, and put them in peaceable Possession of their Rights. After the Embassadors were honourably entertained, and sumptuously feasted, they departed with this joyful News, which added both comfort and resolution to the Armenian Host.

The Emperour being alone, commanded the Picture to be brought into his Chamber, which he viewed and re-viewed, beholding the same with such a surfeiting Eye, that he began to affect the absent Lady by having her present Picture, and calling before him the antientest Captains and Commanders that were employ'd in his Father's Wars, he commanded them to muster up an Army of Forty thousand strong, of the best Soldiers in his Empire, and with all speed to conduct them into *Armenia*, neither staying his com-

coming, nor expecting other command from him, for he would be there before them. This done, he caused a most costly Armour to be wrought of exceeding strength, wherewith he armed himself, causing his Esquire that attended on him, to cover the Picture with a rich Veil. He departed unknown of any, with this Intent, by Combat to make all he met confess, that this Lady's Beauty surpassed all others, until he came into *Armenia*, where he determined to challenge all Knights whatsoever in her behalf: where being unknown, and carrying the Picture covered, he arrived, sending his Esquire with this Message to the General: Noble General, My Master being a Knight of a strange Country, having travelled many Miles in search of Adventures, hapning to arrive near the Host, being neither Friend nor Foe to this Country, desired that with your Favour he may make Tryal of his Valour against the Knights of this Camp, which he will undertake in defence of this Lady's Beauty, Vertue and Worthiness, whom he will maintain against all comers, to exceed all others. The Messenger received this Answer: Tell thy Master he is welcome, and shall have our free consent to what he requires; but let him take this friendly warning from me, that he beware what he undertake, least the Valour of these Knights turn him to repentance.

The Esquire having this Answer, returned to his Master, who presently hung the Picture upon the body of a fair spreading Oak, himself standing thereby as Guardian, and ready to Combat him that came next.

The Knights of *Armenia* and *Macedonia* hearing of this strange Knight's brave challenge, prepared to Just with him: the first was a young Knight of *Armenia*, named *Tellurus*, who loved *Brissa*, Daughter to the Duke of *Linsus*, but at the second encounter was overthrown: the next that Justed was *Arnon* of *Macedonia*, who maintained three courses against him with great agility, but at the fourth he was unhorsed. Divers others Justed against him, but he won the Prize from them all.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

How the Knight of the Oracle *leaving his Parents in disguise, was entertained by the King of* Armenia.

Montelion having heard of the Damsels carrying away from *Ralea's* House by the Enemy, little thinking it had been *Philathea*, studied

studied how to redeem her: first he thought to attempt it by force of War, but that course seemed too tedious; then he bethought himself of some speedier means, for that long delay would pinch his Heart. When he had long studied, and could yet resolve on nothing, he mounted his Horse, and in an Armour unknown, girding the good Sword he loved so well to his side, he rode forth at a Postern Gate, so secretly as he could, not as yet resolved what to do, riding towards the Armenian Host, but a contrary way as if he had not come from the Assyrian Camp. Being come to the Watch, they apprehended him, and he yielded, desiring to be carried to the General; where being come, the General demanded of whence he was, I am (quoth he) of *Arabia*, having travelled many Years in strange Adventures. What is your Name? (said the General) Sir (quoth he) My Name is *Honorius*. Will you (said the General) serve me against my Foe the Assyrian? I will (said he) if your Quarrel be just, serve you faithfully, and spend my Life to punish disloyalty. Then the General repeated the History between him and *Persides*, shewing the claim he had to the Assyrian Crown, and amongst many other falshoods accusing *Montelion* of *Praxentia*'s Rape, and *Thetus*'s Death. This vexed *Montelion* exceedingly, hoping to work sufficient revenge for all: using such Behaviour and Speech, as was fit at such a time, so that he was well entertained of the General, and granted such priviledges as the rest of the Knights had, being neither known nor once suspected to be the Man he was.

CHAP. XXXIX.

How Delfurno *arrived at the Armenian Host.*

THe next Day the *Albanian* Forces arrived in *Armenia*, and the King assuring himself that *Delfurno* would not be long behind them, caused *Philothera* to be adorned with most costly and rich Robes, to be well attended by a gallant Train of fair Damsels, which he did to please and delight him with her Beauty, *Philothera* supposed his doing her so much horror, had been, that either he pretended Love to her himself, or else did it in the behalf of *Palian*, which besides the abundant Cares that possest her Heart, bred a fresh Disquiet in her, resolving not to love any but *Montelion*. The same Day also *Delfurno* seeing no more would combat with him, came to the Court, discovering himself to the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, yet he desired them not to conceal

ceal the Same, who with great Honour and Courtesie entertained him, and the more to please him, conducted him to the Palace, where the two Queens of *Macedonia* and *Armenia* were, accompanied by the Princess *Praxentia*, but all in Mourning except *Philotheta*, who dazled the Beholders Eyes. When *Delfurno* beheld her, at the first view his Heart was attainted with loving Admiration, even then vowing his Heart her Thrall, suddenly becoming so servile a Subject of Love, that his Heart, Hands, Eyes, and every Member were devoted to her Service. After short Salutations to all the rest, forgetting longer to conceal himself, he came to *Philotheta*, saluting her with these Speeches: Lady, Blame me not for undertaking to be the Champion of your Beauty: I am the Man that have these many days held Combat against all Knights in your behalf, not having discovered to any your Name, fearing to offend you, the Original of my Attempt being the earnest Zeal and Love I bear you. Sir, reply'd she, your Labour was greater than your Reward, and more than you have needed to have undertaken, and it little pleaseth me; therefore I pray leave off to do so, and then I shall think my self more beholding to you: the Subject not answering the Expectation.

Delfurno was nipt with this Reply, but so much ravished to hear her heavenly Voice, that he was to seek a reply, standing so long in a deep study, that she returned from him, and he started as ashamed of that Over-sight: and coming to the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, he said: This Lady's beauty surpasseth all that ever I beheld; I pray tell me of whence she is? Her Name is *Philotheta* (quoth they) the Daughter of a Duke in *Arabia*, whom if it please your Highness to accept of, she, I know, will yield to any Request. I like her well indeed, (quoth *Delfurno*) and do me that favour I may enjoy her, and I will bind my self your everlasting Friend. Many other Speeches past betwixt them, both of them promising to effect his desire with speed, especially the King of *Armenia*, who presently left him, and finding her out, he uttered these Speeches: Fair Lady, such Happiness may befal you at this instant, which if you now refuse, and live many thousand years after, you will never light on the like again; for the mightiest Emperour in the World seeketh your Love with honourable Resolution to make you his Wife, and Crown you with the Title of Empress; this Knight that even now offered his Service to you, is the Emperor of *Almaign*, named *Delfurno*; who hearing of your Beauty, came purposely into this Country to behold you, and do you Service

Philotheta hearing ſo old a Man become ſo earneſt a Solicitor, being neither pleaſed with his Company nor Counſel, gave him this Anſwer: Your proffers are as great as liberal, yet neither pleaſing nor acceptable to me; for I live here by conſtraint, not by conſent, whereby my mind cannot be at quiet till I am releaſed from hence, deſiring to live in another place.

CHAP. XL.

How the Knight of the Oracle *knew* Philotheta, *and how ſhe was by the King of* Armenia *committed to his Charge.*

ALl this while he ſtayed below among the other Knights in the Hall, till *Philotheta* came to go into the Garden with a gallant Train of Damſels attending on her, *Montelion* noting her well, ſuddenly remembring he had ſeen her, felt ſuch a Paſſion oppreſs his Heart, that it ſeemed to melt within him: when ſhe was paſt, he demanded what Lady that was? Her Name, ſaid one, is *Philotheta*, Daughter to a Duke in *Arabia*, being lately ſurprized in *Aſſyria*, and brought hither with intent to be married to *Delfurno*. The *Knight of the Oracle* hearing this, ſhrowded himſelf in a ſolitary place, where he uttered theſe Meditations: Can it be, that *Philotheta* was in *Aſſyria* in her own Perſon, and in another's Name to bring a Meſſage to me? that I need not doubt of, for *Ralea*'s Speeches confirmed it: but may it not be, that ſhe ſent ſome other? that cannot be, for *Ralea* told me, ſhe came in the diſguiſe of a Palmer, which Palmer was even the very ſame that trained me to *Praxentia*'s Preſence, whom I now remember had the very ſame Countenance of *Philotheta*, which made me to affect him ſo much. Theſe remembrances may be aſſurances that ſhe rather hateth than loveth me, othewiſe I cannot be perſwaded, and then the Task I have undertaken will be over-tedious, for it will be in vain to ſeek her love that regards me not: beſides, did ſhe love me, yet having thruſt my ſelf amongſt ſuch a company of my Enemies, that if they knew me would ſoon end my Life, it is impoſſible for me to make my Love known to her, or ſo much as to ſpeak to her; I ſee there is no Hope for me, but to deſpair, or return to my Parents, and ſeek to win her by force.

Continuing in theſe Meditations, he eſpyed the King of *Armenia* coming towards him, to whom he uſed great Reverence. The King ſuddenly ſeeing him, ſoon remembred that he told him he was an Arabian; which made him ſay thus unto him: Well met,

Ho-

Honorius, I think thou toldſt me thou wert of *Arabia*, and therefore it cometh in my Mind, that thou art the only Man that mayeſt pleaſure me, if thou wilt undertake a Matter of ſmall Labour, but great Importance: if thou wilt undertake it, and with ſecreſie conceal it, thy Reward ſhall be as much as thy Heart can wiſh. My Lord, ſaid he, whatſoever it be, I will undertake it, and do my utmoſt endeavour therein, with ſuch ſecreſie and diligence as you ſhall like of. I both truſt and believe thee, (ſaid he) for in thy Face I ſee the Sparks of Honour; therefore thus it is: There is in my Court a Lady of thy Country, named *Philotheta*, whom I thought to have matched to *Delfurno*, but now my Mind is changed, and I purpoſe to enjoy her my ſelf: and becauſe thou art her Country-man, I think thou mayeſt prevail with her more than any other, therefore I have choſen thee as my Friend, yea, my dear Friend, to ſolicite my Suit to her; but it muſt not be known, but that thou ſpeakeſt for the Emperour, for ſo I will tell him: this is that I would have you perform: Tell me, art thou reſolved to do it? Were the Task (ſaid he) far greater, I would undertake it, but in this I think my ſelf much honoured by your Majeſty, hoping to prevail ſo, that you ſhall attain your Deſire. Then come along with me (quoth he) and ſo bringing him to her Lodging, he uttereth theſe Speeches:

Lady, Becauſe you are a Stranger, and unacquainted with the Armenian Guiſe, I have brought you this Knight, not to be your Guardian, (for I make you no Priſoner,) but to bear you company, and to defend you if any ſhould offer you Wrong, whom I hope you will accept of. *Philotheta* liked his Proffer well, hoping that he would prove a Means for her Eſcape, and accepted the ſame with hearty Thanks.

CHAP. XLI.

Of the firſt Conference between Philotheta *and the* Knight of the Oracle.

WHen the *Knight of the Oracle* had the Lady in cuſtody that he loved ſo dearly, he thought himſelf moſt happy, and doing her humble reverence, ſhe demanded his Name; My Name (quoth he) is *Honorius*. Then ſhe asked him whoſe Son he was, for which he had no ready Anſwer, but ſtood ſilent, not caring to be taken in a Lye. She ſeeing that, ſaid, I perceive I ſhall have but ſmall comfort of thee, for I ſee thou art not of my Country.

Lady, (said he) whatever I am, I rest only at your command. Then, quoth she, you will not please him that brought you to me, for my Mind and his are quite contrary. Suppose I did, quoth he, yet having no intent to do it, but thereby to enjoy your Presence, you have no cause to suspect me: yet you are deceived in his intent, for none but my self knoweth it, which I will reveal to you, if you will conceal it from him, for I came hither to do you Service, and not to further him. Tell it me, said she, and indeed I will conceal it. Thus it is, replyed he, whereas he with great earnestness hath sued in the behalf of the Emperour, he hath now appointed me to be a more earnest Solicitor in his own behalf, for that he is deeply in Love with you, but he intendeth that *Delfarno* shall think I am only employed to pleasure him, which he imparting to me, I willingly undertook, not to do it, but to do you all the humble Service and Duty that lyes in a Man to do, being neither of this Court, nor of *Arabia*, but a Knight of *Assyria*, that vowed never to leave searching till I found you out, the occasion whereof was this:

It chanced one day to be my Fortune, that as I was walking in a Grove adjacent to the Palace-garden, I heard a Knight whom afterwards I well knew, making such lamentation for your absence, that nothing but News of your safety could ease his Heart: whereupon I discloſed my self unto him, and for the love I bare him, vowed to travel in your search; first arriving in this Court, where, to my exceeding joy, I have found you, with all humility proffering you my service, being ready to undertake any peril to do you service.

I know not how to trust thee (said she) considering that thou regardest not to break thy Word with the King of *Armenia*, therefore I fear thou wilt do the like to me, yet if fair words deceive me, I shall be deceived in time: I would trust thee, but I dare not, and blame me not; for having found Untruth in many, I know not how to trust thee: my Fortune was ever yet adverse, and therefore I am without hope of better, then leave me for this time, and if you can find in your heart to be true help to me, I may hereafter be better advised to employ you. These words being ended, he departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

Of the Sorrow that was made in the Assyrian Camp for the Knight of the Oracle's *Absence.*

LEt us now return to speak of *Persicles*, who missing his Son, went to seek him at his Chamber, and from thence, from place to place, till at last he heard by a Servant, there was a Knight departed that day at the Postern-gate, armed at every point. *Persicles* hearing that, returned to the Emperour, and certified him and *Constantia* of his departure, both of them being struck with exceeding Grief. News was likewise brought, the Emperour of *Almaign* was arrived with forty thousand Soldiers, to Aid the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*.

The Emperour of *Persia*, and *Persicles* hearing this, assembled all the Nobility together, to determine what to do: at last they all concluded with a general Consent, within two Days to bid them Battle; but the Soldiers hearing of the *Knight of the Oracle*'s Absence, seemed like Men that had lost their former Courage.

CHAP. XLIII.

Of the secret Practices of the Kings of Macedonia *and* Armenia *to deceive each other of* Philotheta's *Love, which they revealed to* Honorius, Knight of the Oracle.

Montelion being also no less sad to have left his Parents so carelessly, than they were for his Absence, spending the Night in solitary Meditations, he arose early on purpose to reveal himself, and his Love to *Philotheta*, whatsoever ensued thereon, yet fearing to disquiet her, he walked down the Garden, where he had not stayed long, but he was saluted by *Delfurno*, who came purposely to know if he had mentioned his Suit to *Philotheta*, who answered him, that he had much Conference with her last Night about it, and that she had deferred him for that Day's Answer. Thereupon he promised him a great Reward for his Fidelity, and so departed.

He was no sooner gone, but the King of *Macedonia* came to him, whose Heart was grounded upon a new Subject, which *Montelion* thought not of, for he determined that none should enjoy *Philotheta*, but himself, and therefore came to make Tryal whether his supposed *Honorius* would condescend to be ruled by him, which if he would do, he should secretly convey *Philotheta* into *Macedonia*: to

this

this effect he communed with *Honorius*, first binding him to be secret, and then by Gifts enticing him; and lastly, using intreaty till he had uttered the depth of his Mind, which he promising to effect, used such words as pleased the King, wherewith he went away.

Whilst *Montelion* and the King of *Macedonia* were in this Conference, the King of *Armenia* entred the Garden, but seeing them in discourse together, withdrew himself till he departed, and then came in, demanding what good News he had for him.

My Lord, (quoth he) the last motion you made to her about her marriage to *Delfurno*, hath hindred your own, for I had much ado to perswade her, that you had any intent to love her, that were so earnest for another: yet nevertheless I hope soon to alter her, and bring her to a better liking of your Affection. The Emperour hath been with me already, earnestly soliciting me to prosecute his Suit with efficacy. Likewise the King of *Macedonia* hath with many Promises desired me to use what Perswasions I could in the Emperour's behalf: But being so honourably esteemed of by your Majesty, I will try the uttermost of my Skill to pleasure you. I thank thee, good *Honorius*, (quoth he) and I will for thy Kindness, yield thee as large a Recompence, as thy Heart can wish; which said, he departed.

What an Office have I undertaken, (said *Montelion*) to sue for others, and dare not speak for my self? and yet contrary to my liking am forced to it, only to rid my self from Grief. Yet because time affordeth me not opportunity to work my own ends, I'll try whether she will pity me or not.

CHAP. XLIV.

How the Knight of the Oracle *discovered himself to* Philotheta, *and how by a Stratagem he conveyed her thence in safety, and what rejoycing there was thereupon.*

NOw the *Knight of the Oracle* having parted from the King of *Armenia*, went to *Philotheta*'s Lodging, whom he found very sad, but espying him come towards her, turned from him, refusing to hear him speak, (supposing his Speeches would have tended to perswade her to what he had the day before mentioned:) He seeing her Unwillingness to hear him, imagined the cause, but yet emboldening himself, he said: Vertuous Lady, Pardon my boldness, and withal vouchsafe to hear me, who shall not offend you; for I have vowed not to utter a syllable contrary to your liking.

You will then (quoth she) prove perjured: I know your Message

well

well enough before you utter it, and that it will displease me. No, dear Lady (said he) I come not now to ask pity for another, but for my self, that sometimes have been better known of you: I am the most unfortunate *Montelion*, that hath adventured thus far amongst my Foes to seek you out, my Heart having honoured you ever since the first sight of you in the Hermet's Cell in *Arabia*, and now I desire you to pity me, for without your Favour I am not my self, and in your Favour, I shall account my self most fortunate. *Philotheta* noting him well, perfectly remembred that it was he, which revived her Heart with great Joy, saying, Noble Knight, I account my self most happy, in that you have me in your Custody, for your vertuous Mind I know will shelter me from Dishonour: should I not yield you thanks for deeming so well of me that am not worthy, you might condemn me of rudeness, therefore I most humbly thank you, and desire you to pity my Estate, that is now racked upon the wheel of Despair. Dear Lady (said he) I am willing to do you any Service, desiring nothing more than to employ my self to your Good, for my Life is yours, and all that I have shall lie prostrate at your feet, desiring to convey you hence into *Assyria*, where your Parents live in safety, but sorrowful for your absence.

Sir, replyed she, your vertuous Kindness hath deserved more at my hands than I can yield thanks for, then how shall I behave my self to do the thing you desire, which is already fixed in my Heart? I will rest so far to be directed by you, as that my Mind shall be agreeable to any request you shall make. Then, dear Lady, said he, I will before to morrow this time see you safe in my Father's Court, for much Mischief is intended by the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, both of them have been with me this day, and hired me to motion their loves to you, both of them seeking to enjoy you, but so as the other should not know thereof, each striving to prevent the other, and both of them the Emperour, which they have revealed unto me; but may I have your License, I will deliver you from their Custody. I most humbly desire you to do it (quoth she) referring my self to your good Directions, and committing all to your Wisdom's election: this said, the *Knight of the Oracle* imboldening himself, gave and received so sweet a Kiss, which seemed to enterchange each others Souls: he leaving her, to find out the King of *Armenia*, and she into her private Chamber.

Montelion having found out the King of *Armenia*, told him how that the King of *Macedonia* went to convey *Philotheta* from thence, relating all the Conference that had passed between them: Nay, said

said he, the Emperour was with me this day, promising me great Rewards if I would do the like for him: Now my Lord, my Love and Duty to you, bindeth me only to do you Service, and therefore I have vowed that my best endeavours shall be imployed only unto your good liking.

The King hearing how they went both about to deceive him, raged exceedingly, but trusting to his Fidelity he was quieted, asking him what he would do to prevent them both. My Lord (quoth he) this Evening you may effect your Desire or never; at which time give me but Directions whither I may convey her to a place of Security, or where we may meet you, and I will adventure my Life, but I will do it; but you must deliver your Signet unto me, for our quiet Passage out of the City-gate: and then I will meet you where you shall appoint us. That shall be (said the King) at Fryer *Bernard*'s Cell without the City, if you know it, and there is my Signet. Thither will I convey her (quoth he) at twelve a clock. Farewel, replyed the King, be faithful, and thou shalt find my Friendship such, as shall highly reward thee for thy Pains.

Montelion having effected this, presently went to the King of *Macedonia*, telling him that the Emperour's importunity was such, that it was high time to convey *Philotheta* from thence, whom he found willing to yield thereto: He hearing that, desired his Counsel, promising to reward him well, telling him that if he would do it for him, both he and his Kingdom should be at his command. Then (quoth *Montelion*) deliver me your Signet for my Pass, and appoint the time and place, and I will bring her thither. There is my Signet (quoth he) and bring her to Fryar *Bernard*'s Cell at one of the Clock.

Montelion then with all speed went to the Emperour, telling him that *Philotheta* did greatly affect him, and had sent him to make an humble Request unto him, which was, that she might be conveyed in secrete from the Armenian Camp, for that many Dangers did environ her in that Place, and that of such importance as did concern his Life, whereon her Safety depended, which because they were of weight, she would reveal to none but himself, desiring him not to come to her, for it would endanger his Person.

Delfurno hearing this, was much troubled in his Mind, yet being very glad to hear that she so much esteemed him, said, *Honorius*, I would as willingly effect any thing to content her, as I would to save my own Life, yet I do not know how, unless by thy Direction, therefore do but counsel me, and I will yield to that which

thou

thou ſhalt adviſe me. My Lord, (ſaid he) the ſafeſt way is, this night to convey her ſecretly through the Gate where your Soldiers lye, and I will bring her to Fryar *Bernard*'s Cell about eleven a Clock, where you may be ready to receive her, and with a ſtrong Guard convey her into *Almaign*, or any Place of ſecurity: Moreover, my Lord, ſhe willed me to aſſure you, that both the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia*, having diſloyally forgetten their Promiſe to you, ſeek to win her Love to themſelves, which Diſhonour ſhe cannot endure. *Delfurno* was much grieved to hear that, yet hoping to prevent them both, quieted himſelf, delivering his Signet unto him, with many thanks and much entreaty, deſiring him to be careful, and that nothing might prevent his purpoſe.

Montelion being glad of this, thought not to end yet, but preſently went to the Queen of *Macedonia*, telling her the King's Plot, to convey *Philotheta* from thence, ſhewing her his Signet, which when ſhe beheld, exceeding grief poſſeſt her Heart, to think of his Diſloyalty. But, ſeeing her Sorrow, he ſaid, Altho' he hath attempted this, I know the Lady's Vertues to be ſuch, as ſhe will ſooner ſuffer the extreameſt Miſeries in the World, than yield thereto; and for my ſelf, tho' he hath promiſed me great Rewards, I reſpect more my Honour, than to be Agent in ſo wicked an Act: Therefore to aſſure you that I intend it not, I yield you his Signet, whereby I ſhould have paſſed the Camp, to meet at *Bernard*'s Cell. I thank thee, gentle Knight, quoth ſhe, and for this Deed command any thing, and thou ſhalt have it: My ſelf will meet him, and by that means I hope to make him give over his Attempt.

The *Knight of the Oracle* being gone from her, went to the Armenian Queen, telling her the like, and indeed the truth of her Lord, both giving her his Signet and Directions how ſhe ſhould meet him, leaving her ſo mad with Rage and Jealouſie, that ſhe was ready to tear her Hair, yea, even with bitter Exclamations to reveal her Mind, but that ſhe referred it until ſhe might ſurprize him with a guilty Conſcience at the Cell.

By this time it grew to be night; and after Supper was ended, *Delfurno*, the King of *Armenia*, and the King of *Macedonia*, making more than wonted haſt to break Company, each being glad that the other was ſo willing to part, which the two Queens noted, being privy to their Drifts.

Then *Montelion* went to *Philotheta*, telling her that he had ſo prevailed with the Emperor, that he had gotten his Signet as their

Warrant to paſs through the Camp, deſiring her to be in a readineſs to go with him, intreating her to fear no Danger, for his Life ſhould ſhield her: whereupon ſhe deſired him to ſtay with her till the time appointed, which he did, paſſing away the ſame in private Conference.

The time being come, and all things ſilent, *Montelion* armed himſelf, leading *Philotheta* out of the Court, paſſing all the Guards, Watches and Garriſons, by ſhewing the Emperor's Signet, and coming where the Soldiers lay, they likewiſe let him go: he having without Danger effected this, turned his Steps towards his own City, where being come to the Gates, the Watch demanded who they were; and he bad them come down and ſee: but upon examination diſcovering himſelf, he commanded them to carry him as Priſoner to *Delatus*, where being come, he unveiled *Philotheta*, and *Alſalo* preſently knew her, and with tears of joy embraced her, whilſt the old Duke melted with Paſſion to behold his Child, who, from her Infancy, he had not ſeen, embracing her in his Arms.

Theſe joyful Expreſſions being over-paſt, the *Knight of the Oracle* ſaid: Lady, ſince we are now in ſafety with your Parents, my Promiſe is performed, deſiring you to have regard to the Paſſions I endure, which time will not now permit me to utter, but I leave it to your courteous Conſideration, therefore I beſeech you in my Abſence let my Loyalty be regarded, and your gentle Heart willing to pity me: which ſaid, with a ſecond Kiſs, he left her, to ſubmit himſelf to his Parents.

CHAP. XLV.

Of the Diſcord that fell between the Emperour of Almaign, *the King of* Macedonia, *and the King of* Armenia, *about* Philotheta's *Departure; of a merry Jeſt that befel the two Queens, and the Deſolation of the Armenian Hoſt.*

DElfurvo the Emperour chuſing to him ſome truſty Knights that he meant ſhould convey *Philotheta* into *Almaign*, ſecretly went to the Fryer's Cell, where he ſecretly ſhrowded himſelf under a Tuft of *Cypreſs*-trees, ſtaying the coming of *Philotheta*, but it was an Hour before any came, and the firſt was the Queen of *Macedonia*, who, attended by one of her Gentlemen, came towards *Bernard*'s Cell; which he beholding, ſtept to her, ſaying: My dear *Philotheta*, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſhould take ſuch

Pains

Pains at this unſeaſonable Hour to be abroad, for which I yield you all the Thanks a conſtant Heart can wiſh. She hearing that, thinking it had been her Lord, returned him the ſame; and purpoſing to try the utmoſt before ſhe revealed herſelf, ſaid, Had I not been aſſured of your Love, I would not have come hither; but being here, I reſt at your diſpoſition. *Delfurno* then embraced her, oftentimes kiſſing her Hand; and being of a quick Conceit, preſently bethought himſelf, if ſhe would condeſcend, to call up the Fryar and be married: Lady, (ſaid he) ſince you have vouchſafed to grant me Love, yield me Poſſeſſion, and let us be married.

My Lord, (replyed ſhe) I am content. Then *Delfurno* called up Father *Bernard*, who ariſing, the Emperour took him aſide, and told him what he was; who hearing that, preſently joyned their Hands. *Delfurno* then purpoſed not to convey her thence, but returned to the Camp: as ſoon as he was gone, the King of *Macedonia* came to the Cell, and preſently after, the Queen of *Armenia*, according to *Montelion*'s Directions.

The King taking her for *Philotheta*, at the firſt meeting, embraced her with a ſweet Congee; uttering many loving Speeches, which ſhe anſwered as kindly, and he deſired preſent Poſſeſſion of her Love; but ſhe denyed, telling him that his Queen would ſoon ſeek her Death when ſhe knew it.

Fear not that (quoth he) for e're long I mean to make her ſure enough for ever troubling you; therefore deny me not, but grant me thy Love. I will not (ſaid ſhe) without ſome farther Aſſurance, for my Mind preſageth ſome ill. Here is a Fryar (quoth he) not far off, will you condeſcend that he ſhall marry us? She agreeing, he called up the Fryar the ſecond time, who marvelling thereat, demanded the Cauſe of his coming. My Friend, (quoth he) I would be marry'd to this Lady, therefore I pray thee do it with all ſpeed. The Fryar thinking that ſome mad Spirits were abroad, or that ſome frantick Dream had overcame his Senſes, without asking any more Queſtions, married them, and ſent them away. The King of *Macedonia* carried her to his Tent in the Field, for he durſt not go to the Palace, for fear of his Wife, where he ſtayed with her all Night.

Now the King of *Armenia* all this while was ſtudying what eloquent Speeches he ſhould uſe to ſet forth his Love, reſting himſelf upon a Bank hard by the Cell, ſtaying their coming an Hour: but when three Hours were come and paſt, he began to be impa-

tient, fearing he should be disappointed: but when he saw they came not, he thought with himself that he had mistaken the time, and being much troubled in Mind, knocked at the Fryar's Cell, who started from his Bed as one affrighted, wondring what Accident had driven so many thither that Night; and coming to the Door, the King of *Armenia* demanded if there had not been a Lady there that Night. Yes, (quoth he) here hath been two, but what they were I know not: I think one Couple was *Philotheta* and *Delfurno*, that I married; but what the other two were, I know not. He hearing that, in a mad Rage went to the King of *Macedonia*'s Tent, desiring to speak with him; the Guard knowing him, let him in; and he coming to the Bed-side, said: Brother of *Macedon*, the Lady that we intended to marry to *Delfurno*, is this night fled, so that we shall lose his Friendship for ever. The King of *Macedonia* hearing him, lay like one bereft of Sense, not knowing what to say; and the Queen hearing her Husband there, whom she thought lay by her, trembled with Fear.

The King of *Macedonia* seeing no Remedy, but that his Deed of necessity must be discovered, said: King of *Armenia*, it is so; I have *Philotheta* in my Custody, and her I will enjoy, for she lies folded in my Arms. By *Jupiter* (quoth the King of *Armenia*) thy Life shall not satisfie the Dishonour thou hast done us: with that he drew his Sword, and the King of *Macedonia* leaped out of the Bed to reach his to defend himself, in which time the King of *Armenia* catching hold on her as she lay, drew her forth upon the Floor, and beholding her well, he was so much enraged, that he was ready to kill her, but the King of *Macedonia* prevented him, whom when he beheld, he stood like one Metamorphosed, whilst she hasted to apparel herself, and ran from thence unto the Palace. The King of *Armenia* vowing Revenge, went from the Macedonian Tent, and caused his Drums to beat up Alarms, commanding his Soldiers to destroy the Macedonians, who according to Order suddenly set upon them, so that there began a great Slaughter among them.

The Emperour hearing this News, supposing the Cause had been for the loss of *Philotheta*, commanded two of his Knights to go unto either of them, and desire them to be pacified, until they had discovered their Griefs to him, which he could easily remedy. The Messengers went, and found them both together in single Combat, delivering their Message unto them; but it was long before either of them would go to him; yet at last they both went to-

together; to whom the Emperour ſaid, My Lords, I believe your Strife ariſeth from the loſs of *Philotheta*, if that be the cauſe, contend no more; for as you were both willing I ſhould enjoy her, ſo I have done this night.

The King of *Armenia* being enraged with Jealouſie, drew the Curtains; and the Queen of *Macedonia* ſeeing her Honour ſo betrayed was quite bereft of her Senſes; but coming to herſelf again, ſhe cryed out for Pardon; but they were all enraged, that no time of Parley was admitted, and as well *Delfurno* as the reſt, betook himſelf to Arms. But the Queen humbling herſelf at her Husband's feet, ſaid, Both you, my ſelf, and all of us, are deceived; *Honorius* told me laſt night, that you intended to marry *Philotheta*; and I requeſted his counſel how to prevent you: whereupon he told me that you had appointed to meet him and her at *Bernard's* Cell; and for his Paſs he had received your Signet, which at my intreaty he delivered unto me: I thinking to prevent you, went thither, where the Emperour met me, whom I took to be your ſelf, and he took me to be the Lady *Philotheta*, I ſtill concealing my ſelf, thinking I had not offended, but now I ſee I am betrayed. Lady, (ſaid he) this Fault I pardon, having committed the ſame with the Queen of *Armenia*.

The Emperour hearing this, ſent a Meſſenger to ſee if *Philotheta* was in the Court, but he brought News, that neither ſhe, nor the ſtrange Knight were to be found. The Emperour then ſaid, That Knight hath deceived us all, therefore let us be Friends. Content (quoth the King of *Macedonia.*) By Heaven (ſaid the King of *Armenia*) I will not bear this Diſhonour, but be revenged at full, and make thee repent that ever thou offered'ſt ſuch Diſhonour to *Armenia*. The King of *Macedonia* could not brook his words, but in a rage made this reply: I know thou art a Tyrant, and regardeſt no Laws, Humane or Divine, as may be ſeen by the unjuſt Title thou layeſt to the Aſſyrian Crown, which is forged; and were it not to revenge my Daughter's Shame, and Son's Death, I would not draw a Sword againſt that worthy King *Perſicles*; therefore ſince thou art ſo peremptory, do thy worſt, I regarded thee not.

The King of *Armenia* went from thence, and fell upon the Macedonians; the King of *Macedonia* preſently left his Tent to defend himſelf, and the Emperour with all ſpeed commanded his Soldiers to march out of the City.

CHAP. XLVI.

How Perſicles *and the* Knight of the Oracle *ſuddenly iſſuing out, deſtroyed the Armenian Hoſt.*

Montelion knowing that ſome Stratagem would follow his laſt Night's Policy, after he had ſubmitted himſelf to the Emperour and his Parents, he armed himſelf in the Armour that was given him by the Nymphs, and mounting himſelf, conducted ſix thouſand Soldiers into the City. *Perſicles* hearing of this, ſent for him to know the Cauſe. This night (quoth he) we ſhall ſurprize our Enemies, who are now together by the ears among themſelves. Whereupon *Perſicles* armed himſelf, *Deloratus*, *Piſor*, *Cothanes*, and many other Knights of great Eſteem marching thither, where they heard ſuch cruel Alarms, that they thought the City had been utterly deſtroyed: being come thither, they beheld the Emperour in the Field, to whom *Perſicles* ſent an Herauld, certifying, That he was never Foe to the Almaigns, deſiring therefore to know if *Delfurno* came againſt him: but he returned anſwer, That he was no Foe to him.

Montelion being entred the City, ſet upon his Enemies with ſuch fury, that many of them loſt their lives; and ſeeing the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia* together in ſingle Combat, he ſtept between them, ſaying: Strive not to deſtroy one another, but defend yourſelves.

They knowing him, were ſo amazed, as if they had been in a ſudden trance, running ſeveral ways to call back their Soldiers from deſtroying one another, to defend themſelves, but before they could array themſelevs in order, the Aſſyrians were ſo intermingled amongſt them, that they were ſoon vanquiſhed. *Palian* ſeeing this, perceived it was in vain to ſtrive for Victory, and ſtole ſecretly forth of the City to the Emperour, entreating him not to leave them; but *Delfurno* ſeeing that diſadvantage had ſeized them, refuſed, letting him return without comfort, ready to yield to *Montelion*'s Sword, at whom he ran with ſuch fury, that he wounded him on the thigh. *Montelion* feeling that, ſtruck ſo forcible a blow at *Palian*, that he aſtoniſhed him, and withal overtook the King at the firſt blow, cutting aſunder his wriſt which had loſt his Gauntlet, and at the next, thruſt his Sword quite through his Body.

Palian having recovered himſelf, and looking about him, beheld his Father's Tragedy, aiming his Sword's point at *Montelion*'s heart,

which

which he perceiving, welcomed him with ſo cruel a blow, that his Armour flew in peices; and *Palian's* would have done the like, had not his Armour been of invincible ſtrength; but in the end he flew from him to ſave his life, finding himſelf too weak and feeble.

Perſicles and *Deloratus* all this while ranged up and down, deſtroying all they met, until they met the King of *Macedonia* and his two Sons, accompanied with four other Knights of the ſame Country, who had made much ſlaughter amongſt their Soldiers.

Perſicles run his Launce full couched at the King of *Macedonia*, and ovethrew him; but his eldeſt Son ſtepping to his reſcue, did wound him in the thigh: then began an unequal Fight, theſe ſix ſet upon *Perſicles* and *Deloratus*, who continued Combat with them the ſpace of an hour, till both ſides were grievouſly wounded, eſpecially they two, who were ready to faint with effuſion of blood.

Montelion ſeeing his Father and *Deloratus* in ſuch danger, was ſo enraged, that he ran at one of them with ſuch force, that he ſlew him, and the next he bereft of Senſe, and charging another with ſuch puiſſant blows, that he forced him to bid *Vale* to the Field: another ſeeing that, encountred him, but at the firſt charge received ſo fatal a blow, that he was not able to reſiſt him. *Perſicles* being ſore wounded, yet behaved himſelf ſo valiantly, that one of them lay dead at his feet, and the reſt fled from *Montelion*. Then began a deſolation in the Hoſt, the Armenians crying out, *Flee, flee*; and their Enemies, *Kill, kill*; that on a ſudden the Battel was ſo hot, that the City-channels ran with Blood, and none could paſs for dead Bodies. Then began the Citizens to run on heaps, and the two Queens, with *Praxenia*, betook themſelves to flight, but were all taken by *Piſor*.

Palian was taken Priſoner by *Deloratus*, and the King of *Macedonia* and his two Sons by *Perſicles* and *Montelion*. The Soldiers that were fled out of the City, and hid themſelves in the Fields, and ſo many Citizens as could eſcape the Sword, entreated *Perſicles* on their knees to ſave their lives: who yielded upon this Condition, That they ſhould pay to every common Soldier a hundred Crowns, and to every Leader five hundred; which they performed.

Perſicles then ſounded a Retreat, and drew his Forces out of the City, appointing Garriſons for them. *Delfurno* at his return met him, and ſo they rode together to the City of *Piſos*, where they were received with great Honour and Joy; eſpecially the *Knight of the Oracle*, to whom all Men attributed the Glory of that Victory.

After the dead Bodies were buried, and maimed Soldiers ſent to Hoſpitals to be cured, and every one well gratified, within two days the Emperours of *Almaign* and *Perſia*, *Perſicles*, *Deloratus*, *Montelion*, and all the Nobles there, except Priſoners, aſſembled to finiſh the Concluſion of this Controverſie, for that the King of *Macedonia* haſted his Releaſement. Being all ſet in a moſt Royal and Majeſtical ſort, the places near to the Royal Aſſembly being gloriouſly furniſhed with the Beauties of ſhining Ladies, the Priſoners were brought before them in honourable ſort; and after many Allegations of Wrongs, they deſired *Montelion* to appoint their Ranſoms: whereupon, with great Wiſdom, and decent Behaviour, he yielded them thanks, as was ſeldom ſeen in any Knight ſo young; firſt with great courteſie embracing the King of *Macedonia*, reconciling him to his Queen, and the reſt who had taken Offence by him; ſetting all free, but *Palian* and *Praxentia*, impoſing this Task upon them, *Palian* to marry *Praxentia*, and ſhe to quit him of the wrongful Accuſation ſhe laid upon him; which ſhe preſently did, but refuſed to marry *Palian*.

The two Emperours, and *Perſicles*, deſiring to Honour the *Knight of the Oracle*, ſtood up, requeſting him to require any thing of them he deſired, for above all Men they eſteemed him, as he had beſt deſerved. *Montelion* deſiring nothing more than *Philotima*'s Love, ſtept to the ſeat where ſhe ſat, like a Goddeſs outſhining all the reſt, and taking her by the hand, he ſaid:

Fair Lady, Will you condeſcend to what I demand, and I ſhall obtain? Sir, (ſaid ſhe) I yield, above all the reſt, to honour you, as one moſt unworthy, yet having received moſt. Then he leading her down with greater Royalty than ever *Paris* did *Hellen*, deſired to be married to her; which was applauded with ſo general a Conſent, that all Perſons rejoyced, ſome commending, ſome embracing, and every one deſirous to ſhew their Love to him, ſo that the day of Marriage was appointed, and likewiſe performed with more Royalty, Joy and Pleaſure, than can be expreſſed.

FINIS.